THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 200, Number 45

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* * *

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YOUTH — By Benito Mussolini

ALMOST all the books published about me put squarely and logically on the first page that which may be called my birth certificate. It is usually taken from my own notes.

Well, then here it is again. I was born on July 29, 1883, at Varano di Costa. This is an old hamlet. It is on a hill. The houses are of stone, and sunlight and shade give these walls and roofs a variegated color which I well remember. The hamlet, where the air is pure and the view agreeable, overlooks the village of Dovia, and Dovia is in the commune, or county, of Predappio in the northeast of Italy.

It was at two o'clock Sunday afternoon when I came into the world. It was by chance the festival day of the patron saint of the old church and parish of Caminate. On the structure a ruined tower overlooks proudly and solemnly the whole plain of Forli—a plain which slopes gently down from the Apennines, with their snow-clad tops in winter, to the undulating bottoms of Ravaldino, where the mists gather in summer nights.

Let me add to the atmosphere of a country dear to me by bringing again to my memory the old district of Predappio. It was a country well known in the thirteenth century, giving birth to illustrious families during the Renaissance. It is a sulphurous land. From it the ripening grapes make a strong wine of fine perfume. There are many springs of iodine waters. And on that plain and undulating foothills and mountain spurs the ruins of medieval castles and towers thrust up their gray yellowed walls toward the pale blue sky in testimony of the virility of centuries now gone.

Such was the land, dear to me because it was my soil. Race and soil are strong influences upon us all.

As for my race—my origin—many persons have studied and analyzed its hereditary aspects. There is nothing very difficult in tracing my genealogy, because from parish records it is very easy for friendly research to discover that I came from a lineage of honest people. They tilled the soil, and because of its fertility they earned the right to their share of comfort and ease.

Going further back, one finds that the Mussolini family was prominent in the city of Bologna in the thirteenth century. In 1270 Giovanni Mussolini was the leader of this warlike, aggressive commune. His partner in the rule of Bologna in the days of armored knights was Fulcieri Paolucci de Calboli, who belonged to a family from Predappio also, and even today that is one of the distinguished families.

The destinies of Bologna and the internal struggles of its parties and factions, following the eternal conflicts and changes in all struggles for power, caused, at last, the exile of the Mussolinis to Argelato. From there they scattered into neighboring provinces. One may be sure that in that era their adventures were varied and sometimes brought them in the flux of fortune to hard times. I have never discovered news of my forbears in the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth century there was a Mussolini in London. Italians never hesitate to venture abroad with their genius or their labors. The London Mussolini was a composer of music of some note and perhaps

it is from him that I inherit the love of the violin, which even today in my hands gives comfort to moments of relaxation and creates for me moments of release from the realities of my days.

Later, in the nineteenth century, the family tie became more clearly defined; my own grandfather was a lieutenant of the National Guard.

My father was a blacksmith—a heavy man with strong, large, fleshy hands. Alessandro the neighbors called him. Heart and mind were always filled and pulsing with socialistic theories. His intense sympathies mingled with doctrines and causes. He discussed them in the evening with his friends and his eyes filled with light. The international movement attracted him and he was closely associated with names known among the followers of social causes in Italy—Andrea Costa, Balducci, Amilcare, Cipriani and even the more tender and pastoral spirit of Giovanni Pascoli. So come and go men whose minds and souls are striving for good ends. Each conference seems to them to touch the fate of the world; each talisman seems to promise salvation; each theory pretends to immortality.

PHOTO. BY A. BAGODI, MILAN

The Memorial Tablet on the House Where the Popolo d'Italia Started its Publication, November, 1914

The Mussolinis had left some permanent marks. In Bologna there is still a street named for that family and not long ago a tower and a square bore the name. Somewhere in the heraldic records there is the Mussolini coat of arms. It has a rather pleasing and perhaps magnificent design. There are six black figures in a yellow field—symbols of valor, courage, force.

My childhood, now in the mists of distance, still yields those flashes of memory that come back with a familiar scene, an aroma which the nose associates with damp earth after a rain in the springtime, or the sound of footsteps in the corridor. A roll of thunder may bring back the recollection of the stone steps where a little child who seems no longer any part of oneself used to play in the afternoon.

Out of those distant memories I receive no assurance that I had the characteristics which are supposed traditionally to make parents overjoyed at the perfection of their offspring. I was not a good boy, nor did I stir the family pride or the dislike of my own young associates in school by standing at the head of my class.

I was then a restless being; I am still.

A New Predappio

THEN I could not understand why it is necessary to take time in order to act. Rest for restfulness meant nothing to me then any more than now.

I believe that in those youthful years, just as now, my day began and ended with an act of will—by will put into action.

Looking back, I cannot see my early childhood as being either praiseworthy or as being more than normal in every direction. I remember my father as a dark-haired, good-natured man, not slow to laugh, with strong features and steady eyes. I remember near the house where I was born, with its stone wall with moss green in the crevices, there was a small brook and farther on a little river. Neither had much water in it, but in autumn and other seasons when there were unexpected heavy rains they swelled in fury and their torrents were joyous challenges to me. I remember them as my first play spots. With my brother, Arnaldo, who is now the publisher of the daily Popolo d'Italia, I used to try my skill as a builder of dams to regulate the current. When birds were in their nesting season I was a frantic hunter for their concealed and varied homes with their eggs or young birds. Vaguely I sensed in all this the rhythm of natural progress—a peep into a world of eternal wonder, of flux and change. I was passionately fond of young life; I wished to protect it then as I do now.

My greatest love was for my mother. She was so quiet, so tender, and yet so strong. Her name was Rosa. My mother not only reared us but she taught primary school. I often thought, even in my earliest appreciation of human beings, of how faithful and patient her work was. To displease her was my one fear. So to hide from her my pranks, my naughtiness or some result of mischief, I used to enlist my grandmother and even the neighbors, for they understood my panic lest my mother should be disturbed.

The alphabet was my first practice in worldly affairs and I learned it in a rush of enthusiasm. Without knowing why, I found myself wishing to attend school—the school at Predappio, some two miles away. It was taught by Marani, a friend of my father. I walked to and fro and was not displeased that the boys of Predappio resented at first the coming of a stranger boy from another village. They flung stones at me and I returned their fire. I was all alone and against many. I was often beaten, but I enjoyed it with that universality of enjoyment with which boys the world around make friendship by battle and arrive at affection through missiles. Whatever was my courage, my body bore its imprints. I concealed the bruises from my mother to shelter her from the knowledge of the world in which I had begun to find expression and to which I supposed she was such a stranger. At the evening repast I probably often feared to stretch out my hand for the bread lest I expose a wound upon my young wrist.

PHOTO. BY E. CHIOSTRI, MILAN

Rachele, Mrs. Benito Mussolini

After a while this all ended. War was over and the pretense of enmity—a form of play—faded into nothing and I had found fine schoolmates of my own age.

The call of old life foundations is strong. I felt it when only a few years ago a terrific avalanche endangered the lives of the inhabitants of Predappio. I took steps to found a new Predappio—Predappio Nuovo. My nature felt a stirring for my old home. And I remembered that as a child I had sometimes looked at the plain where the River Rabbi is crossed by the old highway to Mendola and imagined there a flourishing town. Today that town—Predappio Nuovo—is in full process of development; on its masonry gate there is carved the symbol of Fascism and words expressing my clear will.

When I was graduated from the lower school I was sent to a boarding school. This was at Faenza, the town noted for its pottery of the fifteenth century. The school was directed by the Salesiani priests. I was about to enter into a period of routine, of learning the ways of the disciplined human herd. I studied, slept well and grew. I was awake at daylight and went to bed when the evening had settled down and the bats flew.

This was a period of bursting beyond the bounds of my own little town. I had begun to travel. I had begun to add length after length to that tether which binds one to the hearth and the village.

Mind and Body

I SAW the town of Forli—a considerable place which should have impressed me but failed to do so. But Ravenna! Some of my mother's relatives lived in the plain of Ravenna and on one summer vacation we set out together to visit them. After all, it was not far away, but to my imagination it was a great journey—almost like a journey of Marco Polo—to go over hill and dale to the edge of the sea—the Adriatic!

I went with my mother to Ravenna and carefully visited every corner of that city steeped in the essences of antiquity. From the wealth of Ravenna's artistic treasures there rose before me the beauty and fascination of her history and her name through the long centuries. Deep feelings remain now, impressed then upon me. I experienced a profound and significant enlarging of my concepts of life, beauty and the rise of civilizations.

The tomb of Dante, inspiring in its quiet hour of noon, the basilica of San Apollinare; the Candiano canal, with the pointed sails of fishing boats at its mouth; and then the beauty of the Adriatic moved me—touched something within me.

I went back with something new and undying. My mind and spirit were filled with expanding consciousness. And I took back also a present from my relatives. It was a wild duck, powerful in flight. My brother Arnaldo and I, on the little river at home, put forth patient efforts to tame the wild duck.

My father took a profound interest in my development. Perhaps I was much more observed by his paternal attention than I thought. We became much more knit together by common interests as my mind and body approached maturity. In the first place I became fascinated by the steam threshing machines which were just then for the first time being introduced in our agricultural life. With my father I went to work to learn the mechanism, and tasted, as I had never tasted before, the quiet joy of becoming a part of the working creative world. Machinery has its fascinations and I can understand how an engineer of a railway locomotive or an oiler in the hold of a ship may feel that a machine has a personality, sometimes irritating, sometimes friendly, with an inexhaustible generosity and helpfulness, power and wisdom.

But manual labor in my father's blacksmith shop was not the only common interest we shared. It was inevitable

that I should find a clearer understanding of those political and social questions which in the midst of discussions with the neighbors had appeared to me as unfathomable, and hence a stupid world of words. I could not follow as a child the arguments of lengthy debates around the table, nor did I grasp the reasons for the watchfulness and measures taken by the police. But now in an obscure way it all appeared as connected with the lives of strong men who not only dominate their own lives but also the lives of their fellow creatures. Slowly but fatally I was turning my spirit and my mind to new political ideals destined to flower for a time.

I began with young eyes to see that the tiny world about me was feeling uneasiness under the pinch of necessity. A deep and secret grudge was darkening the hearts of the common people. A country gentry of mediocrity in economic usefulness and of limited intellectual contribution were hanging upon the multitudes a weight of unjustified privileges. These were sad dark years not only in my own province but for other parts of Italy. I must have the marks upon my memory of the resentful and furtive protests of those who came to talk with my father, some with bitterness of facts, some with a newly devised hope for some reform.

It was then, while I was still in my early teens, that my parents, after many serious talks, ending with a rapid family council, turned the rudder of my destiny in a new direction. They said that my manual work did not correspond to their ambitions for me, to their ability to aid me, nor did it fit my own capacities. My mother had a phrase which remains in my ears: "He promises something."

At the time I was not very enthusiastic about that conclusion; I had no real hunger for scholastic endeavor. I did not feel that I would languish if I did not go to a normal school and did not prepare to become a teacher. But my family were right. I have developed some capacities as a student and could increase them.

By Persevering You Arrive

I WENT to the normal school at a place called Forlimpopoli. I remember my arrival in that small city. The citizens were cheerful and industrious, good at bargaining—tradesmen and middlemen. The school, however, had a greater distinction; it was conducted by Valfredo Carducci, brother of the great writer Giosue Carducci, who at that time was harvesting his laurels because of his poetry and his inspiration drawn from Roman classicism.

There was a long stretch of study ahead of me; to become a master—to have a teacher's diploma meant six years of books and pencils, ink and paper. I confess that I was not very assiduous. The bright side of those years of preparation to be a teacher came from my interest in reforming educational methods, and even more in an interest begun at that time and maintained ever since—an intense interest in the psychology of human masses—the crowd.

I was, I believe, unruly; and I was sometimes indiscreet. Youth has its passing restlessness and follies. Somehow I succeeded in gaining forgiveness. My masters were understanding and on the whole generous. But I have never been able to make up my mind how much of the indulgence accorded to me came from any hope they had in me or how much came from the fact that my father had acquired an increasing reputation for his moral and political integrity.

So the diploma came to me at last. I was a teacher! Many are the men who have found activity in political life who began as teachers. But then I saw only the prospect of the hard road of job hunting, letters of recommendation, scraping up a backing of influential persons, and so on.

In a competition for a teacher's place at Gualtieri, in the province of Reggio Emilia, I was successful. I had my taste of it. I taught for a year. On the last day of the school year I dictated an essay. I remember its thesis. It was: By Persevering You Arrive. For that I obtained the praise of my superiors.

So school was closed. I did not want to go back to my family. There was a narrow world for me, with affection to be sure, but restricted. There in Predappio one could neither move nor think without feeling at the end of a short rope. I had become conscious of myself, sensitive to my future. I felt the urge to escape.

Money I had not—merely a little. Courage was my asset. I would be an exile.

I crossed the frontier, I entered Switzerland.

It was this wander life now full of difficulties, toil, hardship and restlessness, that developed something in me. It was the milestone which marked my maturity. I entered into this new era as a man and politician. My confident soul began to be my support. I conceded nothing to pious demagoguery. I allowed myself, humble as was my figure, to be guided by my innate proudness and I saw myself in my own mental dress.

To this day I thank difficulties. They were more numerous than the nice, happy incidents. But the latter gave me nothing. The difficulties of life have hardened my spirit. They have taught me how to live.

For me it would have been dreadful and fatal if on my journey forward I had by chance fallen permanently into the chains of comfortable bureaucratic employment. How could I have adapted myself to that smug existence in a world bristling with interest and significant horizons? How could I have tolerated the halting progress of promotions, comforted and yet irritated by the thoughts of an old-age pension at the end? Any comfortable cranny would have sapped my energies. These energies which I enjoy were trained by obstacles and even by bitterness of soul. They were made by struggle, not by the joys of the pathway.

PHOTO BY A. BADODI, MILAN

Mussolini's Mother and Father, Rosa and Alessandro Mussolini

Too Warm in Switzerland

MY STAY in Switzerland was a welter of difficulty. It did not last long, but it was angular, with harsh points. I worked with skill as a laborer. I worked usually as a mason and felt the fierce, grim pleasure of construction. I made translation from Italian into French and vice versa. I did whatever came to hand. I looked upon my friends with interest or affection or amusement.

Above all, I threw myself headforemost into the politics of the emigrant—of refugees, of those who sought solutions.

In politics I never have gained a penny. I detest those who live like parasites, sucking away at the edges of social struggles. I hate men who grow rich in politics.

I knew hunger—stark hunger—in those days. But I never bent myself to ask for loans and I never tried to inspire the pity of those around me, nor of my own political companions. I reduced my needs to a minimum and that minimum—and sometimes less—I received from home.

With a kind of passion, I studied social sciences.

Pareto was giving a course of lectures in Lausanne on political economy. I looked forward to every one. The mental exercise was a change from manual labor. My mind leaped toward this change and I found pleasure in learning. For here was a teacher who was outlining the fundamental economic philosophy of the future.

Between one lesson and another I took part in political gatherings. I made speeches. Some intemperance in my words made me undesirable to the Swiss authorities. They expelled me from two cantons. The university courses were over. I was forced into new places, and not until 1922 at the Conference of Lausanne, after I was Premier of Italy, did I see again some of my old haunts, filled with memories colorful or drab.

To remain in Switzerland became impossible. There was the yearning for home which blossoms in the hearts of all Italians. Furthermore, the compulsory service in the army was calling me. I came back. There were greetings, questions, all the incidents of the return of an adventurer—and then I joined the regiment—a Bersaglieri regiment at the historic city of Verona. The Bersaglieri wear green cock feathers in their hats; they are famous for their fast pace, a kind of monotonous and ground-covering dogtrot, and for their discipline and spirit.

I liked the life of a soldier.

The sense of willing subordination suited my

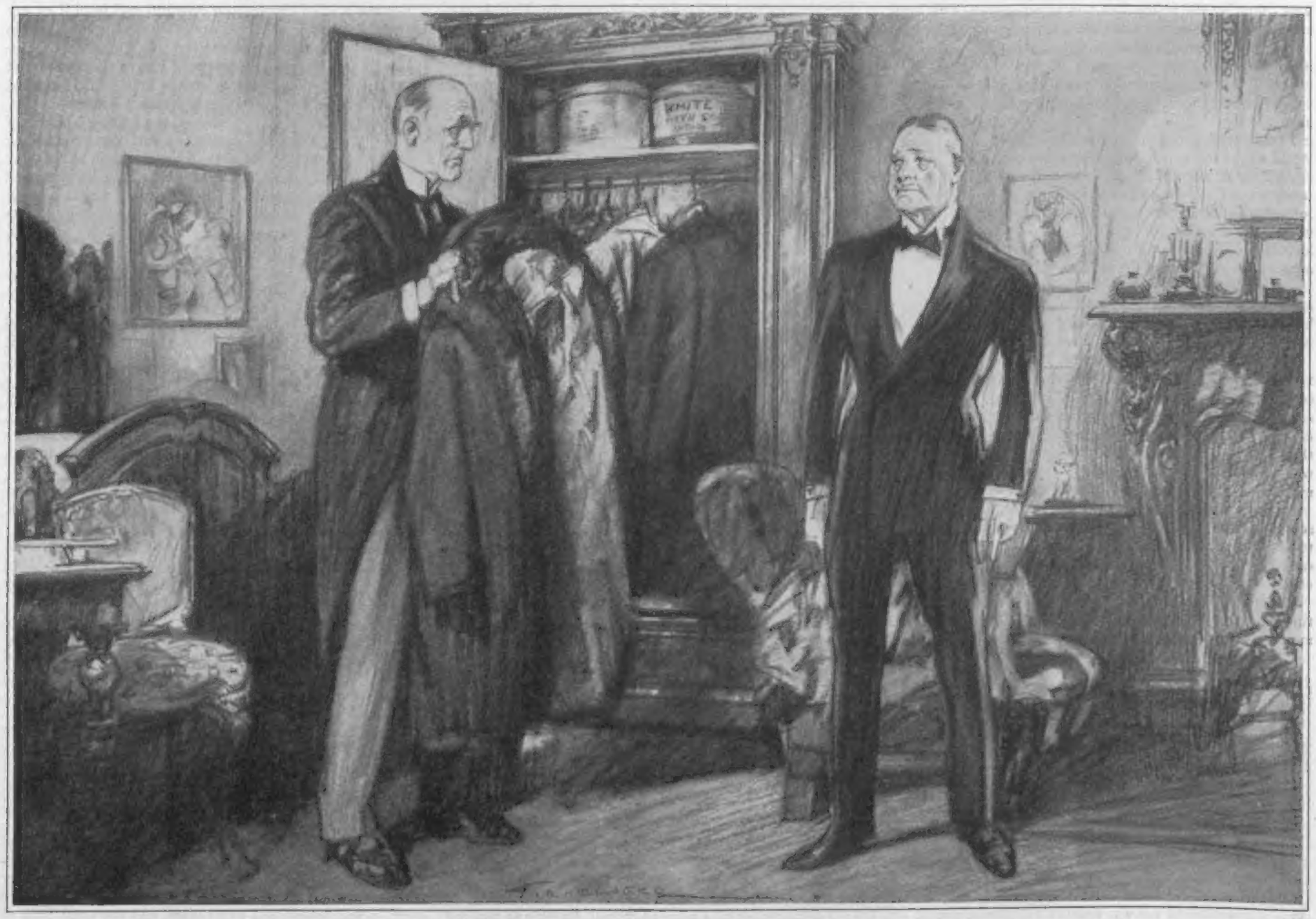
(Continued on Page 117)

Where the Duce Was Born. Predappio House

AFTER HOLBEIN

By Edith Wharton

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"It's Bitter Cold, Sir. Better Let Me Call a Taxi, All the Same"

ANSON WARLEY had had his moments of being a rather remarkable man, but they were only intermittent; they recurred at ever-lengthening intervals, and between times he was a small poor creature, chattering with cold inside, in spite of his agreeable and even distinguished exterior.

He had always been perfectly aware of these two sides of himself—which, even in the privacy of his own mind, he contemptuously refused to dub a dual personality—and as the rather remarkable man could take fairly good care of himself, most of Warley's attention was devoted to ministering to the poor wretch who took longer and longer turns at bearing his name and was more and more insistent on accepting the invitations which New York, for more than thirty years, had tirelessly poured out on him.

It was in the interest of this lonely, fidgety unemployed self that Warley, in his younger days, had frequented the gaudiest restaurants and the most glittering Palace Hotels of two hemispheres, subscribed to the most advanced literary and artistic reviews, bought the pictures of the young painters who were being the most vehemently discussed, missed few of the showiest first nights in New York, London or Paris, sought the company of the men and women—especially the women—most conspicuous in fashion, scandal, or any other form of social notoriety, and thus tried to warm the shivering soul within him at all the passing bonfires of success.

The original Anson Warley had begun by staying at home in his little flat, with his books and his thoughts, when the other poor creature went forth, but gradually—he hardly knew when or how—he had slipped into the way of going, too, till finally he made the bitter discovery that he and the creature had become one, except on the increasingly rare occasions when, detaching himself from all casual contingencies, he mounted to the lofty watershed which fed the sources of his scorn. The view from there was vast and glorious; the air was icy, but exhilarating; but soon he began to find the place too lonely and too difficult to get to, especially as the lesser Anson not only refused to go up with him but began to sneer, at first ever so faintly, then with increasing insolence, at this affectation of a taste for the heights.

"What's the use of scrambling up there anyhow? I could understand it if you brought down anything worth while—a poem or a picture of your own. But just climbing and staring, what does it lead to? Fellows with the creative gift have got to have their occasional Sinais; I can see that. But for a mere looker-on like you, isn't that sort of thing rather a pose? You talk awfully well, brilliantly, even—oh, my dear fellow, no false modesty between you and me, please!—but who the devil is there to listen to you, up there among the glaciers? And sometimes, when you come down, I notice that you're rather—well, heavy and tongue-tied. Look out, or they'll stop asking us to dine! And sitting at home every evening—b-r-r! Look here, by the way; if you've got nothing better for tonight, come along with me to Chrissy Torrance's, or the Bob Briggses', or Princess Kate's—anywhere where there's lots of racket and sparkle; places that people go to in limousines and that are smart and hot and overcrowded and you have to pay a lot, in one way or another, to get in."

Once and again, it is true, he still dodged his double and slipped off on a tour to remote uncomfortable places where there were churches or pictures to be seen, or shut himself up at home for a good bout of reading, or, in sheer disgust at his companion's platitudes, spent an evening with people who were doing or thinking real things. This happened seldomer than of old, however, and more clandestinely; so that at last he used to sneak away to spend two or three days with an archæologically minded friend or an evening with a quiet scholar, as furtively as if he were stealing to a lovers' tryst; which, as lovers' trysts were now always kept in the limelight, was, after all, a fair exchange. But he always felt rather apologetic to the other Warley about these escapades and, if the truth were known, rather bored and restless before they were over. And in the back of his mind there lurked an increasing dread of missing something hot and noisy and overcrowded, when he went off to one of his mountain tops.

"After all, that highbrow business has been awfully overdone, now, hasn't it?" the little Warley would insinuate, rummaging for his pearl studs and consulting his flat evening watch as nervously as if it were a railway time-table. "If only we haven't missed something really jolly by all this backing and filling.

"Oh, you poor creature, you! Always afraid of being left out, aren't you? Well, just for once, to humor you, and because I happen to be feeling rather stale myself. But only to think of a sane man's wanting to go to places just because they're hot and smart and overcrowded!" And off they would dash together.

II

ALL that was long ago. It was years now since there had been two distinct Anson Warleys. The lesser one had made away with the other, done him softly to death without shedding of blood; and only a few people suspected—and they no longer cared—that the pale white-haired man, with the small slim figure, the ironic smile and the perfect evening clothes, whom New York still indefatigably invited, was nothing less than a murderer.

Anson Warley—Anson Warley! No party was complete without Anson Warley. He no longer went abroad now—too stiff in the joints and there had been two or three slight attacks of dizziness. Nothing to speak of, nothing to think

of, even, but somehow one dug oneself into one's comfortable quarters and felt less and less like moving out of them, except to motor down to Long Island for week-ends, or to Newport for a few visits in summer. A trip to the Hot Springs, to get rid of the stiffness, had not helped much, and the aging Anson Warley—who really, otherwise, felt as young as ever—had developed a growing dislike for the promiscuities of hotel life and the monotony of hotel food.

Yes, he was growing more fastidious as he grew older. A good sign, he thought. Fastidious not only about food and comfort but about people also. It was still a privilege, a distinction, to have him to dine. His old friends were faithful, and the new people fought for him and often failed to get him; to do so, they had to offer very special inducements in the way of cuisine, conversation or beauty. Young beauty—yes, that would do it. He did like to sit and watch a lovely face and call laughter into lovely eyes. But no dull dinners for him, even if they fed you off gold. As to that, he was as firm as the other Warley, the distant aloof one with whom he had—er—well, parted company—oh, quite amicably—a good many years ago.

On the whole, since that parting, life had been much easier and pleasanter, and by the time he was sixty-three, he found himself looking forward with equanimity to an eternity of New York dinners.

Oh, but only at the right houses—always at the right houses; that was understood! The right people, the right setting, the right wines. He smiled a little over his perennial enjoyment of them; said "Nonsense, Filmore," to his devoted, tiresome manservant, who was beginning to hint that, really, every night, sir, and sometimes a dance afterward, was too much, especially when you kept at it for months on end, and Doctor ——

"Oh, damn your doctors!" Warley snapped. He was seldom ill-tempered; he knew it was foolish and upsetting to lose one's self-control. But the man began to be a nuisance, nagging him, preaching at him—as if he himself wasn't the best judge.

Besides, he chose his company. He'd stay at home any time rather than risk a boring evening. Rot—what Filmore said about his going out every night. Not like poor old Mrs. Jaspar, for instance. He smiled self-approvingly as he evoked her tottering image.

"That's the kind of fool Filmore takes me for," he chuckled, his good humor restored by an analogy that was so much to his advantage.

Poor old Evelina Jaspar! In his youth, and even in his prime, she had been New York's chief entertainer—"leading hostess," the newspapers called her. Her big house on Fifth Avenue had been an entertaining machine. She had lived, breathed, invested and reinvested her millions to no other end. At first her pretext had been that she had to marry her daughters and amuse her sons, but when sons and daughters had married and left her she had seemed hardly aware of it; she had just gone on entertaining. Hundreds—no, thousands of dinners—on gold plate, of course, and with orchids and all the delicacies that were out of season—had been served in that vast pompous dining room which one had only to close one's eyes to transform into a railway buffet for millionaires, at a big junction, before the invention of restaurant trains.

Warley closed his eyes and did so picture it. He lost himself in amused computation of the annual number of guests, of saddles of mutton, of legs of lamb, of terrapin, canvas-backs, magnums of champagne, and pyramids of hothouse fruit that must have passed through that room in the last forty years.

And even now, he thought, hadn't one of old Evelina's nieces told him the other day, half bantering, half shivering at the avowal, that the poor old lady, who was gently dying of softening of the brain, still imagined herself to be New York's leading hostess, still sent out invitations—which, of course, were never delivered—still ordered terrapin, champagne and orchids, and still came down every evening to her great shrouded drawing-rooms, with her tiara askew on her purple wig, to receive a stream of imaginary guests?

Rubbish, of course—a macabre pleasantry of the extravagant Nelly Pierce, who had always had her joke at Aunt Evelina's expense—but Warley could not help smiling at the thought that those dull monotonous dinners were still going on in their hostess' clouded imagination. "Poor old Evelina," he thought. In a way she was right. There was really no reason why that kind of standardized entertaining should ever cease; a performance so undiscriminating, so undifferentiated that one could almost imagine, in the hostess' tired brain, all the dinners she had ever given merging into one Gargantuan pyramid of food and drink, with the same faces—perpetually the same faces—gathered stolidly about the same gold plate.

Thank heaven, Anson Warley had never conceived of social values in terms of mass and volume. It was years since he had accepted an invitation to old Mrs. Jaspar's. He even felt that he was not above reproach in that respect. Two or three times in the past he had accepted her invitations, always sent out weeks ahead, and then chucked her at the eleventh hour for something more amusing. Finally, to avoid such risks, he had made it a rule always to refuse her dinners. He had even, he remembered, been rather funny about it once, when someone had told him that Mrs. Jaspar couldn't understand; was a little hurt; said it couldn't be true that he always had another engagement the nights she asked him.

"True? Is the truth what she wants? All right! Then the next time I get a 'Mrs. Jaspar requests the pleasure,' I'll answer it with a 'Mr. Warley declines the boredom.' Think she'll understand that, eh?"

And the phrase became a catchword in his little set that winter. "'Mr. Warley declines the boredom'—good, good, good!" "Dear Anson, I do hope you won't decline the boredom of coming to lunch next Sunday to meet the new Hindu yogi"—or the new saxophone soloist, or that genius of a mulatto boy who plays negro spirituals on a toothbrush, and so on, and so on. He only hoped poor old Evelina never heard of it.

"Certainly I shan't stay at home tonight. Why, what's wrong with me?" he snapped, swinging round on Filmore.

The valet's long face, about as expressive as the sole of a snowshoe, grew longer. His way of answering such questions was always to pull out his face; it was his only means of putting any expression into it. He turned away into the bedroom and Warley sat alone by his library fire. Now

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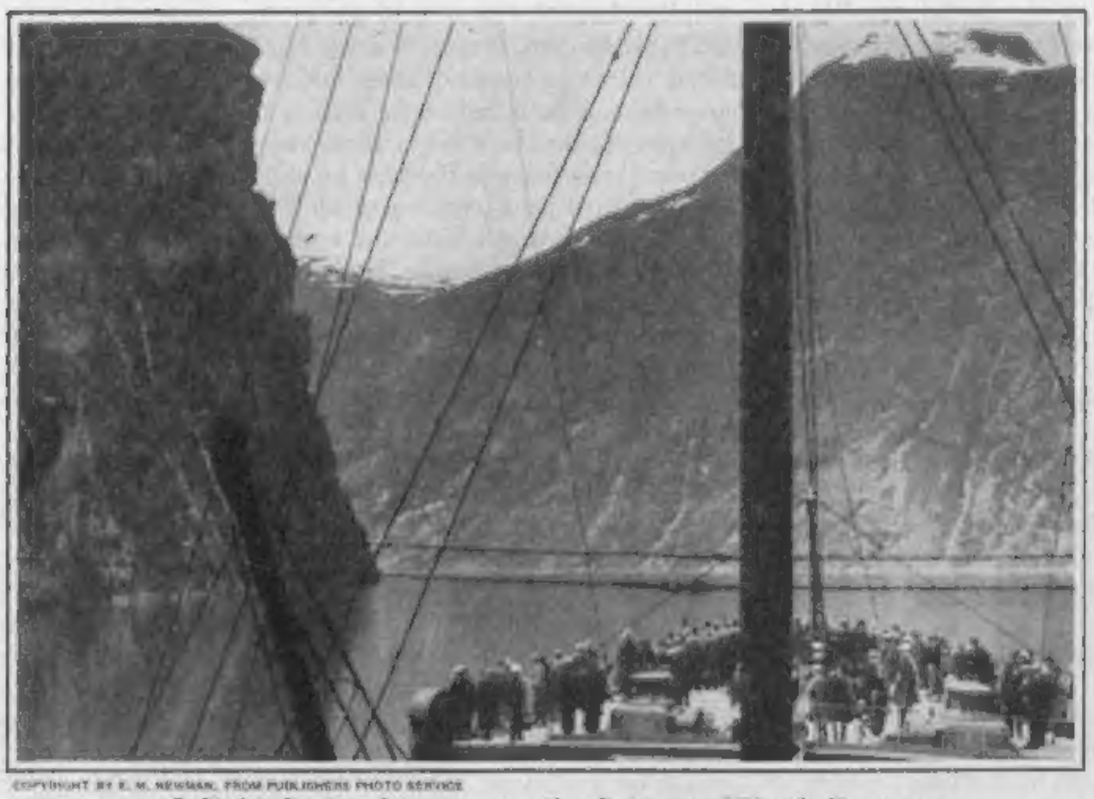
"Why Do You Lie to Me?" She Burst Out Passionately

TRAVEL-WISE — By Isaac F. Marcosson



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A Sight-Seeing Steamer on the Geiranger Fjord, Norway

ONE half the world does not know how the other half travels. If it did it would probably be amazed that so many persons are infected with the wander bug. Some people spend a considerable portion of their time on the wing every year and never become experienced tourists. For them each trip is an adventure in uncertainty. The journey becomes a sort of cold plunge into troubled waters. Americans in particular work as hard, sometimes harder, at finding pleasure overseas as in the process of amassing the means to make it possible. Tips terrify, hotel bills confuse, and often do worse; the eccentricities of foreign life, to say nothing of the kinks of language, become almost bewildering. A rest cure is frequently the welcome home. In a word, thousands never become travel-wise.

The assimilation of a few fundamental, as well as universal, facts will go a long way toward sterilizing travel trouble. The difficulty is that many Americans seem to prefer the hardest way, whether on business or pleasure bent. They are so accustomed to the go-get formula on their jobs at home that they follow the same procedure when they go abroad. To seek diversion they merely continue the chronic unrest which is their fetish. Temperament, mixed with ignorance, lies at the root of the matter. In this article an attempt will be made to show how some of the annoyances that take the joy out of joy riding can be avoided.

Except those who have been caught up in the whirlpool of tourist traffic, few stop to realize its enormous advance. Twenty-five years ago European pleasure travel, even for the American, was considered something of a luxury, indulged in only by those who were termed the very well-to-do. On the business side it was a sort of casual thing as measured by contemporary promotion methods. The only really big competition was for the immigrant trade. That was when the gates at Ellis Island were wide open and a vast human tide beat on our shores every year.

The Great American Exodus

CABIN rates were high. European hotels, in the main, were strangers to comfort as we know it. Private baths and central heating, once they did exist, were advertised. You can still see the words Lift Service displayed on the front doors of old hotels in London. The elevator was such a novelty that it was featured. "To go abroad," as the phrase went, invested the individual with some degree of glamour and exclusiveness.

Today transatlantic travel is a definite and highly organized business staged on an acutely competitive basis. Every possible lure from a two-dollar-a-day budget to a predigested tour is held out. There is a journey for every purse. Costs and standards have changed. Once the intelligentzia ranked well up on the seagoing roster. Now it is a case of mass movement, with the unintelligentzia in the lead.

Formerly Paris meant Europe to the American traveler. Though the French capital retains the lure which is all its own, Great Britain, Scandinavia, the Continent—in fact, the whole world is now his objective. Even Bolshevik Russia is added to the sight-seeing map.

Many of the old slogans have gone by the board. It used to be a European joke to paraphrase "See Naples and die" and have it read "Smell Naples and die." Then Mussolini applied the disinfectant with a hefty hand and the odor and the beggars—certainly the latter—disappeared. The only country where the mendicant guilds continue to function is China.

The tourist industry not only takes toll of many millions of dollars but affects the financial status of great nations as well. Travel expenditures now have a definite place in world economics. They form part of the invisible balance of trade and on occasion influence currency values. This was notably true of the French franc in 1925 and 1926. A travel strike by Americans would put a considerable dent in Continental income.

The great American trek to Europe really began after the World War. During the great conflict the lid was down on pleasure junketing. People who went over between 1914 and 1919 had to show some good reason for going. With peace and the beginning of readjustment came pilgrimages to the battlefields and to the last resting places of loved ones who died in action. The army in khaki was the forerunner of another host that each year battles in a bloodless but none the less strenuous fray.

There is no doubt that currency depreciation in Germany, and later on in France, lured some Americans to Europe. While the mark was on the toboggan you could sleep and eat at the best Berlin hotels for less than two dollars a day. It meant carrying money around in a suitcase, but this added zest to the experience. Subsequently fiscal stabilization and some degree of political tranquillity brought about a rebirth of the tourist business. There are more travel bureaus and agencies here and in Europe than ever before. Our astonishing prosperity has put foreign travel within the range of the average man's pocketbook and contributed to what has been an ever-increasing volume of voyagers.

The Evolution of Travel

YOU have only to take a look at the figures to see how the migration has grown. During 1923 about 300,000 Americans went abroad. In 1924 the travelers had grown to 410,000. The following year registered 430,000. In 1926, 450,000 crossed the Atlantic, while in 1927 the 500,000 mark was reached. The greatest of all exoduses is expected this year. According to the Department of Commerce statistics, Americans spent $650,000,000 in Europe in 1927. This was for tourist expenditures pure and simple, and did not include the huge sum involved in the natural course of business events—that is, the buying of merchandise for American shops.

Before we go into the concrete mistakes that the American tourist makes and find out some of the pitfalls that beset him, it might be well to analyze briefly the evolution of travel. Among other things, it will provide a key to some understanding of the unpopularity of the Yankee in Europe since the war. In this relation the war debts have something of an alibi. They did provoke various unpleasant demonstrations against us in England and France in 1926, but these outbreaks were as much due to frayed nerves and currency chaos in the

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PHOTOS, BY DE COU, FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The Colonnade of St. Paul, Rome. In Oval—American Tourists in the Parthenon, Athens

latter country as to resentment of what was regarded as our Shylockian methods.

To comprehend the evolution to which I have just referred, you must first appreciate the change in travel personnel. In the light of the vast American tourist offensive of these crowded days, it is perhaps difficult to imagine any time when we did not dominate the European scene on the spending side.

Yet once upon a time the Briton, as a class, held the record. Though proximity to the Continent stimulated his wanderlust in that direction and a far-flung empire beckoned with opportunity, tradition played a considerable part. What was called the grand tour figured in the education of every well-born English lad. It was as much a detail of his training back in the days of the Georges and the Victorian era as was Eton, Harrow, Oxford or Cambridge. No English novel that dealt with that spacious period was complete without the adventures of some young man who, accompanied by his tutor, did Germany, France, Switzerland and Italy. Here he first learned the lessons of life and had his initial contact with romance.

Britons Abroad

THE grand tour was done in the grand manner, which meant a considerable outlay. The young British blood often had his own coach, the hire of which would pay the entire cost of a personally conducted trip today. It was not the American but the Englishman who first spoiled the European in the matter of tips. We, however, are the goats of a one-time lavish spending because, once we got on the job, we handed out the money figuratively with a brass band. But the Englishman gave—and continues to give without display. John Bull's nationals poked into so many, and what the foreigner considered impossible, places that the appellation "the mad English" arose. It stuck until Uncle Sam's sons began to arrive in droves. Then it became "the mad American."

The Englishman, however, established a tradition of intelligent travel that no other race has ever been able to emulate. He is the exact reverse of the American on tour in that he is casual, unruffled and imperturbable. He may, on occasion, drive a hotel staff to distraction in order to get his afternoon tea, but in the matter of catching trains and boats and looking after his luggage he is the model of everything that is serene. In the old days he went to every extreme to set up a little British world amid the most un-British environment. The portable bathtub that accompanied him everywhere was the butt of jest and joke, but it was part of his technic of life.

Long before the outbreak of the World War the German started to compete with the Briton for first place as tourist, especially on the Continent. There was a reason. With the creation of the Teutonic empire in the early 70's, Germany began to seek the place in the sun which was her ultimate imperial undoing. That place could be won and consolidated only through a wide diffusion of native sons. The Teuton, therefore, began to invade every country where commerce was carried on. With him, business came before pleasure; although one was frequently masked behind the other.

The German tourist was the advance agent of German trade. Sometimes he embodied it. In every world capital, as well as remote towns in the Orient, Africa and South America, German-owned-and-operated hotels sprang up. They were all part of the campaign. The last of the kaisers did not hesitate to be a royal traveling salesman. Samples of the soap he used were left behind in Italy, France and England to advertise the product.

Looking Toward Castor and Pollux From Gorner Grat in the Pennine Alps, Switzerland. At Left—By the Rhone Glacier, Switzerland

As a rule, the German was not so generous a spender as the Briton. He not only wanted action for every pfennig he laid out but always insisted upon getting German goods if they were available. The ruling passion for trade expansion, or rather the increase of German economic might, was strong wherever he went. Thus, the German tourist became the outpost of an ultimate penetration that ranged from England, by way of France and Italy, through the Near East, to South America and China. The German is still an inveterate traveler and he leaves no one in doubt as to his nationality. The moment world travel got even near normal after the Armistice, he was sailing the seven seas. Today, especially in far-away places, the Germans are almost more numerous than the English and Americans. It is one of the many evidences of the economic comeback of the country.

Since nearly everybody is interested in what the other fellow spends, and how, it may be well to point out that the most princely traveler of the prewar era was the Russian aristocrat. American millionaires who established the easy-money precedent by which their present-day, less-dowered countrymen are so often unhappily measured, were pikers in comparison. The Russian blue bloods thought nothing of hiring whole hotels, where they installed themselves with elaborate entourages. This utter disregard of the responsibilities of unearned wealth helped to seal the doom of their social order. The same Russian nobleman who threw away 500,000 prewar francs on a jaunt to the Riviera is very likely your taxicab chauffeur in Paris today. Others of his kind work as waiters or mechanics, or live off the proceeds of the sale of their jewels and art treasures.

Perseus With the Head of Medusa, Benvenuto Cellini's Masterpiece in the Loggia dei Lanzi

At Home in the Playground

THIS reference to France recalls the fact that the Frenchman travels less than any of his European contemporaries. In this respect he is an incurable provincial, Europe's prize stay-at-home. One reason probably is that his own food is so good. Besides, his native heath is the pleasure center of the world. If a Parisian of the middle class is obliged to make a trip to Lyons, he begins to tell his friends good-by a month ahead. The slightest journey is a distinct event in his life. When he does get under way he is so captious that nothing pleases.

The Swiss, with a home area and population much smaller than the French, are world citizens to a greater degree. Most of the leading Continental hotels are managed by natives of the little Helvetian republic. You find Swiss tourists in many unexpected places.

The little excursion into the physiology and psychology of travel just ended will serve as the historical background of the comedy of errors now to be unfolded. At this juncture, as a play manuscript would read, "enter the American." He got into the tourist picture soon after the German literally struck his stride, and he has borne the brunt of traffic, so far as Europe is concerned, ever since

As I have already indicated, the prewar American traveler, from the bank-roll point of view, represented a different type from his ubiquitous successor of the present

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BEAUTY

By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. JAMES

THERE are men who love women because they hope to find in them the way of ambition or the house of peace or the end of desire. But there are some who love because, even without hope of possession, it brings them closer to beauty. They are shy of it, humble before it, inarticulate and often sadly cheated. Still, whenever the mirage appears, they strain toward it. They always will, no matter what women do to make them doubt and fear. For the love of beauty is deeper in the hearts of men than it is in the hearts of women, and no one has ever proved that it can be destroyed, even though the emotions that grow out of it wither at the root.

"Now You're Wonderful to Look at!" He Exclaimed

It was strange that the birch tree should have made Clay think of a woman. Stranger still that Elsie Dunn, common as her name, pretty as an advertisement, smart as any girl can be who will offer up her last dollar and final bit of credit in homage to fashion, should have made him think of the birch tree. He was a shy man, ridden hard with fundamental thoughts. Perhaps it happened because he first saw Elsie during those months when rouge was temporarily out. Her cheeks, left alone except for a scrupulous cold creaming and a dust of invisible powder, did have that faint, living pink which he had seen in the soft satin bark of the tree—clean white bark tinged with pink and some other color which was not quite pale yellow. She was corsetless, like everybody else, and she wore a dress without a belt, so that she was all of a piece like the birch tree and she lifted her arms with its easy, effortless grace.

Clay felt for a moment that he could hardly bear to have her so beautiful, just as he had been almost hurt by that lonely grove of birch trees which he had come upon in the winter sunset, with the slimmest one, that looked like a woman, a little apart from the others. He could not understand what he felt, nor bring it to release in words. But he could not let it alone either. So he asked who she was.

There was no mystery about that. She was Elsie Dunn, and after that was told it took a little scrambling to differentiate her from the others. She was one of the thousands of girls who would either have to get married or earn her living before very long—not poor, not rich. Certainly not talented, and with no resentment because of that. Elsie got quite as much pleasure out of her resemblance to Irene Castle, which so many people noticed, as she was capable of getting out of any celebrity. She was very much aware that life is served in unequal portions and kept her eye on things to see that she was not dealt out too small a piece. She knew all the obvious things about men and their habits and wrote them off as this or that in swift verbal sentences.

"There's this about *him*," she said later of Clay Royden, and the last word was in italics, as if she knew plenty about other men: "You know where you are with him anyway."

She did not always know and it may have been that she was a little tired. So many of the men she knew were willing to divide a good time with her, but that was all. They kept away from the definite conclusion of marriage and the chance of getting the heavy end. They did not want wives. Wives were not necessary to young city men. Laundries even did their mending. They were not a passionate or possessive group, Elsie's men friends.

As far as that went, Elsie herself did not want to get married. She could not see very much in it for her, and that was always her measure. Toward men she had the brittle, hard feeling, frosted with physical excitement, that so many girls use now instead of romance. Enough of the great discussion about possible new times and new manners had sifted through to her so that she was pretty well rid of sentiment. But still, when all was said and done, there was marriage, which no one had seemed to dispose of yet and which maintained a queer, persistent dignity. Either you were married or you weren't, and if you were not, you could not quite convince either yourself or anyone else that you could be if you wanted to.

When Clay asked her to marry him his presumption pounded in his throat. It was not that he was in awe of Elsie's place in the world. He could offer her one quite as comfortable, and Clay's heredity was not as nebulous as that of the Dunns. But he was stirred by a sense of the pain and tragedy and beauty of the relation between men and women and the insolence of any offer of marriage and its gravity and glory. He saw her beautiful gray eyes pondering his question and it seemed to him that they looked straight into eternity for an answer. He saw the way her hair grew up and away from her neck line. He tried not to think too much of the lovely grace of this girl who had suddenly become all women to him.

And Elsie, somewhat nonplused by the fact that he had put it as a question when he was standing practically across the room, instead of working up to it through a confusion of caresses, said, "I don't know what to say. Getting married is such an awfully large order."

He supposed it was exactly what he was thinking. Just as he did later, when she told him that she certainly didn't want to be tied down. Of course he didn't want to tie her down! He hated the very phrase. He wanted to see her grow. He wanted to release her into life.

"You see, a girl doesn't want to be tied down," said Elsie plausibly—"not in this day and age."

"I'd never dream of such a thing."

"Just because a girl gets married she doesn't want to make an old woman of herself."

She looked so young arguing that absurd point that Clay laughed at her. The kind of marriage he was offering didn't have any such plans.

"Foolish," he said gently, "do you think I want to make you an old woman when you're the most beautiful young one in the world? It's just that I want to take care of you. And I want to so much that I'm sure I'd be good at it. You have no idea how I love you. It even keeps surprising me."

He was not at all bad-looking, this young fellow who had taken respectful care of his body all his life and kept his mind steadily at work. He had no line of talk and no speed, but for the moment Elsie knew that she was being offered something valuable.

"But if you don't like me ——" he hesitated.

"Oh, I like you a lot," said Elsie. "I think you're terribly sweet, Clay."

She had never been kissed like that before. It was the first time she had the feeling, which was to become so common later, of being given something she could not use, as if she were in her own country with only foreign money to spend. But the thing was done. They were engaged.

The Dunns lived in a brown frame house which had a good many things wrong with it. Mr. Dunn, who dealt in minor real estate, had bought it because it was a bargain, and it had served his family since. To Elsie it was not much more than a shelter and a telephone, and her ideals for a proper background for herself, for the setting she really coveted, crystallized as soon as she had a chance to go her new way. She wanted to live in an apartment house and she knew which one. It was the one which had a circular sweep for automobiles in front of it and a great deal of marble and thickly padded carpet in the foyer. There were small electric ice boxes and electric stoves in each apartment and a tea room in the basement, and an incinerator. Clay could afford it. When they considered practical details Elsie was delighted to see how well he could afford it. She had not known that in addition to his salary he had a little income from his grandmother's estate.

"It will be a lot of fun to have a place of our own," Elsie told him happily as she described the apartment.

Clay's heart turned over at the thought of it and he caught her to him so close that she was breathless

"But I've an even better idea," he said at length—"a place that will be still more our own. I know of a house we can buy—one I've always liked. It's a house that looks just like you. Wait until you see it!"

She gave him a side look, but she knew enough about men to let him show it to her. And just as she had thought,

it was a little stone house stuck out on the edge of nowhere. "It looks pretty well run down," she remarked as they went up the walk.

"That's why it's cheap," said Clay. "But it has lots of possibilities. You haven't seen the inside"

She saw the inside without enthusiasm. It was incredible to Clay that she did not know how the house suited her, with its dark oak floors and paneled dining room and the living room with the curious old stone mantel. It was a graceful house. It had been built for her beauty.

"But there's so much to do to it," said Elsie, "and it's so far out. The plaster's cracked in lots of places. It's an old house. And don't you think it's kind of unhealthy with all those trees around the windows?"

She looked out and shivered. The finest silvery drizzle was coming through the trees, which were in spring bud. Clay could almost see the room with a wood fire on the hearth. He knew why the owner had left every one of those trees standing

"We'd have to heat it," she went on, "and that's where the money goes and you've just nothing to show for it in the end."

He did not answer that. He showed her the borders for perennials and the hill back of the house.

"You can ski over that in winter," said Clay, "and on the other side you're right out in the woods. There are a few old winter owls that come out about dusk. There's the most beautiful grove of birch you ever saw."

"Don't talk about owls. It gives me the creeps. It's too lonely out here, Clay."

He heard the rebellion in her voice and it frightened him. He mustn't insist if she didn't want it.

"Darling, if you don't like it we won't have it—of course."

"Nearly everybody starts out in an apartment," she argued.

That encouraged him. After all, it was only the start. It didn't matter very much anyway. She would make any place beautiful, and so he told her.

He took refuge in that reflection more than once that summer during the confused period of his engagement and the preparations for the wedding. Sometimes he felt himself searching for a standard. There were economies. There were extravagances. But he could not fit them together into any system. He quite appreciated the reason for having a small afternoon wedding. It cost much less than an evening one. But if saving was the point, Clay could not understand the reason for the announcements of their marriage, which were made by the most expensive jeweler in town and were very costly indeed. He knew that his friends did not need such announcements, and when he looked over Elsie's list he was still more bewildered. It was such a curious, incoherent group of people, made up of men who had taken Elsie out, girls she had known in school and drifted away from, new and intimate acquaintances, people whom she did not know well but admired, people out of town who might send a present. Clay's family had always known definitely who their friends were, but the Dunns did not seem quite sure. Elsie sent a good many announcements to men, with a mixture of satisfaction and defiance.

They had rented the apartment Elsie wanted and came back to it rather more quickly than would have been necessary if Elsie had not insisted on going to certain large hotels. She liked, Clay found, to enter expensive hotels. When he tried to point out once that the stray admiration of the lobby hardly made up for what it cost them, he found that he was wasting time, as well as being gravely misunderstood. For Elsie said she had never dreamed that he was stingy about things and he bought her several dozen roses before he could destroy her worry on that point. It hurt him unbearably that she should have thought him unwilling to give the little he could when she had already given so much.

Perhaps from the start they should have been unhappy, speaking so little of each other's language. But they were not. Elsie was happy. She liked being married much more than she had expected she would. She still thought that Clay was sweet, and he was easy to manage. And since marriages do not come to disaster because people do not suit each other, but because they find out that they do not suit each other, the Roydens were happy. They made their own rules and fancied that they were original. At first they had breakfast in the wisp of room with the gate-legged table and Elsie wore her new negligees and made a business of pouring the coffee. But there were mornings when she was tired, and after a little it was an understood thing that she was always too tired to get up in the morning. Clay made the coffee and before he went to his office he brought in her breakfast—the melon and the glass of water with an ice cube in it and the coffee and the piece of toast. He liked to leave his wife there among her pillows. He liked to think of her there, treasured, fragile, cared for, while he sat in his office and figured closely on sales of lumber. Clay was a busy and valuable young man in his firm. He was young, but he was good at business. He knew lumber and he understood the milling end, as well.

Elsie could manufacture a day out of nothing. She could start on a shopping venture after a pair of silk stockings and return at dusk exhausted.

"Let's eat downstairs, Clay. I'm simply dead tonight. And it's just as cheap."

So they would go downstairs to the tea room and sit at one of the little blue tables and choose between very thin T-bone steak and pork tenderloin. The dinners were a dollar a plate and, as Elsie said, you could hardly do it yourself for that. But they did not satisfy Clay. He wanted to face Elsie across finer linen, in a dining room which was their own and not open to weary school-teachers and men whose wives were out of town and respectable widows. He told himself that could wait, and watched the shadows of her lashes flicker across her cheek as she told him what she had been doing.

"And she said I had made the run in the stocking with my ring and I told her that I'd turned the diamond inside when I ran my hand through it. Imagine trying to put it on me. So I simply said to her that I'd accept no responsibility whatever for a defective pair of stockings. I met Claire Welford as I was coming out and we had lunch together at Marrot's. Claire looks awfully well. He must be making money."

"He would."

"She had on one of those new tucked coats that give you that lovely shoulder line."

"Not me."

"No, not you, dumb-bell—me! I tried some on this afternoon. We didn't have much time though, for I had to get a reset for my marcel, and I wanted to see that picture at the Lyric. I didn't think you'd care for it."

"Right," said Clay.

"It's good though, if you like that sort of thing. I don't know that I'd care to see it again. . . . Raspberry sponge, please. . . . What do you want for dessert, Clay? Why don't you try the pie? What are we going to do tonight?"

That was the question—always the question. What to do with those hours between dinner and midnight had never before been a problem to Clay. He knew that for thirty years he must have filled in that time daily, but now it was a recurrent problem. Each evening had to be an occasion. A theater, people coming in to play bridge after a hurried telephone consultation, food—especially drinks. Through the confusion of evenings Clay followed his wife's leading and waited for them to end. The people they knew seemed, like themselves, quite unattached. Each evening clattered to its end and stopped. They did not lead anywhere; not even to developing friendships. The only relationships Clay could put his hands on were the sober ones with some old cousins who were the only survivors of his own family, the fidgety one with Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, and the business one with his associates in the firm. For the rest, people came and went and did not seem to mean anything.

They were going to bed one night when he kicked something under his bed by accident and, pulling it out, discovered his wife's breakfast tray. Perhaps it was because he was so tired that the little roll of dust clinging to the tray and the discolored coffee in the cup so disgusted him.

"Oh, I forgot that thing," said Elsie. "Just stick it in the sink, will you, Clay?"

Clay put it in the sink and it was there in the morning when he got breakfast. So were some other dishes accumulated from lunch and tea the day before. He told himself not to be an old maid, but when he went out that morning he did not feel quite clean.

It was quite true that the apartment was not always clean. They had lived in it four months and its slick newness was wearing off. The enamel was not so white as it had been on the doors and window casings. The modernistic French doll with the long thin legs which Elsie had bought for her bedroom was wearing a rather dusty bonnet, and in unexpected

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These People Came From Nowhere and Hoped to Go Nowhere. All They Wanted Was a Good Time

MISS SMILK GETS $1.25 A DAY

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"I DECLARE, I've a good mind to put her in the parlor!" mamma announced rashly. "She'd be less nuisance there in many ways."

"But, mamma," I protested, "what if callers come?"

"I know, but the dining room is too dark," she replied firmly, "and Ellen threatened to leave the last time we used the servant's room."

"Oh, well, fudge, go ahead and put her in the bay window in my room," I capitulated. "I can stand her chirping as well as anyone."

The object of our perplexity was not a canary bird, nor even a female relative whose impending visit was harassing us, but Miss Smilk, the seamstress. Now that our semiannual claim upon her time was due, we were as usual put to it to find a room which could be permanently wrecked for a period of two weeks, and my generous offer to take her in was actuated by the fact that Miss Smilk was coming especially to make me some clothes for a most important occasion. I was engaged to a young man. Yes, actually engaged, although the fact was not announced. However, his mother had written me from his home in Springfield, asking me to visit. Of course, I had nothing decent to wear, and so Miss Smilk was unusually welcome.

Papa had brought Teddy Peugh into my life. And he had done it without any of the elaborate maneuvers which mamma generally employed when endeavoring to land me a beau. Papa had merely told Teddy to come home with him to supper, and as papa was his office superior at Harper's Weekly, Teddy obeyed. It was as though papa had brought him in by the scruff of the neck like a pet rabbit, and said "Here, daughter, is a nice, sober, respectable young man with a job. Now's your chance."

"When He is Near, it's Like—— But I Don't Have to Tell You, Miss Nina"

Of course papa never thought to send word by messenger in advance, instead of allowing a stranger—and a young man, at that—to catch me in my second-best, changeable taffeta shirtwaist with my hair uncurled. However, as it turned out, elaborate feminine snares were not needful in the case of Mr. Peugh. It was apparent by the time he gratefully accepted a second helping of floating island that he regarded me as a species of goddess and was wholly prepared to accord me all those honorable attentions which I had been brought up to believe were the just due of every really nice girl.

During the meal he addressed most of his conversation to my parents, as was proper. But afterward, in the parlor, when I was entertaining him by showing him the album of snaps I had taken at the shore, he was full of a respectful attention not wholly inspired by my powers as an amateur photographer.

And after he had made his adieu at ten o'clock mamma and I had a rather satisfactory talk about him—satisfactory to her, at least.

"He seemed very smitten," mamma declared. "And such a decent, quiet young man too."

"He did seem to have an awful crush on me," I conceded with a giggle. "But what a lemon! Did you ever see such knock-knees?"

"That's not the poor young man's fault," replied mamma tartly. "And your father says he is very conscientious about his work and well liked in the office."

"Oh, I don't mean that he's a lobster at all," I amended my statement hastily, anxious not to antagonize mamma. "But the way he made eyes! I guess he was just joshing me."

"He's not the kind that joshes!" mamma said decisively. "You take my word for it, that young chap means business. And don't turn up your nose too hastily, young lady! Mr. Peugh is a dependable party, and they don't grow on every tree. You wait and see."

In the natural course of events I waited and I saw. Indeed, I did not have to wait longer than the next noon for the evidence. For at that exact hour, while I was helping Ellen clean the silver, the doorbell rang, and after Ellen had answered it she came back with a florist's package in her great, rough, polish-whitened hands.

"It's fer Miss Nina," she announced. "Glory be, I do believe she's caught a beau!"

I took the modest packet with a tremble of delight. The box contained six long-stemmed American Beauties. Count 'em, six! That represented six whole dollars out of a salary of thirty-five!

I handled them with assumed aplomb as I read the attached card:

MR. THEODORE PEUGH
Many thanks for a charming evening.

At last somebody had sent me flowers of his own free will. Mamma's gratified smile was a greater pleasure than I received from the flowers themselves, which were, after all, hardly a real, vigorous, cave-man tribute. Still, my self-esteem was pleasantly soothed

But there turned out to be a sort of half-portion element in everything Mr. Peugh did, try as I might to interpret it as sensible moderation. On the occasion of his first evening visit, to make which he scrupulously asked permission, he brought me a half pound of candy. Certainly no lady could impute base motives to so modest an offering, and I accepted it. A little later he brought me the first volume of Carlyle's French Revolution, promising to present me with the second volume when I had finished the first. And then, on one memorable evening, six weeks later, he brought me a half-carat diamond solitaire.

How it got on my finger I scarcely know to this day. At the time I could not think of a single reasonable objection, so I made none. I did not love Mr. Peugh, whom I must now call Teddy, but I had been thoroughly drilled in the idea that love usually came after marriage. And goodness gracious, the man actually, in so many plain words, asked me to marry him! He was not only able but willing to save me from being an old maid and, terrified that this might be my only chance, I said yes.

To be strictly accurate, I said nothing at all, but silence gives consent and I allowed him to slip the sparkler on my finger without protest. I watched its gleam in the lamplight, fascinated, while he talked on.

"I'm afraid it will have to be a long engagement, dear," he said. "But I will work hard for you, and by this time next year I ought to be getting fifty dollars a week, and perhaps you won't mind starting as a poor man's wife. As for me, a cottage would be paradise with you"

Then he kissed me. I can't say that I enjoyed the experience, despite the fact that there was not the slightest suspicion of either liquor or tobacco on his breath. Nevertheless, it was a distinct shock. I had a sudden, absolutely fierce attack of cold feet, but I didn't risk letting him know it. Besides, it was too late now to back out, for no really nice girl would allow a man to kiss her and then not marry him.

"Do you think we should announce it yet?" I asked rather wistfully. "Perhaps it would be better to wait awhile, because the girls are sure to want to know the date as soon as they see the ring."

"Just as you wish," he answered tenderly. "Perhaps it would be better to say nothing until I have spoken to the head of the firm. But you will tell your dear parents and you will allow me to write to my mother and sister."

"And meanwhile I'll wear the ring around my neck on a ribbon," I suggested rather too quickly. "Next to my heart," I added with proper sentiment as he looked slightly crestfallen.

Mamma was unfeignedly relieved at my news. Her iron-gray pompadour quivered with emotion, tempered with cold criticism, for now that I had actually landed him, he was not such a great catch after all.

"You could have done better," she said, not, however, offering any specific instance of my opportunities. "But he's a good, steady young man and nobody need be ashamed of him. Still, it's just as well that you have to wait awhile."

Oh, the relief of removing mamma's right to criticize my single state! No more would her reminder that she herself had married at sixteen cause me agonies of mortification. I was engaged at last, and although she might temper her

Sometimes on Sundays They Bicycled in the Park

enthusiasm, I knew how pleased she really was. This was worth any sacrifice on my part, and besides, it was a legitimate excuse for the acquisition of a new wardrobe.

It was extraordinary that the advent of such a mouselike individual as Miss Smilk could cause such tremendous confusion. But like the coming of the great events she even cast her shadow before her, and preparations for her reception amounted to nothing less than an upheaval.

This began with the transfer of the sewing machine from its usual seclusion in the dining room where, rather badly disguised as a table, it customarily supported a rubber plant and two brittle ferns. It now took up the place of honor in my window, its true nature baldly revealed. Next, from her station in a corner of the little back room occupied by our Ellen, came old Nancy. Nancy was an adjustable sort of body which could, at our will, take on either mamma's form or mine, or even the bulky proportions of Aunt Daisy when that austere relative occasionally borrowed her.

Nancy's headless, armless body was of papier-mâché covered with black stockinette, and her skirt—for she possessed nothing so immodest as legs—was composed of wires which could be distended or compressed much like the frame of an umbrella, according to whether skirts were to be wider or narrower. Dear old Nancy had saved us many a weary hour of standing to be fitted, and was almost regarded as a member of the family, although, like a good many other members of our clan, when not serving our purpose her presence was rather a nuisance.

The next object to invade my chamber was a small rocker from the kitchen—one that was known peculiarly to suit the small of Miss Smilk's back. Beneath this, on the floor, was spread a double sheet to catch the pins, hooks and eyes, odd bits of whalebone and the threads. Not that these objects ever confined themselves to the area spread for them. Mysteriously they would invade the entire flat, and I knew in advance that for weeks I would be suddenly sitting down with a small white hook in my shoe, or listening to a roar of complaint from papa as he inadvertently picked up a pin with some portion of his anatomy not commonly used for that purpose. Even long after Miss Smilk's departure we would be digging eyelets out of chair coverings and retrieving needles from unearthly quarters. But the sheet was optimistically spread out just the same.

"This time I'm going to make her clean up every night," mamma declared. "I won't have the creature flinging pins about all over the place again."

If it hadn't been for the leaden spot at the bottom of the heart which now belonged to Teddy, I should have thoroughly enjoyed these preliminaries, even though they meant an invasion of my personal comfort. For I enjoyed the activity and I had done all the buying myself, down to a new tape measure for Miss Smilk to drape around her neck, and a sheaf of high, boned, crinoline collar foundations.

"What's the Matter—Have I Offended You?"

Mamma had carefully piled the dress materials in my wardrobe. There were heavy slabs of gray sateen lining, white China silk lining that slid through the fingers like cold water, two taffetas and a heavy bolt of navy-blue broadcloth. We were considering a seven-gored skirt with a jaunty Zouave jacket for this piece of goods, if Miss Smilk had a good pattern in any of her fashion books. Or, failing that, a bolero which we had already located in the current number of Bon Ton. It was described as follows:

C-14329-B.X. Ladies' Bolero Type Spanish Jacket. Sizes 32 48. Material required for 34 body, 1¾ yds. of 42 in., 2 1-8 yds 36 in. Sta. Bd. 6¾ yds. S. S. 2 spools No. 60. Lining, 1½ yds. of 38 in., or 2½ yds. 24 in. Price, 15 cents.

Mamma had interpreted this to her satisfaction and turned down the corner of the page which bore the detailed garment in color, displayed upon the person of a vacuous young female who looked capable of wearing anything.

In short, I was to be given a perfectly stunning spring wardrobe any item of which could hold its own in the Sunday after-church parade on Fifth Avenue or at the candle-lit four-to-six teas of mamma's most stylish friends.

Onto this well-set stage Miss Smilk walked promptly at eight o'clock of the appointed morning. Her hard round cheeks were cold and shiny-looking, due to the sharp walk from the Third Avenue L Station at 53d Street, and her worn jacket—which had once been Aunt Daisy's—gave off a frosty breeze as she flung it on the bed with a businesslike air of haste. Then she drew the long steel hatpins from the brown velvet toque shaped rather like an old shoe, which perched upon her mouse-colored hair, removed the hat, ruthlessly stabbing it with pins again as she laid it with her coat, rubbed her rather blue nose with her cotton handkerchief and remarked that it was a pleasant day.

Miss Smilk was of uncertain age. Indeed her age was neither of interest nor concern to her patrons. To us she had always appeared the same, and we took it for granted that she was changeless, emotionless, devoid of personal affairs, and, of course, a foredoomed old maid. She existed for our convenience, and if she had a backache or a cold in the head

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Has the Money-Credit System a Mind?

By H. G. WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

A YEAR or so ago I wrote a novel called The World of William Clissold, in which I imagined the attitudes of mind of two adventurous brothers who grow rich under contemporary conditions, the one by the commercialization of a natural interest in and a gift for chemical research, and the other through an aptitude for advertisement. I did my best to evoke the characteristic response of two active modern types to the challenge of contemporary fact and contemporary conventions.

The book was ill received, I believe, because it accepted nothing of that rigid fatalism which is the standard attitude of the high-class, well-made novel, and instead had a pushing and urgent quality proper to its subject but extremely distasteful to minds habituated to reading books of an established type of excellence and writing about them fastidiously. Neither William nor Richard was epileptic, obsessed, futile or completely detached from current personalities and realities. They thought and said things about many public characters whom they had encountered and they had strong views about current events, and so both of them were pronounced unsuitable for literary treatment and the reading of genteel people. But the book got through to a number of readers outside the circles in which masterpieces of sterling quality are selected and embalmed for posterity; many of these readers were sufficiently naïve to accept something real in the notions of my Clissolds, and their unsophisticated responses resulted in a considerable amount of discussion.

Novel Characters in a Novel

AMONG other literary indecorums, those Clissolds were supposed to be acutely interested in business processes. In real literary literature, a man preoccupied with business processes is only admissible as a cuckold. They had ideas—oh, horrors!—about the amalgamation of businesses and the advertisement of commodities and they found the description of Harmsworths in transit and looming Brunners and Monds more attractive than those copious accounts of cliffs, mountain scenery, excursions, amorous complications, sea fights, village merrymakings and the obscure behavior of the captains of sailing ships which have been recognized for years as the only legitimate materials for high-class literary work.

Richard Clissold got very excited by the agitations of money and credit in the postwar period, and he and William, being ordinary men using current speech, talked something very like current journalese on these questions, and both expressed themselves—and here I approach my subject—about bankers with vividness and distrust. There was even an outrageous comparison of bankers who wound up businesses and nations in debt to spiders who sew up flies by necessity and instinct without understanding what they do.

Among other readers who commented upon these imagined utterances were the late Mr. Walter Leaf and the editor of the Banker. The editor of the Banker thought William Clissold might very well expand his criticisms. My own point of view was that William had said quite enough to provoke. He had brought out what had struck me as remarkable in the interesting economic processes of today—the fact that quite intelligent men concerned in very big developments of production and selling can yet be out of sympathy and understanding with other men—often men of the finest and acutest quality—concerned in sustaining and directing the mechanism of money, the promise and assurance of money throughout the world. Clever, active men in business, who have grown accustomed to business as it is, will find it hard to realize how wonderful that disconnectedness of understanding seems to a sympathetic but inexpert outsider such as I claim to be.

I intimated to the editor of the Banker that William Clissold had, I thought, had his say. He had tried to state how he conceived synthetic industrial enterprise stood to the general spectacle of human fate and destiny, and the really interesting thing would be not to hear him go beyond his depth into a lecture on banking but to get a number of bankers to do like the hippopotamuses in Johnny Crow's Garden and ask the question: "What am I?" Do bankers, I asked in effect, see themselves as functional parts in a world economic process which develops in a definite direction, or do they just bank—receiving deposits and lending money—by nature and the accumulated rhythms of the past as the hawthorn blooms in spring?

The older and more wrinkled I grow, the more clearly do I realize that my rôle in life is innocence. Throughout forty years and I do not know how many books, my stock in trade has been an open-eyed wonder at my cleverer, more sophisticated fellow creatures. I have played the part of the child in the well-known fable of the Emperor's Clothes in relation to quite a number of widely accepted unrealities. It is the habitual simplification forced upon me by my unaffected want of cleverness—a want of cleverness evident, for example, in such facts as that I am a bad bridge player, a poor hand at games, a wretched linguist, shy socially and generally unhandy—which has left me at last with perhaps a longer mental reach than most people employ.

And now in my correspondence with the editor I adhered to my habitual methods. Failing William Clissold as an intermediary, he suggested that I should write him an article over my own signature, saying all I thought about banking. This suggestion I accepted; stipulating, however, that he should first refer me to any modern statement about fundamental ideas, made by prominent bankers, and any books in which banking is displayed in relation to the less specialized activities of social, industrial and political life.

A Psychological Development

AND after a certain amount of tuition by correspondence, I do find myself with some very definite impressions about the duties, obligations and opportunities of this—to most people—mysterious world of banking, finance and monetary control. My impressions may seem to some readers very innocent and obvious propositions, and to others they may seem irrelevant, but that is not my fault, but the fault of the editor who invited my naïve mentality, my almost Pippa-like mentality, to pass through his pages.

Now first I would submit that in all these monetary matters, as in the great proportion of human affairs, we advance from the complex, heterogeneous and confused, toward the uniform and simple. The origins and development of monetary devices, so far as I can learn, were an intricate and illogical tangle of processes. How money emerged in the rude processes of primitive barter is still an imperfectly traced story. How metals were first real commodities handled in lumps and how they then became more and more standardized lumps and abstracted counters in reckoning must have involved a complex succession of mental phases about which we are still merely speculative. The psychological route of it has still to be mapped in detail.

And how money spread from being a mere traders' accessory into the general life of the community and how its use gradually released the serf and the slave by the spread of the conception of wages, finds no record in the preposterously military and national history upon which rests the muddle of our social and political ideas.

No one ever planned and plotted a monetary society beforehand. One thing led to another, and we find ourselves in a monetary society with the most intricate system of payments, debts, proprietary claims and taxes holding us together.

We find ourselves in a society in which to be without money or credit is to be without command of food, clothing, shelter—even the bare permission to exist. And that money-credit system rests on no clear, simple, definite foundation at all. It works to hold together and sustain reciprocities in a far larger, more unified and more productive social organism than is conceivable under any other conditions. But it works with manifest friction, obvious wastefulness of life and very considerable social stress and injustice. Since none of us have completely mastered its inherent nature, we have no measure of its inherent weaknesses and dangers.

Central in these complexities we find the operations which, in the widest sense of the word, we speak of as banking. And after absorbing whatever was relevant to my curiosities in the correspondence course referred to, I find myself repeating in my own proper person, the observations I put originally into the mouth of William

Clissold—that the banking, financial community does not seem to be aware—and does not even seem to feel any need to be aware—of what, as a constituent organ in human society, it is up to. It is just working uncritically, like a born cart horse in a cart.

This is not an accusation; it is an observation. Above all, it is not a detraction. It is an observation that might be extended to almost any of the functional systems in our human world. The mere making of it involves a new idea, a new way of thinking, a sort of subconscious by-product, I suppose, of the development of modern science—the idea, namely, that we live in a correlated world process moving toward certain ends and that this process is understandable and, within limits, controllable. This idea is seeping into men's minds. In the past, man's conception of his affairs was much less critical, much more adventurous and chancy. He took the current interpretation of money, property, right and wrong in bargaining and in manufacture, servitude, slavery, and what not, as the final truth about all these things. The general direction of affairs was quite outside his hands; it was under Fate or a Divine Will; if it was deflected at all by human agency, it was deflected by the propitiatory acts of the priest or the wisdom of the king. He was not called upon to understand, much less to interfere.

We pass out of that age of innocence now, as our observation and analysis of social fact become more acute and penetrating. But I gather from the intimation of literature I have had and from very small inquiries of my own that even quite prominent exponents of the financial mind are still in that innocent phase. They display wisdom, ripe experience and a fine sense of responsibility in what they have to say about banking, within their limits as operating financiers, but they never seem to see their business as anything more than a system of operations entirely conditioned by outer things, into which they do not enter and over which they attempt no control. Either they imagine that king—through his ministers or constitutional supplantera—and priest—under Providence—are still in control, or they have failed to observe that there is any need of control. They do not apprehend banking and finance as potentially a controlling process. If they do not suffer from an immense intellectual indolence, then they are guilty of a monstrous and reprehensible humility.

A Group of Brilliant Amateurs

HOWEVER unpremeditated and incoherent its origin, the monetary-credit system of the world is now, in effect, the nervous system of collective mankind. Its ultimate fibers end in human beings and touch and work us all. It distributes incentive. It controls stimulation, nutrition and growth. It evokes industrial production here and inhibits it there. Crops grow through its beneficence and the plow stops where its currents are withdrawn. The nominal governments of men can interfere with its operations and propitiate its dispositions, but they can neither command nor prevent as it can command and prevent. So that we have at present the paradoxical situation that the real controlling organization of human affairs is apart from and ostensibly under traditional controls that must in fact consult and consider it at every turn and are quite incapable of replacing it.

In 1920, in Russia, I had a glimpse of a community trying to work without money, with an improvised government credit of the crudest kind—and it was a terrifying glimpse. No other government has ever ventured to rebel against money. The world in the last century and a half has in fact evolved a new directorate *de facto* altogether, without transferring overt responsibility from the governments *de jure*—the parliaments, presidents, councils and what not. We have thus two disconnected systems of control side by side. We have government with competence, and control without responsibility. The governments claim and exercise undefined powers of interference with and control of such parts of the monetary-credit system as fall within their areas of jurisdiction; making, at times, quite catastrophic interventions, knocking local currency to pieces, for example, or strangling the local supply, while those in more immediate practical contact with the system display astonishingly little disposition to make any but an individual use of the increasingly powerful apparatus in their hands and no sense of obligation to the general needs.

We are living, in reality, in the meshes of a money-credit network which seems to be collectively unaware of its own importance—a thing unawakened—while we pretend and even believe that we are still living in a number of sovereign states descended from the chieftainships, monarchies, tribalisms, and so forth, of the past.

Let me repeat that I observe, I do not indict. This present state of affairs has come upon us almost unawares. Our ideas of human governments are based on legal concepts about localized, national and imperial sovereignty, and in theory every sovereign state has its own money-credit system in complete subordination to itself. In practice the modern money-credit system altogether transcends the boundaries of these sovereignties. So that a banker who begins to think of the conscious exercise of financial power finds himself, almost from the outset, thinking in terms that are treasonable to the hates and patriotism he learned at his mother's knee. His mind has to step from home to cosmopolis if he is going to think clearly and fully about all that is implicit in his business.

This is a considerable step to make. I am sure that a number of men in our generation have come to that step and hesitated. And the hesitation of the banking world to face a general conception of cosmopolis in the place of the dear old loyal and patriotic assumptions is one that must extend to many leading intelligences in the world of metallurgy, modern industries of every type, staple production, power distribution, and the like. Sooner or later, I think, as the intellectual atmosphere clears, men of affairs will begin increasingly to take that step, but until they do so, they will remain without a clearly rationalized conception of their own activities, and they will be unable to tell themselves, much less to tell anyone else, of the rôle they consider they are playing in the world's development.

They will continue to give the observant outsider the impression Richard Clissold expressed and William indorsed, of a high and honorable and potentially powerful aimlessness. Meanwhile these moribund loyalties and antagonisms out of the past, with their inherent disposition toward national antagonism and war, threaten, in their last decay, to slaughter more men than ever they did in their healthy prime; they push the operations of the money-credit system askew, and they may yet succeed in wrecking it as completely for some generations as the money-credit system of the Roman Empire was wrecked in the fifth and sixth centuries. The bankers' protest against the particularisms of commercial method in Europe—the high tariffs and mutual obstructions to recovery—made a year or more ago, is remarkable as being perhaps the first open recognition of the pressure and conflict between the old traditions and the new synthesis

This period of intellectual vacillation is no doubt an inevitable phase in the emergence of a new type of human association throughout the world. I believe that this indecisive phase is already passing. William Clissold remarked that bankers seemed to have no use for their minds in business and that no profession had produced so many brilliant amateurs in other fields—poets, men of letters, men of science, antiquarians, musicians, fine gentlemen, and the like. Honor and routine were all they needed in their banks.

A Starting Point for Research

I SUBMIT that there is now every sign that bankers propose to recall their surplus energies to their own affairs and that this amateur phase is over. In their own activities they have the starting point for the most penetrating and fruitful inquiries into the working of the whole social machine, and the leading bankers of the coming years are bound, I submit, to be leading sociologists as well as leading international influences. Research and the organization of research is imperatively indicated for them. Inevitably they must push on with the systematic rationalization and simplification of the money-credit system which has grown up as the nexus of the world civilization that is opening out before us.

The responsibility for this work of replacing the present fragmentary and disjointed complex of usage, tradition and obstruction by a lucid, serviceable, world money-credit system lies in the first instance with the banking community—still using banking in its widest sense—and can only as a last desperate resort be taken out of its hands. Bankers know. At least they know more than anyone

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The Philosophy of C. J. S. Smith

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

Shilly Was Telling Denison Hobart Something on the Front Steps of the Gray House

"KEEP your temper, Harmon John!" said Kate Eustis. "I'm an old-fashioned widow, and enough cursing is enough! Now tell me quietly what Mrs. Van Dralen said to you, and when and where and why, and all those details."

"In front of the post office. I told you that. The old cow got out of her car an' lectured me on lettin' Shilly run around with ——"

Kate Eustis said, "I wish you wouldn't drop all your *g*'s, Harmon John. Makes you sound so young. There's a drop of perspiration on the end of your nose too. . . . Go on."

"She lectured me about let-ting Shilly run around in her car with Casimir Smith. 'S if I could help it! And nine thousand people heard all this, an' seven million of 'em laughed, and she's so deaf you can't make her hear, and the damn ——"

"Harmon John!"

"The old fool says I've got to make Shilly marry Curt Weeper, and I'd like to know why a man has to put up with havin' his family affairs discussed by an invalid camel with false teeth, in the middle of the street!"

Mrs. Eustis held up the trousers of a suit of pajamas and said murmurously: "Dad's getting so fat, bless him! Don't see why you mind Mrs. Van Dralen, Harmon John. She's always been impossible and dictatorial, and the rest of it, and she's just taking a friendly interest in your affairs. The whole town's ready to help you be Shilly's guardian, anyhow. You're the most eligible bachelor in Carmelsville, New York—except Curtis Weeper—and lots of girls have ideas about managing Shilly for you. . . . Come up and see if I haven't made these legs too long, Har. If they're long enough for dad they'll be rather short for you."

Harmon John Shillito walked up the granite steps of Judge Barth's house and sulkily let Kate measure the flimsy trousers along one leg.

"You're so excitable, Harmon John."

"But if ——"

"There's no reason to start every sentence with that yell of rage. You'd be the most helpless sort of witness in a lawsuit. You'd lose your temper and they'd make an utter fool of you. But you can't expect Mrs. Van Dralen, as matriarch of Carmelsville, to like seeing Shilly running about town with Casimir Smith. He keeps a garage and he used to be a professional diver in vaudeville, and his grandfather was a horny-handed son of toil who lived in a shanty down at the docks."

"My grandfather, and Shilly's," said Harmon John, "was the son of a mason in Hampshire and he laid bricks himself when he was a kid in England. Everybody in town knows it too!"

"Yes, dear; but Mr. Shillito made a great deal of money, and your father went to Harvard, and so would you have gone if you hadn't run off and enlisted in the Navy, like an excitable idiot. . . . These are too long for dad. . . . I'm just indicating Mrs. Van Dralen's state of mind about Casimir, Harmon John. And she wants your fascinating ward to marry Curt Weeper. I expect she's tired of supporting Curt. Even an adoring grandmother's affection has limits. He hasn't a cent in the world."

"Curt Weeper! But his mother was Mrs. Van Dralen's daughter!"

The slim widow said patiently, biting a thread: "You've been away ten years, nearly, Har. Mrs. Van Dralen isn't much more than a millionaire, and her daughter didn't have a cent when she died. She'd been living on an allowance from Mrs. Van Dralen. They're all extravagant people, but the old lady has sense enough to hang onto the stocks and things her husband bought. So she can afford to keep Curt Weeper looking beautiful in riding clothes, but the Van Dralen boys don't like their ornamental cousin. They're a bit ashamed of him, I think. They all work. Curt was engineering out West in 1920 and 1921—he was educated for that—and then he came home in 1922 and he's been here ever since. He's —— Let me see—I'm twenty-four. He's always been six years older than I am. He's thirty or thirty-one."

It always surprised Harmon John Shillito to remember that the slim woman was younger than himself. She had always been cool and old and wise. He stood looking down at her braided black hair and her white dress, and wondered if Bill Eustis had been scared of her a little, no matter how he loved her. She could even quench Shilly Watson with a murmured sarcasm.

"Did you ever think of writin' a book, Kate?"

"No, Harmon. I'm not ambitious and nothing's ever happened to me."

"Yes, but you talk so well. I should think you'd want ——"

Kate presently looked up at him and asked: "Harmon John Shillito, are you trying to write a book? You are? . . . I expect it's all about a boy who had a quarrel with his grandfather and ran away from home and enlisted in the Navy. And then he played the piano in a jazz band in vaudeville and ——"

"I'm goin' to have him play the banjo. I know how," Harmon said. "But it isn't just an autobiography, Kate. It's—it's a lot of work."

"It won't do you the slightest harm, Har. I'm so glad you're going to do something at once. I don't like people who won't do anything. . . . Harmon John, did Shilly ask Casimir Smith to your tea party?"

"Of course!"

"He doesn't know it, you see," Kate said; "that's why I asked. I was down having a tire changed this morning, and I told him I'd see him at your party, and he said 'Skme.' And ——"

"He said what?"

"'Skme.' It means, they or she didn't ask me. And he put his thumb in his mouth, and that shows that he's agitated about it. Because he admires you. He likes hearing you play the piano. He was consulting me about his whiskers the other day, and you drove by, and he said 'Sg' guy.' He meant, that's a good guy."

"What about his whiskers?" Harmon John asked, a little pink.

"They won't grow. It's very embarrassing to have salesmen and things come in his own garage and ask him where the boss is. He's very philosophical, but it annoys him a little. He's twenty-two, you see."

"Good Lord," said Harmon John, "so he is! Doesn't look it. You know, the first time I saw him was in San Francisco in 1919. The Navy Boys were on the same bill. He was the grand explosion at the end, you know. Special music and a glass tank and a lot of fuss. He hasn't changed. When did he turn up here?"

"In 1921. He and his brother suddenly appeared. Their uncle had just built his new house up the road, and Mrs. Van Dralen was ordering people not to call on him, and Casimir and Alan appeared. The legend is that their father drank everything Casimir made in vaudeville and they got fed up and abandoned him. Anyhow, people saw this animal diving off trees into his uncle's swimming pool. He'd hang on boughs by his toes and then let go and drop. Mrs. Van Dralen was horrified. And then his uncle gave him a garage to play with, and of course it's the best one in town."

"His father was an awful piece of work," Harmon John said. "I remember him out in San Francisco. He managed the kid. Yes, he drank up the boy's money. Always wore pink silk shirts an' red neckties. He'd been married three or four times then and was making eyes at a fat girl who had an animal act. Doves, ponies and ——"

A horrid ululation of a special motor horn came from the north down the Glendale Road. Harmon John shuddered. His ward's venomous green car jogged into sight, a rolling base for a group of males. Shilly Watson was hidden in the profusion of coats and pale jerseys. The dark Eustis twins—Kate's dead husband's young brothers—were looped on one side of the vehicle, and Dixon Van Dralen and a Hobart hung somehow on the sloped rear of the machine, and Tony Johnstone's red hair flourished in passing lights on the other. Casimir Smith was driving. This cargo galumphed over a jolt in the roadway just in front of Judge Barth's gates, and a spring seemed to howl through the general noises of the party.

"Last week," Harmon John said, "she wanted to be a nun!"

"It rained three days last week, dear."

"Last month she wanted to dance in musical comedy!"

"She's only seventeen, Harmon John."

"But what do I do about it, Kate?"

"Just treat her the way Casimir Smith does, Har."

"But he doesn't do anything about her!"

"Exactly, Harmon John. There isn't anything to be done about Shilly. It'll dawn on your conservative mind, by and by, that she's perfectly harmless. You shouldn't be so scared of her."

"I am not!"

"That," she said, "is perjury. But you're only twenty-six. Casimir's much more mature than you are. Of course he was in vaudeville earlier. I don't think being in the Navy two years had the right effect on you. Didn't you run round saying 'Yo-ho-ho!' to barmaids in England and France? You don't seem to have taken advantage of your opportunities. You've always been shy. Men with butter-colored hair are usually so pleased with themselves."

"My hair isn't butter-colored!"

"Mayonnaise, perhaps. . . . Go on home," said Kate, "and find out if Shilly asked Casimir J. S. Smith to this party."

"What are the rest of his names, Kate?"

"His name's Casimir John Sobieski. His mother was Polish."

"Oh, yes! She was the Human Seal. Heard old-timers in vaudeville talkin' about her out in San Francisco. Helena the Human Seal. . . . Well, you'll be over early, Kate."

"Then You Think I'd Better Not Announce the Engagement This Afternoon?"

"Of course. I'll see that your hair's brushed and everything. Harmon John ——"

"Yeh?"

"Don't say 'yeh'! . . . Harmon John, if Shilly's thinking about Curt Weeper it won't do."

She said this gravely and slowly, her brown hands gathering up her muslin into a flat workbasket. The hot young man was chilled by a sense of getting suddenly old. It was the voice of responsibility, telling him that Curtis Weeper would not do.

"Just why not?"

"He's hollow," Kate said -"hollow and pretentious. I don't really so much mind him not working. Some men simply aren't made for it. But he's so hollow. And he proposed to me at Christmas. Bill hadn't been dead a year and a half then. I was still wearing plain black. I rather resented it. . . . Go on home."

Harmon John Shillito walked down the short driveway between the lions, carved in graystone, around whose pedestals Kate let flowers spring high. The lions had been there since 1842, and a pair of fat eagles on the gateposts had been there since 1820. He was now in the Glendale Road, all stirring as a wind from the Hudson shook leaves of the many elms. He thought, "It's no good grinning. This is the Glendale Road."

A society existed along this street of sixty houses. About 1895 the society had graciously absorbed his grandfather, Noel Shillito, and since then, three or four more families had been allowed to enter the grouping supervised by the fabulous Mrs. Van Dralen, who was certainly a million years old and had dined with legends such as Chester A. Arthur and Edwin Booth when she was once comparatively young.

The Glendale Road, he thought, and Mrs. Van Dralen were synonymous. They were conditions of mind. But it was no good grinning. He had come home, after nine years of miserable independence, because he liked the Glendale Road. He liked the lawns and the heavy stone fences and painted iron rails and the massed syringa and lilacs, and the houses dating back to a time when vaudeville and San Francisco and cigarettes and railroads were not known. And he liked these people—the ladies who did not take their manners off with a costume, and the men who had been through schools and colleges and who kept their tempers in hand. Everything made a peace around him. He was not packing his bags to flit with Comesky's Navy Boys to the next city and begin battering his piano, when the silver curtains went up, twice a day. Even the awful job of being Shilly Watson's guardian wasn't so bad as all that. And his bedroom in the grand ugly house was twelve feet and six inches high.

He looked ahead at his cousin's car, halted at the gates of the Shillito lawn, and watched the girl's court shred away. The Eustis twins went trotting, in white shoes, across the roadway, and Tony Johnstone strolled off with Dixon Van Dralen, and the gangling Hobart youth stood talking with Shilly impressively about goldfish or Harvard or something, and Casimir John Sobieski Smith, alone in the green car, sent up a ring of smoke that sailed, expanding, above his black head.

Harmon John considered this creature enviously, advancing on him from the rear. Casimir John might have social difficulties, but he was worth envying. He stood on the edges of swimming pools and idly bent over backward into the water without cracking in two. When he wanted to look at the seat of his trousers he switched the muscles in his waist and came around. Harmon John Shillito's heavy shoulders and hard back were not built on that plan. He had been muscle-bound ever since he was twelve. Shilly and her swain walked up the driveway. Harmon John came abreast the green car and saw that Casimir John was now eating some chocolate.

"Hello, Casimir."

"H'y t'd?" said the Diving Kid.

He meant, how are you today? His murmuring slow voice picked some consonants and a few vowels out of words and discharged them. Conversation had never been worth his while. He now sat, deep in the buff cradle of the car, and licked chocolate from a thumb and beamed at Harmon John amiably. He had not altered much since 1919. His flat Slavic face, with its sleepy black eyes and high bones, was placid as it used to be when he fell from the flies of theaters, out on the Western coast, into his glass tank, or ate bananas under water or rewards of chocolate as he sat around in the dressing room, wrapped in a towel. He was still the Diving Kid, taller and with thicker arms. His white shirt was open on his brown chest, and his scarlet

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Curt Weeper Put His Arm Around Shilly's Silver Frock When She Swayed Over the Edge

THE MAN ON HORSEBACK

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

THERE is an ancient distinction attaching to the equestrian. He is felt to be, and is apt to feel, definitely superior to those who perforce or by preference continue to go afoot. No record has been preserved of the individual who first remarked this superiority. A man on horseback killed him. The Greeks mounted a horse—and captured Troy. Alexander rode Bucephalus and conquered the world. The equestrians controlled the ballot box in Rome, and barbarians on horseback riddled the Roman Empire. The knight was equal to a score of men at arms afoot till lowly folk learned the art of the crossbow and the long. The legendary figure of the Man on Horseback towers like a colossus against the medieval sky, thundering across the earth, shattering opposition with the great knobbed mace he bears in his tremendous hand. And the shock of cavalry charging home was more demoralizing and destructive than the shock of cannon.

With the advent of the automobile, the man on horseback seemed likely for a while to disappear, but now the hissing traffic halts while a horseman picks his proud way across the asphalt to the bridle path. And a horse can go where a car will never take you.

This superiority of the mounted man is one of those ancient and certain facts so profound and sure that it has become a part of the universal mind. Set a beggar on horseback, old repute has run, and he will ride at a gallop. A man who mounts a horse has no more than settled himself in his saddle before he begins to cast about upon the footlings a glance of calm superiority.

The mildest man, mounted, feels this impulse stirring in him. There is an intoxication in his new estate, and he is not likely to remember that every intoxication has its aftermath.

Holman had never sat him on a horse. He was a bachelor; a successful man enough in his own small concerns; a city dweller whose routine days had a soporific quality. He rose at eight or a little after, breakfasted alone, reached his office at ten, lunched leisurely, took time now and then for a half hour of squash before dinner, dined as the occasion might suggest, and so turned presently to bed. He was a lawyer, and when Lukens came on from New Mexico with some matter of a will to be put through the courts, he remembered Holman and sought him out. They had been classmates fifteen years before. After the business was done, Lukens bade Holman come to New Mexico the next time he wanted rest and recreation.

Holman asked quizzically, "What for? Hot, isn't it?" He was a large man and warm days offended him.

Lukens grinned.

"Come along," he urged. "I'll show you some fishing and some country. Put you on a horse."

"A horse?" Holman protested jocosely. "Not if I'm awake!"

Lukens surveyed him, grinned. "Wire me when you start," he insisted.

And three months later Holman remembered the conversation, and, on some unconsidered impulse, wired and started.

Loup Whipped Out His Gun Again and Lifted It; its Muzzle Yawned in Holman's Very Face

He arrived at the ranch on the third day thereafter, and the journey had awakened in him a vague unrest. As far as Chicago, the panorama outside his windows was sufficiently familiar—metaled roads, dingy factory towns, thrifty farmhouses. But the prairies through which, next day, his train ran disturbed him. There was an almost indecent fecundity about them; he had an impulse to turn away his eyes. He was a New Englander, and he felt, without formulating the opinion, that the whole business of creation and growth and fruition were as well ignored. So he rummaged a book from his bag, but now and then he stole covert, half-shamed glances through the window at the steaming prairie lands and the teeming fields of grain. Till the scene in the end laid its spell upon him and he put his book away to watch the unrolling levels, like the vast sweep of the sea and the cloud shadows sailing like brightly painted galleons across the golden fields.

Once he saw a jack rabbit lope away from the passing train, and the sight of it caused Holman's heart unaccountably to pound. This was no comfortable New England rabbit, but a bold and impudent denizen of the plains, and the difference was manifest in the audacious ears, the lift and bob of the creature's scornful tail. Holman, at sight of that rabbit, felt himself a stranger in a strange land. This passed, however, when Lukens made him welcome. Lukens met him at the train early on the second morning, in a little town that backed against lifting mountain flanks and fronted a sea of purple prairie. This prairie had more character than that through which he had passed the day before. It was broken by low buttes and beaches, infant mesas and wind-sharpened pinnacles, and there were pits and sweeps and bands of color, forever changing, merging and dissolving, bewildering the eye. Lavender and gold and blue and crimson wove lovely patterns there.

They drove to the ranch house, forty-five miles in fifty-five minutes; and Holman was a little dizzy from the smooth sweep and rush of the car, but breakfast steadied him, and the ranch house offered none of the discomforts he had feared. It was a sprawling stucco affair, with red-tiled roofs and a white-tiled swimming pool and a pergola, and there was cool color everywhere.

After the coffee, when he and Lukens were left alone at the table with their cigars, Holman spoke of the excellence of the road over which they had come that morning and Lukens told him it was a part of the old Santa Fe Trail.

"This was right in the heart of things fifty years ago," he explained. "Kit Carson used to hang around here, and Billy the Kid and Black Jack." He told a tale or two, and Holman, used to sheltered ways, stirred uneasily.

"How about this fishing?" he suggested.

Lukens nodded. "We'll go in to the fishing camp tomorrow," he replied. "It's about twenty-five miles. I'd go today, but I've got some business to attend. But there's a little stream in the first canyon you might try this afternoon."

"That's what I came for," Holman assured him.

"There's a road to the foot of the canyon," Lukens explained. "I'll have a car drop you there and you can fish upstream about a mile, and I'll have a horse waiting for you to ride back to the car."

Holman felt a twinge of alarm. "A horse? I can't ride. Never been on one."

"Oh, you'll ride out here," Lukens assured him carelessly.

Holman made at the moment no further protest, but some time later, when he was about to set out, he said, "By the way, don't bother about that horse. I'll walk."

"Oh, it's no bother," Lukens insisted. "So long. I'll see you at dinnertime."

Holman was temporarily silenced. He got into the car beside Sam Dole, the ranch superintendent, who was to drive him to the spot where his fishing would begin, and they set off at that dizzying speed which seemed to be the natural gait of automobiles in this locality. When they were under way, Holman looked back, expecting to see the threatened horse galloping behind them, and the discovery that they were not pursued was vaguely reassuring. He relaxed and the road swept in a long reach across sparse pasture lands to the foot of the nearer mountains.

Holman liked Sam Dole. The superintendent was a competent young man with a pleasant courtesy about him,

and, at Holman's suggestion, he gave some pertinent advice as to the prospective fishing. When presently they drew to a halt where the road ended at a little cluster of log buildings half hidden in a group of trees, Holman was at ease again. But as they alighted from the car, Dole called to an individual in leather chaps and a high soft hat, who appeared in the doorway of the nearest building:

"Jim, Mr. Holman's going to fish up the canyon. Have a horse waiting for him up at the first park, will you?"

The cowboy nodded, but Holman said hurriedly, "Now don't bother about that. I may fish back downstream "

Sam Dole shook his head. "That's all right," he said reassuringly. "It's no bother, anyway."

Holman, as he set out up the canyon, made up his mind to evade the prospective ordeal. He was not, he thought truculently, to be bullied into riding a horse unless he chose. But when he was presently knee-deep in the tumbling creek, where trout rose recklessly at his clumsy casts and sought his hook as though to do battle were delight, he forgot the danger which threatened him. He fished leisurely, whipping every pool, and the shadows in the deep canyon thickened, while overhead the golden sunlight streamed. His basket grew heavy and the unaccustomed muscles across his ribs ached from the continual casting. He was intoxicated and oblivious.

He emerged from the canyon, hours later, into a sort of meadow, hemmed on all sides by the steep slopes of the lesser mountains. But wading the stream, where the tumbling, singing water broke about his boots, his eyes were all intent upon his business; so he neither saw nor heard the figure which presently approached and kept pace with him, watching his sport. Till by and by, turning to land a fish in the shallows, Holman discovered this man and recognized him with shrinking distaste as the cowboy appointed to be his executioner.

He stepped out of the stream and said doubtfully, "Hello, there! You ought not to have come up. I think I'll fish down."

The cowboy rolled a cigarette. His name, Holman remembered, was Jim. "Getting late," he suggested.

"Yes, Sir," He Said, "I've Seen Some Wild Times. Make Your Hair Stand Right Up on End"

Holman looked about and saw no horses anywhere. "Have to start back, do we?" he asked.

"I'll tell you," said Jim, "I didn't know whether I'd catch you here or up above. Didn't know how long you'd be, so I left the horses up above. You follow that trail there till you come to the bars down at the foot of the park, and you wait there and I'll meet you."

Holman nodded. "All right," he agreed, "I'll wait "

So they separated, and Holman went swiftly down the trail. He came almost immediately to the bars and looked back in a furtive way to see whether Jim was watching him, but Jim was out of sight, and Holman, like a criminal who sees a single chance for safety, climbed the bars and struck the trail beyond. He ascended the first steep pitch, and then, when the descent began, broke into a run. Every step, he reminded himself, decreased by so much the distance he might have to ride.

His reprieve lasted for so long that he began to think he would escape altogether, and he was, in fact, in sight of the cabins where he had left the car before he heard behind him a thunder of hoofs, and turned to see Jim, riding one horse and leading another, galloping down the trail upon his heels.

Holman, thus overtaken, stopped and sought to brazen out his crime.

"Oh," he said, as Jim pulled up beside him, "you didn't show up. I thought I must be at the wrong place, so I came along."

The cowboy grinned faintly. "I waited a spell," he confessed, "and then I went back to look for you. Get on."

Holman looked toward the cabins. "It's only a hundred yards or so," he protested. "I'll walk "

"No, you'd better ride," Jim insisted implacably.

And Holman, with a desperate bravado, said, "All right. Here, hold my rod." He passed the rod to the cowboy, and after one or two false attempts, managed to scramble into the saddle.

He had, as he did so, a sickening fear that the beast, like horses he had sometimes seen in moving pictures, would leap immediately into full gallop. But this horse apparently had never seen a moving picture, for he stood sedately while Holman settled himself in the great saddle. Holman found in this physical elevation a curious triumph. He poked his feet into the stirrups and gathered the reins and tried to look carelessly at ease.

When he mounted, his weight had swung the horse a little off the trail. He turned it now to follow the cowboy, and at the creature's smooth and instant response to his will he had a swift pleasure. The horse, he thought complacently, knew his business. The hundred yards he had to ride was all too short and he alighted at the cabin almost reluctantly.

His fears, thus confounded by the reality, were so amusing in retrospect that he was able that night to laugh at them, to relate the incident to Lukens as a joke on himself. Lukens chuckled.

"You'll get used to it in a day or two," he predicted. "Be a little stiff and sore at first, that's all. We've got to ride about eighteen miles tomorrow into the fishing camp, but we'll take it easy."

"I don't believe I'll be sore," Holman predicted. "Usually, new forms of exercise don't bother me any."

Lukens smiled. "Well, don't be discouraged if you are," he warned.

Next day they went by automobile five or six miles up what passed for a road which grew steadily steeper, so that the car pulled the last half mile in low gear. They found waiting at the end of the road Sam Dole and Charlie Crouch, the horse boss, and two or three others; and Holman here was introduced to the horse assigned for his use.

"I've given him Buller," Charlie Crouch told Lukens.

"Buller's all right," Lukens agreed, and he led Holman to where the horse was waiting and bade him get on.

Holman did so without protesting, and he sat there aloft while Crouch adjusted the stirrups to the proper length. Lukens gave him a word of instruction.

"Buller's a good trail horse," he said. "You won't have any trouble with him. If you want to trot, rest your weight in your stirrups. Leave the reins slack unless you want to stop him, then just pull him in. If you want to turn, don't pull on the rein, just move your hand in the direction you

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Sam Left Holman at the Cabin While He Rode Down With the Men to Look at One of the Horses Which Had Gone Lame

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE VALUE

By DR. GEORGE FREDERICK KUNZ

As Told to Marie Beynon Ray

NO BUSINESS is more conservative, substantial and regular than the jewelry business—not even banking; and yet the heart of it is all glamorous. Are not the old tales of the greatest of traveling jewelers, Tavernier himself, dwarfed to insignificance by the accomplishments of that mighty syndicate builder, Cecil Rhodes, for whom ocean liners delayed their departure?

Can all the tales of bloodshed, rapine, murder, love and lust which follow the Koh-i-nur hold us as does the recital of that gigantic struggle of opposing forces that fought so long and bitterly for the control of the richest source of gem wealth in the world, the diamond mines of South Africa?

Is the caravan more thrilling than the airplane, scraping the clouds with its wings as it carries its burden of precious stones from the Congo to the coast? Every phase of this business, with tentacles in the farthest corners of the earth, is vibrant with romance and adventure—only of a different quality from that of bygone days.

Napoleon III—Emperor of the French

This is no more than one would expect of a product that represents, within the smallest circumference, the highest material value that man has ever established, and one which endures longer than all others. Where is the franc today? And where, all this time, and for almost a century previous, was the most famous of French diamonds, the Regent? The story of this stone will show why man has set so high a value upon gems, and why I have called them the indestructible value.

In Search of a Customer

IT WAS found, this stone of 143.2 carats, where, before the discovery of the South African mines, all our great diamonds were found—in the mines of Golconda, whence, preceded by its fame, it was brought to England by Thomas Pitt, then governor of Madras. Pitt paid £5000 for the stone. Remember that figure when we come to its present-day value and tell me whether diamonds are a good investment. That was about 1700. Pitt—grandfather of the great William Pitt—lived with his diamond in England for sixteen years in constant fear of attack, rarely sleeping two nights in succession under the same roof, frequently disguising himself to avoid detection, haunted hourly by dread of robbery and sudden death. Pitt sought nothing better than a customer, but where find a buyer for so colossal a gem?

It became finally a matter of international finance, and the services of the celebrated John Law, master financier, were requisitioned to dispose of it. After infinite negotiations it was at last sold to the Duke of Orleans, then Regent of France, for the young Louis XV. It thus acquired its name of Regent and took precedence over the heretofore most famous French diamond, the Sancy, called the Sphinx, which is now in the possession of Lady Astor. The price had now advanced to $400,000, which would seem an adequate return on an investment of £5000. Pitt, with his two sons as bodyguard, conveyed the diamond to Calais, where a body of jewelers received it ceremoniously in the name of France.

The gem made its first public appearance in a bowknot on the shoulder of the boy king when he received the envoys of Turkey in 1721; and a year later it was mounted in the crown of France, then the richest in the world, which he wore at his coronation. Since then it has never left the possession of France. It was worn by Napoleon I—who considered swords so much more important than scepters—in the hilt of his sword, and later it belonged to Napoleon III.

Think of the vicissitudes through which France has passed since 1721, about the time she bought this gem—monarchy, anarchy, commune, directory, republic, empire, and again monarchy, empire and republic. And all this time this bit of invincible value reposed calmly in the royal treasury, burning with beauty inextinguishably and inexhaustibly, losing none of its loveliness, gaining steadily in value, and occasionally going abroad for its country, most unquestioned of securities, to raise funds for wars or other purposes. When the crown jewels were disposed of in 1887 this sovereign diamond, reserved as a unique thing, was placed on exhibition in the Louvre, its declared value then being $2,400,000. And there it lies today, for all to see, as calmly, as indestructibly, as expensively, as though no earthly catastrophe had power to touch it.

Now tell me if there is any material thing in the heavens above or on the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth that will maintain its value like a precious stone? And for portability, how bulky and how clumsy in comparison is specie of the realm—$36,000,000—over 60 tons—goes to Brazil to reëstablish her credit, and four armored trucks containing 220 kegs of twenty-dollar gold pieces must make the trip from bank to pier to convey $11,000,000, and three times this procedure must be repeated until the whole amount in gold is shipped, with infinite danger and secrecy. Yet millions of dollars' worth of gems are sent through the mails every day without fret or fume. A man can make a gesture, seen by all, concealing beneath his fingers $100,000 in a diamond, and it will not even be glimpsed.

I mentioned the difficulty of Pitt's disposing of the Regent. That is a fate which attends all these enormous stones. A gem beyond all reason, such as the Regent, startles the imagination and engenders fear and timidity. It isn't, at best, a comfortable, useful little object to have about the house. One can't slip it on casually to go to the opera or to run out to a dinner party. No one wants to live as Pitt lived during those sixteen years. Only a king is surrounded with sufficient dread to ward off murder and robbery—and he not always. As a matter of fact, the Regent itself was stolen from the royal storehouse in 1792.

Many Stones From One Diamond

ALTHOUGH men have committed every crime in the category for their possession, these huge gems have always, when put openly on the market, been difficult to dispose of. The Cullinan, largest of all diamonds—1.37 pounds—could not find, even among kings, a buyer, and finally the Transvaal Colony presented it to King Edward in gratitude for the autonomy accorded it by Great Britain. Even then this diamond was too gigantic to be of any use even to a king, and had to be cut into two large gems—the second of which is larger than any other cut diamond ever mined—seven smaller stones—from 4.5 to 92 carats—and 100 brilliants.

The same thing happened with the Excelsior, which was found in 1893—twelve years before the Cullinan. Considering that the search for diamonds has been going on for centuries, it seems extraordinary that the two largest diamonds ever found were brought to light within a dozen years of each other, and within the memory of the present generation.

As usual when a great diamond is offered for sale, the Excelsior, measuring three inches long and two and a half inches thick, went begging for a buyer for twelve years. And, indeed, who among us, if we had to keep it in our personal possession, would accept such a stone as a gift? When no one came forward this great diamond was cut into ten pieces, ranging from sixty-nine to thirteen carats, and nearly all were sold privately in the United States. I have handled these diamonds, which are of the finest water, as are also all the Cullinan family, which are flawless and of the most perfect blue-white color, very different from the far more famous but far less beautiful Koh-i-nur and Orloff diamonds.

All these great diamonds, except the Cullinan, I have seen. The Koh-i-nur is but a shallow stone, not comparable with many other less celebrated stones, and the Orloff I found beautiful but by no means perfect.

The Grand Duchess Vladimir

With other enormous gems it has always been the same story—the sale is slow, if not impossible. When the great American Queen pearl was discovered there wasn't a buyer in America to be had for it, and so it went to France. But it must be remembered that America was still pioneer poor in those days—before the war—and today such a gem would be snatched at by many eager buyers before it was well out of the shell. And that single fact gives us the whole story of the development of American prosperity as manifested in the jewelry industry.

Seventy years ago no one in America would pay the $2500 for which this pearl could have been bought. At the Crystal Palace Exposition in New York about that time, the leading piece of jewelry shown was a seed-pearl necklace worth about $1000. Today, under every letter in the alphabet stands the name of at least one American lady who possesses an almost priceless pearl necklace—and sometimes many names. And as for diamonds, more than half the wealth in the world in diamonds pours annually into the United States today. Up to 1860 the entire importation of diamonds didn't amount to $2,000,000 per

annum. Today it is more than $60,000,000 and has gone over $100,000,000. Of course it must be remembered that the Brazilian mines were the only ones producing in 1860, with an occasional stone from the Indian Empire, for the African mines had not yet been discovered. Still, the real reason for the low importation of gems was that we were poor, and that we were, as a whole, an unsophisticated and unfashionable people, not given to the lavish display that marked monarchical magnificence abroad. We were still in our pioneer cocoon—a plain, fustian people.

But after the Civil War things changed—swiftly in the North, more slowly in the South. America entered its first great period of financial prosperity. We began to have money for all sorts of luxuries, and among these, jewels always come first. Our first great fashion in gems was the cameo. It was a rage, a furor, and men as well as women fell victims to its charms. Not alone cameo brooches, but necklaces, bracelets, stick pins, earrings, and rings were made of cameos, ranging in size from miniature masterpieces for a ring to affairs of really stupendous proportions to wear like a buckler on the chest. During this Victorian vogue, bloodstones and carnelians also were worn. Those who had crests had them incised thereon, and those who had not, used what initials they had.

Marie Antoinette

In a day of enormous solitaires we may perhaps curl the lip at some of the jewelry modes of the past, but we can't afford to sneer at the cameo. It was a genuine work of art, cut by some of the greatest artists of their day. This gem was, of course, not a novelty among jewels, however much of a novelty it may have been in America.

The Locks in the Lockets

DOUBTLESS the revival of classical styles—in dress, in architecture, in furniture, in art—that took place under the Directory in France had much to do with the vogue of the cameo in Europe; for this was one of the greatly prized gem arts of ancient Greece which France set itself deliberately to copy. With the modified Greek garments which the ladies of the Directoire period wore, these little examples of ancient Greek art were perfect. The Empress Josephine had a wonderful collection of them, and the vogue continued even after fashion had passed to the anything-but-Greek modes of the Victorian era.

Fashion in dress does, and always has, influenced fashions in jewelry. It did with our first jewelry mode in America; it still does now that women are stripped willow wands and wear, instead of the elaborate jewels of the past, the utterly simple but infinitely more expensive single gems and wondrous strings of pearls that are the mode today.

Cameos were beautifully cut in France and Germany, some so wonderfully that when they ceased to be worn as fashionable jewelry they passed into famous collections of gems. Usually the subjects were classical—the heads of the heroes of mythology and antiquity—but sometimes they were the busts of Renaissance or modern characters. Usually, too, they were engraved on the true onyx, but sometimes on shell in two colors, which many of the engravers insisted were as good as the onyx.

So great was the demand for these gems in America that at one time there were at least fifty cameo cutters in New York alone, whereas today you could count them on the fingers of one hand. One of the best known of these was Jules Lebrethon, a unique character with whom I came frequently into contact. This gentleman was thoroughly competent to earn a living in nine different ways—as engraver, actor, lapidary, singer and in other arts. He was not only a master engraver himself but was the teacher of a renowned artist—Augustus Saint-Gaudens, to whom he taught the delicate art of cameo engraving. But recognizing that this talented young man was destined for far higher things, he prevailed upon him to go abroad to study sculpture, in which art he achieved his great fame. Some of Saint-Gaudens' cameos were included in a recent exhibition of his work at the Metropolitan Museum.

Another American jewelry vogue which received classical impetus followed the acquisition by the Metropolitan Museum in 1880 of the famous Cesnola collection. General L. P. di Cesnola, who later became director of the museum, for many years held a governmental position in the Island of Cyprus. During certain excavations in the island he brought to light an amazing collection of antique jewelry, many of the pieces of gold set with rare stones. Among them was a serpent bracelet, coil upon coil of gold, which wound tightly about the arm and ended in a flat head with tiny gems for the eyes. Copies of this ornament were made by the various jewelers and became such a craze that one important firm finally, in sheer boredom, refused to make a single other one.

Louis XIV and His Court

Another success from this collection was a round gold bracelet which opened up in two sections and had a lion's or a tiger's head at each end. All this led to a revival of Etruscan jewelry, not all of which was as artistic as that which came from the Island of Cyprus.

During that charming lackadaisical period when ladies led fond gazelles across clipped lawns, wore tight corsets and fainted as much from impaired circulation as excess of emotion, hair lockets were the thing. Sentiment, not intrinsic value, was the big thing in those days. To a right-thinking maiden of the Jane Eyre period, what gem of purest ray serene could compare in value with a lock of her absent lover's hair worked into some tender, tearful scene of parting, with some virginal reference to a hope for reunion? And to the lover mourning his departed mistress, what could be more consoling than a wistful cemetery scene—a grave above which waves a tree, all its branches, wrought in her golden tresses, bearing fruit in the shape of tiny seed pearls?

Maudlin though these trinkets may sound to modern ears, some of these lockets and brooches were genuine works of art. They were of gold, with one side of onyx or enamel incrusted with a design in pearls; the other side was reserved for the hair, beneath glass. A favorite scene was a mother and son, and frequently these were wonderful miniature portraits executed entirely in hair. For making a likeness, the hair was burned and applied on an opaque glass background.

Still in what might be called the pre-Diamond Era, came the vogue for large amethyst rings—a mode which again fastened itself on the less deadly male as well as on the fatal female.

These stones were excessively large and incrusted with initials or a spray of gold flowers with a small diamond for a dewdrop or a flower. I think the ladies made themselves less conspicuous with these rings than the men, who, by much practice in stroking the waxed mustache or running the fingers through flowing burnsides, acquired considerable finesse in showing off their magnificent rings.

Then, with the Centennial Exposition in 1876, came revolutionary changes. Many foreigners visited America and many great European exhibitions were brought here. The Pacific railways were developed and the West was opened up. Improved steamship facilities and increased wealth permitted many Americans to visit Europe. The South African diamond mines were opened. In every way a great and growing desire for jewels was stimulated, and for diamonds in particular.

Bigger and Better Diamonds

THAT was the day when the diamond was preeminent, undisputed. Today we can't say the same thing, for the pearl claims an equally important place and there are the other precious stones to be reckoned with. But in those days the pearl was rarely seen, and the other gems were not produced in the quantities they are today. The woman who had but one hat would have a $5000 pair of diamond earrings, representing the family savings for ten years; and every year she would add $500 to this investment, buying bigger and better diamonds, frequently to the dumfoundment of relatives and friends. In those days every racing man's wife had her diamond horseshoe, every grandmother her cross of onyx and diamonds, and every dowager in the opera house her diamond regalia—dog collar, tiara, bracelets, earrings and rings; and many added to this equipment corsage, stomacher and bertha.

Then indeed was the influence of foreign courts made manifest. The sale of the French crown jewels in 1887, dispersing among our wealthiest families complete sets of rubies, sapphires, turquoises and diamonds, many of which had belonged to Marie Antoinette, Marie Louise, Josephine and Eugénie, set a new standard of taste; and these and other royal parures were exactly and expensively copied for the many American ladies who could afford them; and for those who could not, they were copied in gold, either studded with jewels or enameled. And now the great influx of gem wealth to America was well under way.

Marie Louise

But even so, the fashion of jewelry was a very different thing then from what it is now. Only the precious stones were used—never the many beautiful semiprecious gems now so freely employed—with some favor shown to coral and turquoise, then considered precious. As settings, gold and some silver were used, but no platinum. The jewelers recognized that gold was a poor background for gems, killing their fire; and so they often used silver, putting the gold at the back and the white metal at the front.

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Hitch-Hikers by Night Light

"Hey! Hey! You're Showing Me Some Things Tonight!" Zula Said. "That Last Break Step Was a New One"

By BOOTH JAMESON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

ONE knicker-clad knee carelessly thrown over the sign, YOUR WELCOME TO FREE AIR, Zula Mayers surveyed the leaf-strewn Old Road with satisfaction. Beneath her, back against the sign, sat a thoughtful young lady absorbed in the embellishment of her finger nails.

"You got to admit it," said Zula. "We picked just the right time to hit the road, and this little rosebud did the picking."

Elise made a cooing sound, indicating unreserved though perhaps absent-minded acquiescence.

For two such knapsacked, golf-stockinged wanderers there could be but one "right time" for southward travel in New England, and that was late September. The mellow sunshine denied the season, but to the poet or the business man the time was unmistakable. The road was old; along it had gone Bible-quoting sailormen and seafaring preachers; traders had passed over it to found churches and smuggle rum and hang witches; it had seen Puritans, privateers, colonists, peddlers, Indians, Pilgrims, Portuguese and French.

Grim adventurers and solid burghers had marched forth on this road with flintlock muskets to Boston, and along the line of march their thrifty descendants carried on the tradition of dealing in tea, and despoiled the invader with sandwiches, Gifte Shoppes, antiques and gasoline stations.

Every man who lived or had lived by the side of the Old Road, were he granted either the trader's judgment or the poet's eye, would have known that now the season for despoiling the invader was nearly over. Village store windows displayed signs announcing "Summer Goods, 20 per cent Off," fried clams were no longer alluringly displayed, skunks courageously foraged at back doors in the afternoon, and garagemen were almost garrulous. It was definitely early fall.

Zula found promise in the season. "These little roadside eat places got more on hand than they can get rid of," she explained. "They can't keep cookies until they hatch. They've all tried it, and it won't work. Something's got to be given away."

Elise arose, rubbed the toes of her neat brown shoes on the backs of her stockings and flicked a thread from her coat sleeve.

"Here's the old man," she said.

Behind them the screen door banged. On the steps of the low-roofed house stood a white-haired, brown, thin-faced man; in one hand he held a small chair and from his hip pocket protruded the handle of a hammer. With no expression he glanced at the girls, turned, placed the chair firmly on the stoop and stood upon it, silently contemplating the signboard above the door. The lettering of it was orange against a background of marine blue. JUST INN, it read.

As he stood looking at it, his attitude hinted at a gentle pride; possibly he was considering the lack of originality among his next-door neighbors—a Dew Drop Inn and a Tarry-a-While.

Presently he stirred, dragged the hammer from his pocket and began to pull out the supporting nails from the corners of the board.

"This ain't no hitch-hikers' haven," he said impersonally. "Why don't you girls buy you a car and drive home? Save you a lot of time."

"Yes, and you could sell us gasoline," Zula said brightly. "That would be a good one! Say, grandpop, we're just working girls. See, grandpop? And if ——"

"Listen!" he said earnestly. "Listen here, girl! I ain't your grandpop, nor nobody else's." He got down from the chair, and with the signboard under his arm walked quickly toward her. "I heard all I've a mind to about that last March. Who's been telling you about me?"

"Why, no one told us a thing," Zula said. "I was just trying to be friendly. What's the matter, grand ——"

"You stop that!" he said fiercely. "I wun't stand for it. Didn't I just get through tellin' you not to do it? I'd like to know whose business it is anyway if a girl of twenty-one wants to marry a man fifty-eight. It ain't any of yours, I expect!"

"Of course not," said Elise softly. "We didn't mean anything by it, Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Freeman," he said—"Leotas P. Freeman! I ain't chose to get married, and I ain't likely to, neither!"

"Oh, I don't know!" Elise was openly flattering.

"Well, I know, young woman! I know you'll never see me being married as long as some folks around here are so set on being married in their own church that they can't walk across the street to get married in a real church. I've been waiting for her to get sense since last March and I can wait ten years longer if need be!"

"But what on earth are you talking about?" Zula said breathlessly. "We've never seen you before in our lives and ——"

"Maybe not," he said. "But you've heard about me, all right! They been tellin' about me from Portland to the Cape!"

"But really, we ——" Zula stopped in surprise; Elise had pinched her.

"Yes, of course we've heard about you, Mr.—Mr. Freeman," said Elise. "Everybody along this road is talking about you and we think it's just a shame!"

"From Portland to the Cape," he said, not ill-pleased. "Well, it don't hurt my business none. But with one thing and another, and all the neighbors callin' me grandpop, and the girl a-workin' here and always after me to get married in her church, and my sister livin' here and makin' me stand up for my rights—why, I get real sick of it!"

"But think of the girl, Mr. Freeman!" Elise said tragically. "You may break her heart, and you wouldn't want to do that, would you?"

"Wouldn't I just!" he said savagely. "I'd do it in a minute, if I only knew how! And then she'd come to me a-weepin' and a-beggin' me to marry her, and I'd say, 'Well, maybe. You're a good girl,' I'd say, 'but I ain't makin' no promises. Next month sometime we might step over to my sister's church and ——'"

"Leotas!"

Quietly a woman had come forth from the house. She was short, round of figure and had eyebrows like an old seaman's. From the raised stoop she looked down like a captain from his bridge—a sturdy captain about to reprimand a truant crew.

"Leotas," she said again, "whyn't you gone over to the beach and got me some driftwood kindling? It's near time for Edwin's supper, and you've done nothing so far but take down that signboard and pass the time of day with those two hitch-hiking waitresses. Maybe the summer is over, but that's no reason to go to sleep."

"Now see here, Emily! I ain't hardly had time to keep the shirt on my back, let alone — "

"Don't go further." Her manner convinced him that temporarily the conversation was to be a monologue. "If I was to listen to you tell me what little time you've had, I'd be standing here until you run out of breath—and that's never! You've done nothing this whole afternoon but make your family affairs common property—telling these two waitresses the way I treat you and all. Well, what I've got to say is just this ——"

With crisp, dispassionate logic she made him aware of her point of view: Gossip was an error, idleness a sin, and complaining of her indicated depravity. In closing, she mentioned that wood was needed for the kitchen stove. Wordlessly he departed.

Feeling vaguely criminal, Zula and Elise had stood in rigid silence. Clearly this woman was not the inamorata of the absent Mr. Freeman, they decided.

"What made you think—I mean, how did you know we had been waiting table this summer?" Zula asked timidly.

"What say?"

"I mean, how—how did you know that we ——"

The woman interrupted her with a gesture; she pointed to the ukulele fastened to Zula's knapsack by a flimsy, gay cord.

"I never saw two waitresses yet but what one of 'em had a plunker along. My girl used to tramp down to Virginia, winters. She married the second head waiter there and they moved to Florida. Got a nice little restaurant now. I know waitresses!"

"Florida!" Elise beamed. "Why, isn't that a coincidence? That's just where we're going. At least we're going there right after Thanksgiving. We're going by way of Alabama. I've got a cousin who lives there. But we'll certainly look around for your daughter when we get to Florida and—and ——" She stopped, the beaming look solidifying upon her face; her sensation was similar to that of an actress who suddenly feels her memory go blank before the blaze of the footlights. Cryptically the woman looked at her; like a magic cap her ample black hair seemed to inclose her thoughts.

"Think that talk's good for a free meal and a night's lodging, do you?" she said at last. "Whyn't you spend some of your money? You girls got plenty. My daughter used to come home with two, three hundred dollars sometimes."

"We have got a little," Elise admitted, "but ——"

"But not that much," said Zula. "Nothing like it! Why, we've got hardly anything! Just enough to—to ——"

"Just barely enough to get home," Elise hastened to explain. "We've hardly got ——"

"Stop that!" the woman said. "You talk like you was trying to lie out of taxes. Keep on that way and everybody will think you're Boston millionaires. Right now I know you got two hundred dollars apiece, anyway, and I don't want to know any more about other people's business. I'll give you supper at my own table for seventy-five cents a plate, and you can sleep on cots in the big room free, with coffee and a roll thrown in for breakfast. Take it or leave it?"

"Why—yes, we take it," Elise said. "And ——"

"You're making no mistake." She turned and partly faced the screen door. "Lu-sill!" she called out. Presently a tall, large-boned girl came out onto the stoop. Her attitude did not suggest that she was waiting; it suggested nothing; she merely stood.

"Lusill, these two young women are going to eat here tonight. Fix plenty, they're paying for it."

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With Crisp, Dispassionate Logic She Made Him Aware of Her Point of View

THE BRIGHT FACE OF DUTY

"It's the Affair of Any Friend to You and Your Boy," I Told Her. "You Have No Right to Kill Yourself With Work Like This"

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

WHEN Harlow Fenn came to the schoolhouse just before the trial and asked me what I thought he ought to do about it, I was sorry for him, although he made it plain that he had not come for sympathy. He was in distress, evidently enough, but it was a distress of indecision, of uncertainty as to right and wrong, a state of mind which left him with no thought to waste on such trivial concerns as self-pity.

He told me bluntly that he had knowledge which would surely hang Tom Radnor if it came before the jury, and it did not occur to me to doubt the statement. Even then Harlow Fenn had earned his name for judgment and for truthfulness. His word, to my ear, had the force and finality of a judge's sentence, and my compassion moved from Fenn to poor Tom Radnor.

In our hill country the Mosaic law still holds a measure of unquestioning respect; in those days we did not even think of suspending or evading it. There was between murder and the noose the same inevitable sequence as between the spark and fire. The only question in Tom Radnor's case lay in the matter of a definition. Few men have killed with stronger provocation, but we had not heard then of unwritten law, and Radnor's only hope of less than a capital sentence hung upon the seeming absence of premeditation.

"Tell me," said Harlow Fenn, "is it my duty, as you see it, to go to Dan McCune and tell him what I know? I have no inner light on this."

I remember that I flinched away from answering; that it seemed to me that the burden of deciding Radnor's fate had been thrust unfairly on my conscience, instead of resting, as the law provided, on twelve jurors and a constituted court. I was almost angry at Harlow Fenn for involving me in his problem, and I told him lamely that I saw no necessity upon him to volunteer his evidence; that it was Dan McCune's affair to summon witnesses for the state, not Harlow Fenn's nor yet mine. I was not sure that this was sound law, and I did not care; I had no mind to kick away Tom Radnor's chances, with the known facts against him black enough and Dan McCune panting zealously for a conviction.

It surprised me to find Harlow Fenn ready, without debate, to take my counsel. We had been together at the Canastego Normal and in the enforced acquaintance of our small hill-beleaguered village through the three years that had followed, and nothing in our dealings would have warranted Fenn in taking me for his authority on either law or duty.

"Then I will hold my tongue," he said. "It would have been a hateful task. Radnor's wrongs had poisoned his brain, and Dorner needed killing and asked for it; but the law would give no weight to this if premeditation could be proved."

"And your evidence would prove it?"

"It would leave no room for doubt." He rose, unfolding his gaunt length from the child's desk seat, which had exaggerated it. "I'm obliged to you. I have been in sore trouble over this, and it is good to have a sure friend to count upon for counsel."

I wondered at his word. It was news to me that he could think of me as his friend. He had walked alone, even as a boy at school, shut mouthed, doggedly industrious, as thrifty as his bitter poverty demanded, withdrawn from our amusements and associations. Afterward, clerking in the Glenville bank, he had kept as straitly to himself, doing his work as faithfully as he had studied at his books, but neither seeking nor welcoming the contacts which most men associate with friendship. If by his standards he could call me his friend, he was, by mine, as nearly friendless as a man might be.

There was, to be sure, some talk that he and Annie Toland understood each other, and town opinion held that Annie was in luck on this account. A widow woman, with a child to rear out of what means of self-support were open to women then, might have done far worse than to marry Harlow Fenn, already proved a solid man with a sure measure of success before him. There was no doubt that Fenn could have looked higher. Glenville had, like most hill-bound villages, more marriageable women than men, and Fenn could easily have found a wife whose hands had not been scarred by the needle or warped at the washing board, and who would bring him a better dowry than Bert Toland's orphan son.

It came to my mind, when Harlow Fenn had gone, to wonder whether he had talked to Annie about the problem he had brought to me, and why, in either case, he should have come to me about it.

During the few days that passed before the trial it was not easy to hold the secret, for all the talk was of the case and there was much hot argument about it. I remembered, too, that Fenn had asked me for no downright promise of silence, and this came to puzzle me, for I had no name for any special thrift in words, and, indeed, lay under some discredit as given too willingly to talk, my Aunt Abby holding scornfully that my tongue was loose, as the phrase ran, at both ends.

It did not chatter, at any rate, about what Fenn had told me. I knew that a careless word might find its way to Dan McCune and that a hint would be enough to send him eagerly in quest of that one lacking item in his case against Tom Radnor. That hint he did not get through me.

He got it somewhere though. He put Harlow Fenn on the witness stand before the trial had fairly started, and after bullying the story from him, made it abundantly plain that he regarded Fenn as little better than accessory for not having volunteered his testimony.

Disinterested strangers, comfortably remote from our hill county seat, in due time hanged Tom Radnor by the neck till he was dead; but it was Harlow Fenn who sprang the trap below him, and everybody in the court room knew as much before Fenn stepped down from the stand. Even before the verdict was brought in, Tom Radnor had somehow moved into the shadows where pity wasted itself in following; he had begun to die; the tongues that told me what had happened clicked in sympathy for Harlow Fenn instead.

"I'm glad it wasn't me," said Jim McParren, who brought me the news at the schoolhouse. "All the time McCune had him on the stand I was sorrier for him than for Radnor." He wagged his head. "Ugly job, standing up there in court and killing a man with words. I'd sooner do it the way Radnor did, with a shotgun, and you could see that Harlow Fenn felt just about that way. He came off the stand looking as if it was him that was going to hang."

Fenn's half-pathetic claim of friendship prompted me, reluctantly, to make at least a gesture of sympathy. I found him locked in the bleak single room on the top floor of the Huron House and told him, as he stood in the doorway, that he must not blame himself, nor feel that others blamed him. He thanked me, his voice quiet but a hint of strong emotion somehow perceptible in its calm restraint.

"I am to blame though," he said. "It would have served me right if Dan McCune had charged me as accessory. I had no right to hold my tongue."

I disputed this, puzzled by his words. He took it for granted that I was sorry for him not because he had sworn the noose about Tom Radnor's neck but because McCune had threatened and blackguarded him. I said that nobody would give weight to what McCune had said; that the community admired Fenn for having held his peace until compelled to speak. He shook his head.

"It would be what I deserve if they despised me for having tried to escape my duty," he insisted. "I know now that I was wrong." His voice warmed and strengthened. "It was laid upon me to be the instrument of justice; you see for yourself that I was not permitted to evade that office. All that I gained by the attempt was to be dragged to court by force instead of standing there respectably. It is a sharp lesson for me. I shall know better in the future."

His attitude bewildered me. I saw, however, that he was at least free of the reproach which I had come to lighten; he did not feel that poor Radnor's blood was on his hands, as, if I had been in his place, I should have found it hatefully on mine. I was dimly ashamed, because I did not,

even now, see eye to eye with him; because what he had done still seemed to me a hateful task performed with decent, pitying reluctance, and not, as Harlow Fenn regarded it, a lost opportunity for the sternly splendid fulfillment of a duty.

I think that I felt constituted, by Fenn's confidence and by his claim of friendship, to explain and defend him to others. My Aunt Abby, listening to my supper-table arguments, regarded me grimly above her spectacles, her lips turned sharply downward in the look of amused scorn with which it was her habit to survey me, and remarked that Fenn had been shrewd in enlisting the busiest tongue in Glenville in his behalf. I vigorously denied the implication of intent on his part.

"It just happens that I know more of this than most," I told her "And as for my tongue, it may be, as you say, hinged in the middle; but it hasn't wagged, at least, about the fact that Harlow Fenn could hang Tom Radnor, and I have known that for a week and more." Aunt Abby nodded, her fashion of expressing ironic disbelief. "It's so," I said. "Fenn asked my advice about it last Friday week."

She seemed suddenly to believe me. "Of you? H'm—was it the law on which he wanted light, or what?"

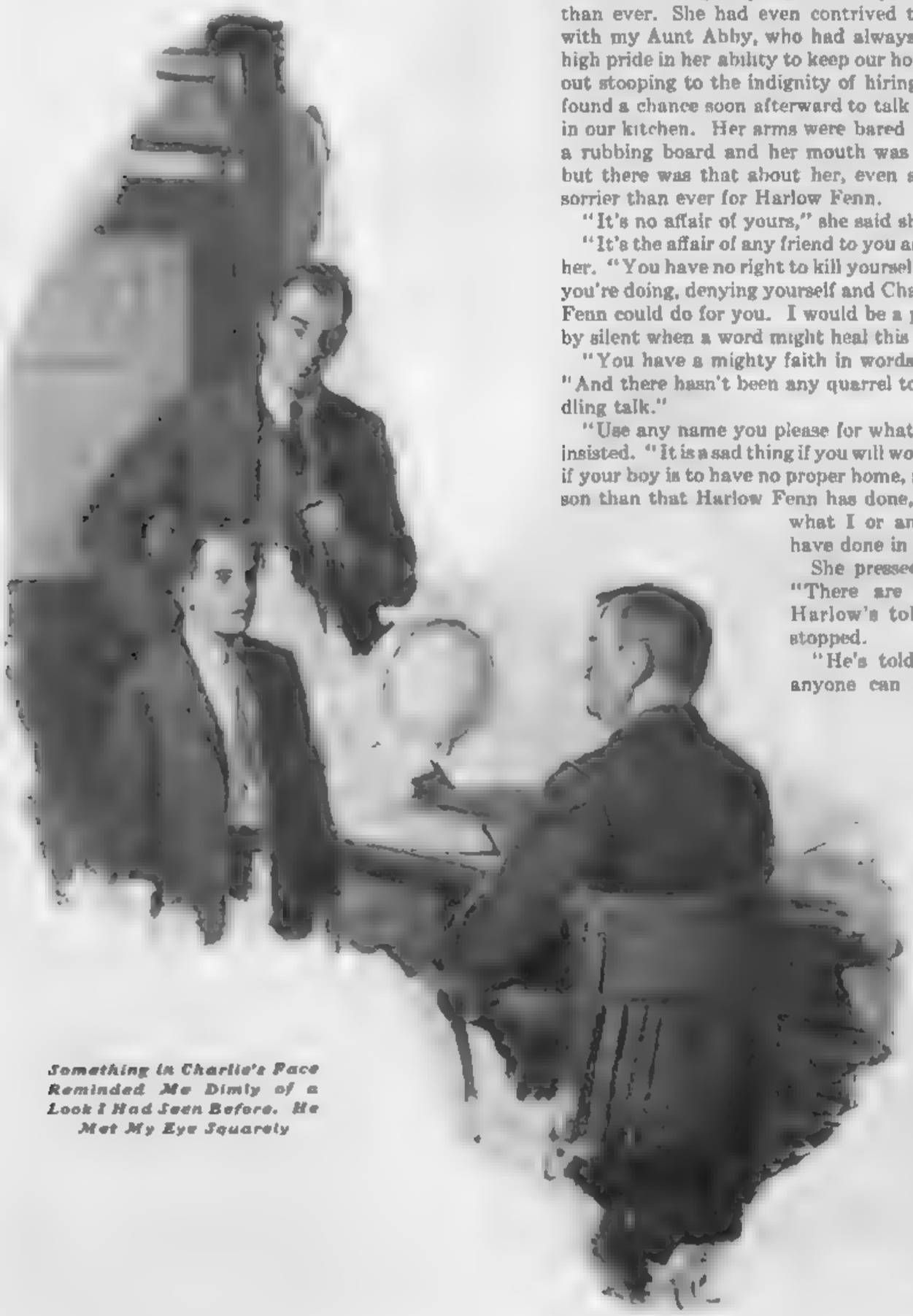
"He was not certain where his duty lay."

I saw her lips twist downward. "And he came to you to set him right, as a better judge of duty than a minister?"

"He came to a friend," I said— "for a friend's advice and a friend's confidence."

She meditated. It seemed to me that for once I had convinced her, for she nodded now as if the matter stood explained.

"That would be the way of it," she said, more to herself than me. "He was at the Normal with you. He would know that he could depend on you."



Something in Charlie's Face Reminded Me Dimly of a Look I Had Seen Before. He Met My Eye Squarely

I did not wholly like the tone, but I let the matter rest. It was not often that I had so much as a grudged compliment from my Aunt Abby. It was not long before I learned that she believed some word of mine had given Dan McCune the hint to set Harlow Fenn on the witness stand, and to this injustice she would add another till she died. She was not one to talk, but nothing ever shook her private conviction that Harlow Fenn had depended on me not to keep his secret, but to spread it.

I found that Fenn himself so far justified her as to think that I had somehow betrayed him to McCune. He did not make a grievance of it and willingly accepted my denial.

"It does not matter," he said, "but I am glad to know it was not you who talked. I have not so many friends that I can spare the best one." His face drew into grimness. "This has cost me dearly in my friendships, as it is."

I guessed that Annie Toland was in his thought. Since the trial, at least, the intimacy between them had been broken short, and Annie had been more grimly eager in her quest of work than ever. She had even contrived to find it with my Aunt Abby, who had always taken a high pride in her ability to keep our house without stooping to the indignity of hiring help. I found a chance soon afterward to talk to Annie in our kitchen. Her arms were bared to the elbow above a rubbing board and her mouth was set with weariness, but there was that about her, even so, which made me sorrier than ever for Harlow Fenn.

"It's no affair of yours," she said sharply.

"It's the affair of any friend to you and your boy," I told her. "You have no right to kill yourself with work like this you're doing, denying yourself and Charlie all that Harlow Fenn could do for you. I would be a poor friend to stand by silent when a word might heal this silly quarrel."

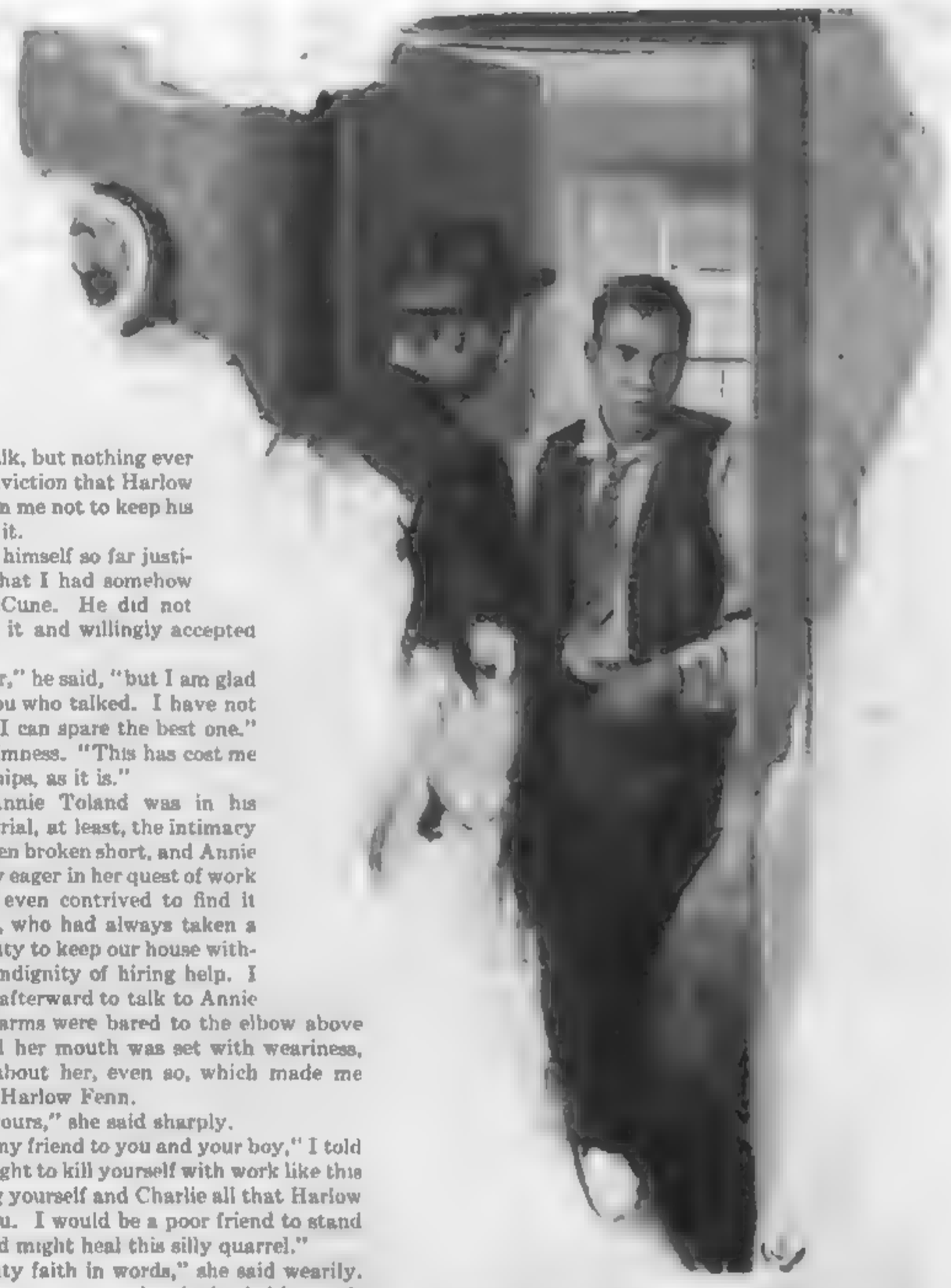
"You have a mighty faith in words," she said wearily. "And there hasn't been any quarrel to be healed by meddling talk."

"Use any name you please for what has parted you," I insisted. "It is a sad thing if you will work yourself to death, if your boy is to have no proper home, all for no better reason than that Harlow Fenn has done, under compulsion, what I or any other man must have done in his place."

She pressed her lips together. "There are sadder things. If Harlow's told you — " She stopped.

"He's told me nothing. But anyone can see that you have broken with him over this matter of his evidence in court. And I happen to know that Harlow hoped to escape testifying, that he was forced against his will to take the stand ——"

Her glance lifted quickly from her rubbing board. "You know?" She frowned. "How should you know anything of this?" I told her eagerly of Fenn's coming to me for advice. It puzzled me that her face darkened. "So that was how McCune found out that he knew



"I am to Blame Though," He Said. "It Would Have Served Me Right if Dan McCune Had Charged Me as Accessory. I Had No Right to Hold My Tongue"

something of the case. I thought it must have been like that."

She clearly had no faith in what I told her of my silence, and when I spoke again of Fenn she cried out hotly that she wished to hear no more of him. My Aunt Abby came in just then and I could not persist, under her unfriendly eye, in my defense of Harlow Fenn. I thought, however, that he might succeed by perseverance, and made occasion to tell him so when I stopped at the bank. He shook his head.

"It is kindly meant, but nothing can be done." He paused. "A woman will not reason against a blind emotion. Here is part of the price to be paid for even the unwilling doing of plain duty."

I said that I was sorry for him. Again he shook his head.

"You needn't be." He hesitated. "There are compensations that you would not understand unless you found them through some like experience. We say carelessly that a man earns happiness by doing right, but we don't believe it." He leaned toward me and it seemed to me that I saw a sudden glow behind his look. "I tell you," he said, "the thing is literally true! I have paid pretty dearly for what I have done, but all I regret is that I waited to be driven instead of acting of my own free will. There is no happiness to compare with what a man must find in bitter duty faithfully performed."

I had read of zealots who found a mystic exaltation in self-torment, holy men who flogged their bodies, crucified their flesh and cried out not in pain but in a kind of ecstasy. Harlow Fenn made me think of such men now. An exaltation was visibly upon him. There was no room to doubt that he was fiercely happy. Then suddenly his look changed and his voice was calm and practical again, and he talked shrewdly of business matters that lay between us, for I owned some shares of bank stock and he wished to buy a few of them. Also it was in his mind that I should

(Continued on Page 76)

THE WORLD DOES MOVE

By Booth Tarkington

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD VINCENT CULTER

XI

DRIVING that pair of light trotters, one beautiful bright afternoon, far, far out in the wooded country, almost as far as the city now extends, I heard an inexplicable sound of thunder and a few minutes later encountered a farm hand who was in a state of nervous upset. Electrified, himself, by the unusual manifestation, he had left his plow in a furrow, vaulted a snake fence and was standing all of a tremble between the ruts of the dirt road when the runabout approached. He made gestures of amazement and seemed wishful to communicate.

"Out of an empty sky!" he said hoarsely, and he pointed to a shattered tree, solitary in the center of the wide field he had been plowing. "Lightning! Right out of as bright and sunny a sky as ever I see! Not a cloud in it—not a single cloud! Dog-gone if it don't look kind o' like it was reachin' fer me, and mighty near got me! Lightning out of an empty sky! Who'd ever dream such a thing could happen?"

It may have been an omen. More than lightning can come out of an empty sky when nobody dreams such a thing could happen. Thus, quite as dumfounding as the strange flash that shattered the solitary tree and the plowman's composure, there arrived with no forewarning a letter from the most interesting and adventurous editor and publisher of that day.

"We have read the MS. of your novel and shall be glad to publish it in book form," this startling letter said. "Also, if you will come to New York we should like to talk with you about using it as a serial in the magazine."

In those first moments of mystification it was not easy to believe that the words were actual. Five years of rejection slips, all printed, had not prepared one to receive even an encouraging handmade letter of rejection from an editor, much less a letter of acceptance. Such a letter must be read several times to make certain that the reader's eye is not deceived, and then at intervals to be sure that his memory has not been tricky. But no; all these readings having confirmed the accuracy of the first, it became clear that the thin young man, however embarrassing he might be in his new capacity, was definitely no longer a loafer.

"And so they were married" used to end all the troubles of the fictitious lovers; and similarly, "So his manuscript was accepted by the great publisher" might be thought to signify that the literary aspirant lived happily ever afterward.

On my arrival in New York the great publisher said, "Just condense your novel to one-half its present length; then we'll have space for it as a serial in the magazine."

It seemed to me that he might as well have asked me to condense the Brooklyn Bridge to half its length; yet Mr. McClure had every appearance of believing that such things could be done; that they were done every day, in fact; and that, as a matter of course, I knew how to do them.

I didn't. I hadn't the remotest idea of what should be done to that ponderous bundle of manuscript to reduce it to half its weight. Nevertheless, I carried it to a lodging on Madison Avenue—for the comrades of the brownstone-front top floor were now dispersed to follow their achieved professions—and there I nervously began the amputations. At first they were a little dismaying, but before long the surgery became interestingly vindictive. "Out you come!" seemed to be the very pleasantest thing one could say to a chapter; and so emaciated grew what remained of the manuscript that the new serial began to be known in the magazine office as The Cablegram.

Several of the installments had been published before I finished the work and came timidly home in the late spring—I had reason to return timidly, even blushingly. In the story appearing monthly in unalterable print, I had dealt with a pastoral aspect of my native state; I had been romantic, sentimental and enthusiastic about the beauty of this aspect; I fear I had appointed myself its champion. Moreover, I had expressed a great deal of feeling for the populace; and, of course, it is an embarrassing thing to meet people face to face when you have just been making known—without their solicitation—your admiration and affection for them.

I feared they might think I had overpraised them; that I had said too much, putting their modesty to trial. So, as I walked homeward from the station, I was not surprised but a little abashed when I encountered a middle-aged friend whose expression first showed that he was somewhat startled to see me and then became one of grave reproach.

"I almost wonder," he said slowly—"I do actually wonder, in fact, that you've had the courage to come back here."

"You—you mean my serial?"

"I certainly do! How could you have written such a thing?"

"I—I don't know exactly. I suppose it isn't very good writing, but perhaps some day I can ——"

"Perhaps nothing!" he interrupted. "You'll never wipe it out—not if you live a thousand years!"

"I—I can't?"

"No, you can't!" he said. "There are some things that are not forgivable. When you strike at the sacred altars of a people ——"

"When I what?" I asked, for I began to be mystified. "When I ——"

"When you throw mud upon the altars of a great people," he said. "As a friend of your family, I'm sorry you have chosen to begin your career in such a manner. Good-by!"

He walked on, and so, not a little enfeebled and disconcerted, did I. Then I met another friend, a person of my own age with whom I had some intimacy. He was still willing to shake hands with me, I discovered, though his expression was partly inimical, partly compassionate. I mentioned that I had just got off the train, after my long absence, and he made a rather disturbing inquiry.

"Has anybody seen you?" he said.

"Yes; I met Judge Martin a moment ago, not far from the station. He didn't appear to be very pleased with me. He said something confusing about my serial's having attacked the sacred altars and ——"

"You look as if you didn't understand what he meant."

"No, I didn't—not exactly. I know, of course, that some people would think I've been too enthusiastic—perhaps even rather gushing ——"

"Gushing!" he interrupted. "Do you mean to say you don't know what effect your serial has been having?"

"No. It didn't seem to be having any at all in New York, you see. I supposed that out here more people naturally might read it, and ——"

"I think you'll find that enough of us have been reading it," he said grimly. "Didn't you really know that every paper in the state is broiling you alive?"

"Why, no. I haven't seen any reviews."

"Then it's because your family have been too considerate to write you about it. But these aren't reviews; most of 'em are editorials."

"I was afraid of it," I said. "I do wish I hadn't been quite so gushing!"

But at that he shook his head. "I see you don't understand," he said. "You'd better go on home. It would be best to have a member of your family explain what's happened to you. Go find somebody that'll stick to you no matter what you do, and ask 'em to break the news to you."

"You'll Never Wipe It Out—Not If You Live a Thousand Years!"

"Do Not be Disturbed," the Agent Shouted in My Ear. "The Noise is Rather Loud Because We are in an Inclosure. In the Open, You Will Almost Not Notice It at All. Also, There Will be Much Less Vibration as Soon as We are in Motion"

His advice was excellent; nevertheless a considerable time elapsed before I understood what had happened to me. What had happened to me was, indeed, a thing so significant of the times we lived in then that the perspective of years and change was needed in order to comprehend it fully. For it is true—and possibly, in the long run, fortunately true—that we are almost never able to comprehend during the actual moment of any happening the meaning of what is happening. The meaning of "what had happened to me," the rain of denunciation that fell upon a dazed but well-meaning young head, is clear enough today and marks how sharply changed are the times we live in now.

In that final period of the nineteenth century, the country at a little distance outside the cities was rustic. So were the small market towns characteristically rustic; so were the villages and many of the smaller county seats. The interurban trolley lines had not formed their enormous network; and, except by rail, ten miles was a long distance. It was long even for good horses, because it had to be traveled over roads that were a continuing dust heap in dry weather and sloughs of mud in wet; only at intervals were there stretches of well-kept turnpike between tollgates. People still believed that "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points," and were to wait many years to discover that between two points the best made and best kept road is the shortest distance.

More, the metropolitan newspapers had almost nothing of their modern circulation among outlying townlets and villages; there was no Rural Free Delivery; great weeklies and the monthly magazines were almost unknown to farm and village. Small local newspapers gave the people of the farms and little towns some news of the world from which they seemed almost infinitely remote; the Bible and the almanac made the staple of reading, crops and politics the staple of discussion. When the day's work was over there was nothing to do except to sleep; and when the week's work was over and the farmers drove to town on Saturday and hitched their teams to the courthouse fence in the Square, there was nothing to do, after their trading, except in the saloons. The farmers' wives were predominant in the hospitals for the insane.

Naturally, the remoteness and comparative isolation of the country people sharply distinguished them from city people, who, of course, tend to become much of a pattern. The manners, the dress, the habit of thought and the speech of a small and sequestered county seat were something of a pattern, too, but the pattern was rustic; and it was with life in such a county seat that the berated serial principally dealt. The berating, however, came from the people and editors in the cities and larger towns and thus proved as mystifying as it was painful to the serial's author. It was not until one of its assailants used a personal pronoun that the resentment it had roused began to be comprehensible.

"You've maligned the people of your native state," this critic said.

"I only wrote about a few of 'em and I did that as truthfully as I could. I praised them; I didn't malign them."

"But look at what your serial is making the East think of this part of the country!"

"I haven't heard of its making the East think anything at all. I haven't heard of anybody's reading it except the people hereabouts, who read it in order to make themselves more and more indignant with me."

"We've got a right to be indignant," he said. "You're making the East think of us as an absolutely uncultivated backwoods people. They think that of us too much already, and here you go, adding to the slander!"

It was his using the pronoun "us" that gave me the clew I needed. "What had happened to me" was what had happened to Edward Eggleston after his publication of the Hoosier Schoolmaster, and it had happened sometimes, though more mildly, to Mr. Riley because of his poetic studies of the Hoosier dialect. "We" were afraid that such writings would encourage the East in its belief that we were unsophisticated and unmodish and uncultured. The East wouldn't know how to distinguish between our obscure bucolic communities and our brilliant and forward cities.

There was some ground for this fear, moreover. Just as Europeans seemed to believe that bison, Indians and Bret Harte's gamblers might be found anywhere inland from the Atlantic Coast, so did New Yorkers, Bostonians and Philadelphians appear to be under the impression that the ax of the pioneer still rang in our flatland clearings. We were sensitive; we could ill bear the sting of Eastern impressions; and in like manner the East, too, was sensitive to overseas impressions; in particular to British. And here we come to a significant matter—our whole country was sensitive to foreign impressions of us.

We were more than sensitive; we were thin-skinned enough to be jumpy. Criticism from abroad sent us into furies of vindictive denunciation of the critic, as Charles Dickens had long before discovered. When a traveling Englishman reported in print that not only a large proportion of our male populace but many of our statesmen and jurists chewed tobacco, and that spittoons were prevalent in our hotels and public buildings and were not unknown in private houses, we said he had dried egg on his coat. We entreated him to tell us what he thought of us; but if he uttered anything except platitudes of praise, we showed our hurt by jeering at him.

We wanted praise, unlimited praise; we could endure nothing else. We begged praise from the traveler before he landed. "What do you think of America?" we asked him eagerly, and our eagerness was our hunger for flattery.

We still ask him that, but there is a difference. The country had no confidence in itself in those days when it raged if it wasn't flattered. It had not become self-sufficient; it had not discovered its place in the world; and it bragged of power that it was not sure it possessed. We had not become complacent enough to endure criticism.

XII

OUR orators understood perfectly that we could endure nothing but flattery. The orator went to the people then, not with a microphone, but directly, with larynx, lungs, a Prince Albert coat, and with a white pitcher and thick glass goblet on a deal table. First, he flattered the audience before him; then he praised the community they lived in; then he offered tribute to the state of which that community was a part; then he paid his compliments to the country; and often his peroration was addressed to the national banner.

Of course, if his oration was political, his flattery was addressed only to that portion of the community, state and nation constituting his own party; all members of other parties, especially the Presidents, senators and governors they had elected, were treated as worthless. Thus an observer might have thought that criticism of the country was, indeed, permissible, since certain millions of the populace, the Democrats, cheered loudest when aspersions cast upon certain other millions, the Republicans, were most poisonous; but the observer who came to such a conclusion would have been deceived. Party criticism has ever been understood as sometimes half humorous buncombe, sometimes as yearning for power, money and office, sometimes as genuine desire to "save the country." And always it has interpreted itself not as criticism of the country but, on the contrary, as the highest and most enthusiastic patriotism.

"Our native land and its people are noble, magnificent, grand, incomparable on the face of the globe," it says. "But those feeble-minded, self-seeking and largely corrupt creatures of the opposition will damage all this perfection if they are put into office. Do not trust them with so priceless a charge."

Emigrants from other countries came in millions to seek better fortune among us. We nodded benevolently, and when they became citizens, congratulated ourselves on their appreciation of us; but when an American went abroad to live and changed his citizenship we damned him on every street corner.

"What? We aren't good enough for him, the green-spined descendant of a magenta-whiskered tomcat?" we said. "We aren't good enough for him?" And when his friends explained that he had moved to foreign parts for the sake of the climate we felt the insult no less unendurable. Love me, love my dog! Find fault with my climate? Jackass!

The unfortunate young serial had innocently wandered into the jumpiest area of midland sensitiveness; and although before the issue of the final installment, the truth had appeared that the author's intentions were anything

(Continued on Page 121)

A SAGA OF THE SEA

All Around Him the Sea Host Passed Out From the Jutish Fjord Which Had Been the Trysting Place of This Swarm of Pirates

VIKINGS GO SOUTH

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

SIGURD GUNNARSSON stood at the elaborately carved tiller which controlled the steering oar at the starboard side of his forty-oared double-ended *snekkja*, guided her deftly to meet a rearing beach-nearing comber, laughed happily through his short fair beard as she rose buoyantly to its mobile, many-faceted, foam-running green immensity, came down vertiginously in a crash and a smother of flying scud. All around him the sea host passed out from the Jutish fjord which had been the trysting place of this swarm of pirates—Norse, Dane and Swede intermingled, as the viking custom was; each ship roaring out the rowing song, their masts not yet hoisted, their oars flashing in the pale spring sunshine, their high-curved animal-headed stems flinging up the spray as they met the first waves of the ocean.

Joyous in that community of joyful excitement was Sigurd Gunnarsson, younger son of a Norse freeholder who, like so many of his fellows, had recently emigrated to Iceland from the intolerable new taxes and the more intolerable new overlordship of King Harald Fairhair. Little it recked his vigorous young manhood that lands he had not, since this swift ship was all his own, since once again he was upon the familiar sea where he called no man master, since once again he was faring forth to who knew what of ecstatic Valkyrie-glutting battle, to a certainty of magnificent plunder.

By his side, Einar, his foster brother, of like age with himself, somewhat less blond of beard, less blue of eye, similarly war dight in ring-mail *brynja* and horned iron helmet, was joyous also. Exultantly he shouted the war cry enthusiastically answered back to him by the bearded helmeted rowers, by the half dozen warriors on the bow platform who were arrogantly *stafn-buar*—prow-dwellers—chosen for their skill and valor to hold that most important of posts in a sea fight, by the other fierce-visaged warriors of the *hird* thronged along the gangway between the rowing seats. At last were they bound, as from *vik* and fjord on that spring day innumerable other similarly manned ships were bound, for the pillage of that south-lying world yet rich with the remnants of an ancient civilization, ill-defended by the softened descendants of those who had first conquered it—as every springtide for a century past such hordes had issued.

For nearly two of the Scandinavian five-day weeks had they been in that fjord where new arrivals had constantly entered with joyously shouting crews. Interminable and uproariously drunken had been the welcoming ale feasts where the scalds had sung, alliteratively and allusively, of the gold they poetically called sea fire and swan-bath's beams, of the rich booty in gear and women soon to be acquired by heroic weapon deeds.

Turbulent had been the almost daily things, or councils, where at last Thorgest Boar-helm—formidably huge, hirsute with yellow beard and long yellow hair, his bleared blue eyes prompt to blaze in a wrath from which the strongest quailed, a mighty wielder of the battle-ax, renowned alike for his crafty cunning, his ferocious courage and his humorous cruelties—had been chosen as their common leader.

Much wrangling had there been over their destination. Many had clamored for Ireland, where perpetual inter-tribal feuds among the Gaels facilitated the penetration of the country, and where Norse princedoms had already been long established at the most important river mouths. Others had vociferated for the larger island where Alfred the Saxon ruled in the southern half and where preponderantly Danish invaders had long ago possessed themselves of the northeastern districts, settling upon conquests wrested from earth-tilling Angles and Saxons converted to Christianity and despicably no longer the fierce foemen of their own original irruption. Yet others had insisted that the land of the Franks, comparatively spared of late years, offered the easiest plunder, for a formidable defender of his realm was the Saxon king who in year after year of great pitched battles had driven the Danes back into the eastern half of the island that had been surrendered to them; ships had he built and well he guarded his coasts against raiders.

Men had come to blows and insults in the uproar of these conflicting proposals, and daily had there been duels to the death in the *holmgang* inclosure surrounded by delightedly yelling spectators.

Yesterday had Thorgest, waiting for no more laggards, convoked the final council, had in due form put forward the various alternatives for their choice. Amid a wild clamor, the land of the Franks had been decided upon by a show of hands. Then had he made the great propitiatory sacrifice to Odin—breaking a man captive's back across an edged bowlder—and they had all sworn mutual fealty

upon the sacred ring of the All-Father. Thereafter they had made the ritual feast upon horse flesh—immemorially sacred to the worship of the gods—and much ale had frothed in the drinking horns. With the first light of the morning had they all streamed down to the ships.

Impressive now was the spectacle of those scores of vessels far spread over the sea, thrashing with busy oars against a fresh southwesterly wind. Each one hung round with an alternation of diversely colored shields, they glinted sparklingly with armor and weapons as the North Sea clouds rifted to a pale blue sky and a temporary sunshine. Steering his *snekkja* skillfully over the great frothing waves, Sigurd Gunnarsson improvised a song, as it was the fashion and pride of a viking to be able to do, shouted it in the gladness of his heart:

Ægir steeds plunging,
Pawing the sea paths,
Bulwarked with battle shelterers,
Bright with the brynja breachers,
With helms and with war harness,
We fare to fetch sea fire,
We fare to fetch fair ones,
We fare to feed ravens,
In the fat lands that fear us!

Einar smiled at him, with ready wit improvised an answering verse:

Fearless, far faring,
Friends in the blood bond,
Bane and boon share we,
Sigurd and Einar.
Not maid guile nor man wrath
Ever shall part us,
Pressing proudly together
Where fly the spears fastest,
Where hardest the helm hewers
Bite, sending to Odin
The bravest of blow givers!

Sigurd turned with a happy laugh of appreciation. "Well sung, foster brother!" he cried. "Ever dost thou overcome me in the *idrott* of scaldship! But in friendship are we equal and therein never shall we have strife."

All winter had they been in the great palisaded viking camp almost permanent at a broad river mouth in the country of the Franks, where, during the summer, they had left the ships under guard of a third of their crews. Throughout the raiding season, with other hordes of Northmen, they had ravaged far and wide in the interior, horsing themselves wherever they could find mounts, marching to and fro with a rapidity that paralyzed resistance. Where they had passed they left only ashes and strewn corpses. Single farms, villages, stockade-protected townships, ancient walled cities, isolated abbey communities—all alike had been ferociously assailed, overrun, pillaged, fired.

They had moved, it seemed in retrospect, amid a continual smoke of conflagrations, amid continuous shrieks of terror and agony, themselves fiercely laughing as in the mirth of gods, drunk with blood lust, with an unrestrained frenzy of destruction, with greed for the superabundant loot. Only with the beginning of the bad weather had they returned, laden with spoil and driving many captives before them; had idled in the extravagant revelry, orgiastic in that crowded stronghold where subdued foreign women tended the cooking fires and swarms of noisy children ran in bold proprietorship of the place where they had been born. Recklessly, since more would soon be theirs for the taking, they had sold their booty to the haggling merchants whose ships were overfull, had bartered their gold for food and drink and gewgaw fineries at the stalls of the Frisian hucksterers benefiting by a precarious toleration.

Thoroughly enjoyable to Sigurd and Einar had been that summer of blood and horror. Inured from boyhood to a normality of rapine and massacre, ignorant as their fellow vikings of the mere idea of pity, they had exulted savagely in the brief fights against desperate townsmen, which had occasionally given a zest to conquests almost overeasy; had mercilessly robbed and slaughtered amid the screams issuing from blazing houses.

Much spoil had they brought back for precisely allotted division among the men of their *snekkja*, and Sigurd had insisted that the personal share of Einar should be equal with his own. Very pleasant had been the winter months in the great song-noisy camp, and affectionately close their amity, which could not be less than lifelong.

Now were that summer riding and that festive wintering alike but memories severed and remote from the exciting actuality of new enterprise. Once more were they at sea, with almost a hundred other vessels following the dragon ship of Thorgest Boar-helm, steering northward before a sail-filling southeast breeze across the salt channel between the land of the Franks and the land of the West Saxons. Fresh hordes of vikings had newly arrived in the estuary; this season would there plainly be too many Northmen gathering on Frankish soil, and the bolder spirits had looked for less overcrowded fields that promised a proportionately greater plunder.

Moreover, Thorgest had quarreled with the most important and most ambitious of the viking leaders—a certain Hrolf the Ganger, who was insisting upon a great attack on the wealthy cities of the Seine. Several times undertaken during the past fifty years, it had always meant long-continued desperate sieges and a booty altogether insufficient to satisfy the immense armies collected for them. Therefore had Thorgest privately circulated rune-carved message sticks among those of like mind with him, and yesterday had they hoisted their sails and—derisively answering the derisive shouts from the shore—stood out of the harbor in his wake.

All day had they voyaged uneventfully before a favoring wind, and at night had sailed confidently amid a far-spread twinkling of mastheaded signal lamps, little yellow points in the milk-white radiance of the moon. Now, in the bright early morning sunshine, they saw a coast that dipped from widely sundered cliffs to a glint of low-lying sand.

Excitedly Sigurd at the steering oar bent to peer under the lower edge of the sail, gazing at the distant land as every man on the *snekkja* was now eagerly gazing. New to him was this shore.

At his side Einar laughed aloud. "Now soon, foster brother, shall we again glut the ravens and make division

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Einar Sprang Forward, Shouted in a Voice That Echoed Through the Church: "Sigurd Has Slain Thorgest"

Fur Brigade

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY
W. H. D. KOERNER

VIII

HUNTER'S relief came up the river in August, along with a message from Ashley requesting that he cross the Continental Divide and descend to the shores of the Great Salt Lake to sound out the Indians of the region.

Accompanied by Brady, Little Bull and their two squaws, he started out at once. The twenty-odd horses that had fallen to the lot of himself and Little Bull in the raid on the Sioux were sufficient for the needs of the outfit. They ascended the Missouri to the Yellowstone, up that stream to the Big Horn. When they reached the mountains through which the river flowed, crossed them and descended to the stream on the opposite side of the range, it was no longer known as the Big Horn, but as Wind River, it having been named originally by tribes living on either side of those mountains. The two names were retained by the whites, as they are today. Traveling to the head of Wind River, they crossed the divide to the Sweetwater, turned westward up its course to cross the Continental Divide at last and cruise down its western slope to Green River and thence in a westerly direction to Great Salt Lake.

The long winter journey had furnished its full share of hardship and privation. Hunter found that the Indians of the region had traded with the Spanish settlements of California. There were Spanish mules among them, a few Spanish saddles. Such firearms, war axes, knives and other metal equipment as they possessed were of Spanish make. The Mexicans, fearful of the consequence of the steady westward penetration by the fur brigades, had warned the Indians against trading with Americans—a condition which Hunter thought might be overcome without much difficulty.

He was now ready to retrace his steps as far as the Sweetwater and make his report to Ashley at the spring rendezvous on that stream. Great American *voyageurs* were also to rendezvous on the Sweetwater. Quite a number of the latter, in addition to a sprinkling of Rocky Mountain adherents, had strayed across the divide to its western slopes in their search for beaver. All were now returning, collecting in little groups, and these in turn joining forces until the combined outfit formed a goodly cavalcade. There were thirty-odd men, many of them accompanied by squaws and children. Well over two hundred head of horses were required to transport the equipment and the combined catch of furs. Other trappers joined as the cavalcade passed through the region in which they had trapped.

Riding one evening down the Black Fork of Green River, it was to find some thirty men already camped there. A dozen or so white men and half-breeds were in command, the rest of the outfit being Indians. They were free traders who had crossed the mountains several hundred miles to the north, they said.

One of the Great American *voyageurs*, a man who had been raised in the Great Lakes region, recognized the Indians as Iroquois. It was strange to meet here, in the semi-desert country of the far Southwest, a band of these Eastern forest wolves who had inhabited the Hudson a century before, almost exterminating the Algonquins and the Hurons, harrying the French settlers of Montreal and driving many of the tribes who now dwelt west of the Mississippi from their original Eastern hunting grounds. The presence of these red rogues identified the party as Canadians.

There had been rumors to the effect that the Northwest Company had been sending men to the western slope of the divide to establish posts and to work their way southward through the Western valleys until they reached the Spanish colonies in the country known as California. The men operating the posts were to pose as free traders and endeavor to gain the allegiance of all the Flathead tribes, the Shoshones, Blackfeet, the Nez Percés and other Indians, when in reality the posts were those of the Northwest Company, operated by its minions.

"I've heered it said," a mountain man told Hunter, "that sometime later, when they've got the Injuns' allegiance solid, they aim to h'ist the British flag and lay claim to all country west of the Rockies, not leaving the United States ary outlet to the Pacific."

"Then we'll blast an outlet," a *voyageur* declared.

"Men who've been up amongst the Flatheads and the Nez Percés say that there's been emissaries among 'em and that some of the tribes now believes that they're English Injuns, professing allegiance to the King-across-the-eastern-sea instead of to the Great White Father in Washington. D'you spose there's aught of truth to all those rumors?"

Hunter shrugged his inability to answer. "But I wouldn't put it past them to have a try at it," he said.

Another contingent joined the Canadian camp.

"Free traders or not, they're Canadians," one trapper growled. "The Northwest Company claims fur monopoly in all West Canada and nary one of us could go up into that country and trap, much less to build a post and trade. Yet here's half a hundred English trappers close to a thousand miles south of the Canadian border in American territory."

The discussion continued. It was to continue for some years, with ever-growing suspicion on the part of the American *voyageurs* that England was planning to take all the country between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific and south to the borders of Mexico. It was freely threatened that when such intent was plainly evidenced, the brigades of all the big American fur companies and all mountain men from Sante Fé and Taos to the Missouri and west to the Pacific would quit trapping for a season and combine to clean the British out.

It was destined that before that day would ever come the beaver was to be harried almost to extermination, with the consequent failure of the big American fur companies and the disbanding of the brigades. In the declining days of the fur trade that were soon to come, bands of American trappers would become accustomed to meeting and fraternizing with organized bands of Canadians, sometimes numbering as high as a hundred, cruising the Columbia, the Yellowstone and the Snake, Green River, Sweetwater, Big Horn and the Platte, probably a few parties ranging as far south as the Republican and the Smoky Hill. In the search for the last fugitive colonies of beaver, ancient enmities were to be forgotten, old suspicions dropped.

That there was at least a germ of truth in the surmises of the American trappers was borne out a quarter of a century later; for when the wagon trains of the Oregon pioneers rolled in to settle the Northwest for the Union, they found in the region that is now Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Northern California and Nevada many posts operated by men who still hoped to see that section claimed by England.

That night round the camp fire on the Black Fork the leaders of the rival contingents argued the matter at length but without particular enmity. The Canadians confessed their nationality.

"But we're an association of trappers banded together for our own profit," a Canadian named Buckley explained. "We operate for no fur company—only for ourselves."

"Whether you're free trappers or not, I'd like to bet my last charge of powder that in the end the Northwest Company will get your season's catch of fur," Brady predicted.

"Perhaps. We do not care to which company we sell our catch," Buckley said. "The one who offers the best price, of course, will get it."

"I'll take you up on that remark," Hunter offered. "Bring your fur across the divide with us to the rendezvous and let the Rocky Mountain and Great American bid for it."

"We have too little fur on hand to justify so long a trip," the Canadian leader declined. "We're just commencing operations. We traveled this far south without stopping and intend now to separate into groups and trap north toward Canada."

"They've got their fur cached out," Brady said in an aside to Hunter. "They're Northwest Company men. You can bank on that."

"Even if you are free-trapping for yourselves," Hunter asked, "why do you feel you have the right to trap American territory when we are barred from doing the same in Canada?"

"Your country has not given a monopoly to any few concerns," Buckley pointed out. "There is no law that bars Canadians from trapping within your borders."

"Besides, who knows whether this is within your borders or not?" a new voice inquired insolently.

Glancing up, Hunter saw that the speaker was Leroux, who had come with the newly arrived contingent to the Canadian camp.

"The trip of Lewis and Clark in 1804 to 1806 settled that. I thought it was known to all," Hunter returned, not desiring a renewal of hostilities with the man.

The arm that had been shattered by Hunter's bullet had healed crookedly. As it hung at Leroux's side the palm was turned outward. The man's eyes glittered malignantly as they rested upon Breckenridge.

"Who knows it?" he demanded. "West of the mountains, there's been no boundary settled on. England claims that her territory between the Rockies and the Western Ocean extends down to the Spanish Possessions."

"She don't claim that in a voice that reaches United States shores or American

(Continued on Page 140)

"The Blackfeets Had Downed the Lot and Burned Their Lodges, Stole Their Fur, Traps, Ponies and All, Lifted Their Ha'r and Gone"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 5, 1928

The Cheap-Labor Issue

MANY letters reach THE SATURDAY EVENING POST commending our reiterated expression of the conviction that something must be done to check the flood of low-grade Mexican labor which has been pouring in upon us from across the Rio Grande.

The strongest of these communications naturally come from readers in the Southwest. They are not the letters of fanatics and theorists, but of practical men. They contain little invective, but they bristle with facts. They tell of Americans out of work because they have been crowded out of their jobs by Mexicans who do not expect what Americans regard as a minimum living wage. They shed much light upon the nature of these people and the heavy burdens they cast upon taxpayers wherever they swarm.

In the Southwest, as in other parts of the country, a strong minority sometimes misleads the uninformed into the belief that it speaks with authority for the whole people. This has been the case with the cheap-labor issue in the Southwest.

A typical letter comes to us from one of the larger towns in New Mexico. The writer is a physician and a graduate of a large Eastern university. He bears a name famous in our Colonial history. He has had wide experience as a surgeon in the local mining districts and has himself employed Mexican peon labor on his numerous silver and lead properties. Having qualified as an expert, he writes as follows:

"I think I can truthfully say that this class of labor is the most expensive in the country and indirectly costs the border states twice as much as intelligent white labor. However, I am more opposed to the influx of these people from a medical and health standpoint than in any other way. They cost the cities and counties, in the care of their sick, criminals and unemployed, ten times the amount they pay them for labor.

"If you could only visit El Paso, Texas, which is a typical Mexican-American border town, the Mexican predominating, and see the conditions as they exist there and the intermingling and intermixing of these two races, you could readily visualize the type of citizen these border states will have twenty years hence. . . . Do not be misled by the propaganda you get from politicians down here that we voters are against the Box Bill."

The real issue is not what we shall do for the tighter control of Mexican immigration, but what shall be our policy and attitude toward low-grade, low-priced labor, whatever its source or origin. Is it better to keep things as they have been and encourage industry and agriculture to carry on by antiquated, hit-or-miss methods dependent upon an antisocial labor supply, or is it wiser to turn over a new leaf and by improved efficiency, scientific method and the employment of well-paid skilled workers, reap the sound and wholesome prosperity which has rewarded intelligent endeavor in so many fields?

This is the issue which presses for decision not only in the border states and on the Coast but in the Mississippi Delta country. There are extensive regions in the Cotton Belt which have lost up to thirty-five per cent of their negro population through migration to the North. What are the short-handed planters to do? A Colorado correspondent who has lived in the South goes to the heart of the matter. He writes:

"Judge Box, in questioning a witness, stresses the real crux of the thing when he cites the disastrous consequences of importing negro slaves, at a cost to this country in blood and treasure incalculable. Who is to guarantee the country against a Mexican problem in the future commensurate with the negro problem? I am somewhat fed up on farmers' problems! I have seen a whole flock of able-bodied white citizens sitting round loafing while their cotton rotted in the fields—this in Texas. They were waiting for pickers—negro pickers. They claimed cotton picking was nigger work and they would not do it."

Let's Have a Course

IN ALL ages man has suffered from self-imposed idolatry, although by no means invariably in the field of religion. Today we worship school and college courses. These are the graven images of the period. Whatever goes wrong, the school and college are expected to right it. To them we have given over our moral and civic responsibility. When human behavior is lamentable, when injustice stalks abroad, when problems seem insoluble, we shrug our shoulders and remark that the only remedy lies in education. Having said which, we go happily upon our way, thus neatly shifting the burden elsewhere.

Great is the educational system, but in simple truth it has no such omnibus curative powers. It will take an incredible change indeed in the school curriculum to reform the motorist who hogs the road, or the pest who talks and whispers during a concert, or the moron who fears and is suspicious of all doctors as such, or the pinhead who remarks sententiously that there is nothing in the newspapers, just because fewer murders, accidents, kidnapings, fires and divorces are reported than usual, or those brainless folk who go through life being bored to death, or those babies whose ideal of life is summed up in the word "distraction."

There are people with shallow characters and others with deep characters. There are those whose selfishness exceeds the bounds of decency, and others who think of their fellows as well as of themselves. This distribution of qualities is the result of a heredity and environment that it must take hundreds if not thousands of years to modify.

The educational system may well make for improvement, but it is only one of countless factors for good that must be kept alive by the struggles of the race. The wiser leaders of institutions of higher learning are the first to admit that there are both possibilities and limitations in the individual which transcend the influence of courses or even of teachers.

The dean of a woman's college tells the freshmen that success at college, as everywhere, depends not only upon concentration but upon health, which in turn is dependent upon sleep, food, fresh air and exercise. Education may assist, but it cannot compel a youth to take a sound attitude toward these essentials.

A great scientist tells the students of the university of which he is president that the way a man uses his leisure time shows whether "he has in him enough intelligence, insight into life and its possibilities, judgment, brains and horse sense to eschew for the most part time-wasting dissipations and to devote his leisure to making himself a leader in speaking, in writing, in conversation with stimulating men and women, and in acquiring companionship with the great minds of the ages."

The question is, as Doctor Millikan puts it, what a man has in him. It has taken man millions of years to acquire such good, be it great or little, as he has in him. There are no neat devices, in the school curriculum or elsewhere, to perfect the pattern. For further betterment he must go on striving.

This is not fatalism, nor is it reaction. It is merely the recognition of biological realities.

The Affairs of Gold During 1927

FOUR countries of importance took steps in 1927 toward return to the gold standard of currency. India has adopted the so-called gold sterling standard, based on sterling securities rather than on metallic gold. In Italy a royal decree has proclaimed the return to the gold standard.

Argentina has reverted to the so-called conversion system of currency that was suspended in 1914 at the outbreak of the war. Brazil has established a new unit of gold currency, to be made effective in the near future. Thus, one by one, the countries of the world return to the gold standard, with modifications enforced by consequences of the war. The results for trade are fluidity of exchange and stabilization of price.

The world production of new metallic gold was about the same as for each of the three previous years—around four hundred million dollars. More than half of this new gold was mined in the Transvaal. Over two-thirds of the new gold of the year came from the British Empire. Some experts believe this is not enough new gold to fulfill the needs of the world and that therefore the price level must be expected to fall. As against this view, economies in the currency use of gold are being achieved that tend to modify the effect of the volume of gold upon prices. However this may turn out to be, it is becoming clear that currency developments are not in the direction of managed currency, as so confidently predicted by many Europeans. France may be expected this year to revalue the franc and return to the gold basis. The currency depreciations were among the worst effects of the Great War, but gradually they are being repaired.

Hasty Congressional Resolutions

SOME weeks ago we ventured the suggestion that while the Hoch-Smith resolution may have implied just what the Interstate Commerce Commission has interpreted it to mean, we doubted whether Congress really intended to declare such a profound departure in transportation policy. Recent events have confirmed this inference.

Following senatorial investigation into rulings based on the Hoch-Smith resolution, during the course of which members of the Interstate Commerce Commission were placed on the stand in hearings, the Senate has refused to confirm the reappointment of Commissioner Esch, largely for having done what under the Hoch-Smith resolution he was supposed to do. Also, Senator Glass has introduced a resolution to repeal the Hoch-Smith resolution, obviously because it has been discovered that the import thereof was not realized. Whatever the final outcome may be, the policy is now before Congress and the country on its merits.

The proposition is simple in theory, but complicated in practice and impractical in execution. It is that freight rates shall be adjusted to prosperity from time to time. Such so-called equalization of prosperity by change in freight rates may be either between regions or between commodities. It is like a doctor alternately rubbing a stimulant and a sedative on a skin lesion. It assumes that prosperity can be readily measured at short intervals. It disregards the causes of prosperity and unprosperity. It would tend to discourage efficiency and might encourage inefficiency.

In any event, it is now clear that the policy was a half-baked political gesture and that Congress did not know what it was starting. We have too much commission government of business and too much congressional tinkering with business.

THE AIR INDUSTRY—HOT

By GILBERT SELDES

AN EMINENT European nobleman, shy of publicity and indifferent to money, recently found himself on the first page of many of the newspapers of this country under the headlines:

COUNT DEMANDS WINE AND WOMEN

MUST HAVE MIXED COMPANY DURING VISIT, LOS ANGELES IS NOTIFIED

AND $1000 FOR LECTURE

CAN'T BE BORED WITH ORDINARY CLUB MEMBERS, EITHER

The average American, seeing these headlines, would say "What a grand publicity man he would make!" But, of course, Americans do not understand foreigners. The effect on the count was to put him into such a state of timidity and trepidation that, hardly knowing what he was doing, he openly refused to dine at a house where another almost equally eminent European lecturer was going to be present, on the ground that this second gentleman, in his profession as biographer, had insulted the count's mother-in-law. By a coincidence, this also made the first page of the newspapers. And the biographer's defense of his historical method and the count's defense of his mother-in-law also made the papers. It was all jolly and private and European. And the lecture bureaus managing these gentlemen got orders and bookings; for it is understood in America that if an eminent European so far condescends as to allow his name to appear in the public prints, he must be a very eminent European indeed.

The count, in particular, attracted. For it was further understood that the eminent lecturer's manager had written to the Los Angeles club that on his arrival the count was to be met at the train with suitable ceremonies and was then to be taken to "a private home by someone of high standing in the city who can provide a private bath and suitable number of attendants." One gathered that the count, who was rather a specialist in civilizations, was going to give the infamous American bathtub a trial and was then going to compare it with the system of concentration practiced in India, the Egyptian pyramids, and *gnocchi alla Milanese* or the game of cricket at Lord's. Newspaper men, admitted after the bath, were permitted to ask only such questions as the lecturer outlined for them; but after the lecture there was to be no vulgar crowding around, no shoving of books to be autographed. The speaker was to be properly protected and except for the president of the club, only one other high official was to be permitted to speak to him.

For entertainment, mixed gatherings only were desired and the women were to be young, the men "should be bright but not too brilliant"; and champagne or French wine was to be served. But no "German white wine, which makes the count indignant."

By a sheer coincidence, the topic of the count's lecture was identical with the title of a new book he was publishing. Europeans, thank heaven, do not stoop to self-advertisement—they are Galahads of the ideal.

The episode recalls a little incident in the life of a distinguished American with a wide acquaintance in Europe. A nobleman from across the sea had been invited to spread his gospel in America and had received from his manager here a choice of contracts. Under one he was to receive about 50 per cent of the earnings of the tour and had all railroad and hotel bills paid; under the other, his percentage was 75, but he must pay his own bills. The nobleman took the second offer and a few weeks later the American received a letter. In it the nobleman remarked that he was about to come to America on a tour and added:

"As you know, I have a morbid fear of large hotels; they wreck my nervous system. Will you therefore see that I am invited to stay at private homes in the following cities?" And he appended a complete itinerary of his tour. The uncouth American did as he was asked. In his rough American way, he did not even inform the visitor that Americans also have a morbid fear of large hotels at twenty-five dollars a day.

These activities of foreign lecturers are, to tell the truth, extras. The speakers

(Continued on Page 93)

THE SPRING REVIVAL IS ON

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Ambition

TO BE an editor I'd count
The greatest boon life lent me;
I would reject with stately scorn
The poems that I sent me
—Mary C. Davies.

Expenses Do Mount Up

FIRST SHEIK: I can get tickets to the opening of the Banalities for nine-ninety apiece. What do you say?

SECOND SHEIK: Gee, Bill, seven-seventy is about as much as I can stand. I had to send my mother five dollars yesterday.

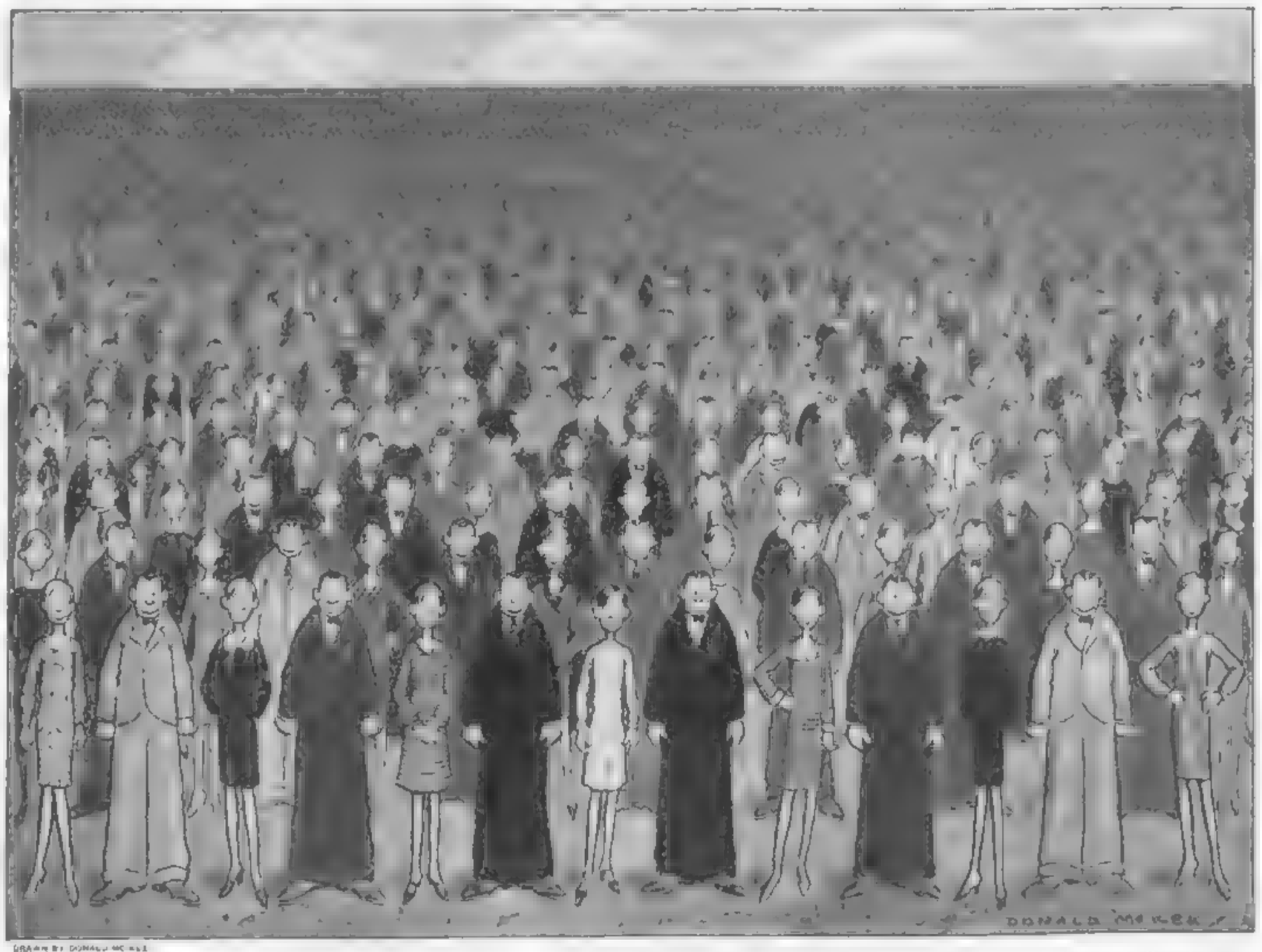
The Practice Baby

HE WAS a wee, wee baby, plucked from the heart of a rose,
With tiny, clutching hands and feet, and a tiny snubbly nose,
With the lips and eyes of a valentine, and a smile from the Sunday comics;
He was the Practice Baby in a College of Home Economics.

And every day the Practice Class in Model Baby Handling
Would give him a Scientific Bath and do some Model Dandling,
And dress him in Model Baby Clothes and give him a Model Kiss,
Or else a Practice Spanking if he behaved amiss.

"Oh, what a lucky baby I am!" he often used to cry,
"To have a hundred Mammas to make me hush-a-by!
A hundred lovely Mammas, whose love is overflowing!"
The only difficulty was, the baby kept on growing.

And now he's grown to be a man, and grievously he misses
The care of his Model Mammas, their cuddling and their kisses;
And oft he murmurs to himself, with his scowl from the Sunday comics:



Persons Who are Pessimistic About the Future of the Republic Should Remember the Army of First Voters—Fresh, Eager, Star-Eyed—Who Stand Ready to Reinforce the Cohorts of Justice, Uphold the Banner of Righteousness, and Carry Forward the Torch of Progress

"Do they need a Practice Husband in the College of Home Economics?"
—Morris Bishop and J. F. Mason.

Intimate Glimpses of Fish I Have Met

A Character Study

FLOUNDER

IN NAME, in fact—flat. Disillusioned, disappointed, spawned a sole . . . blossomed a flounder, sauté a filet. Yet trying all the while. Futility. A deep-sea fish, avoiding, always, his public. Inferiority. A lifetime alone, until finally served with shrimp. Companionship at last. The poor fish.

GOLDFISH

Peacock! Wastrel! A kept fish. Born for royalty, food for cats. Demanding, always; giving, never. Blowing bubbles, flouncing tails, flitting pebbles, snooty, immodest. And, for shame, afraid of worms.

SHAD

Persecuted. A white Leghorn among fish. Giving, giving, giving, even in early youth. Bearing a cross of too many bones, too many ideals, too many eggs. Asking only solitude in hours of maternity; receiving, instead, strips of bacon. Motherhood.

(Continued on Page 189)

OH MR SHEAN WILL YOU DRAW SOMETHING IN MY MEMORY BOOK
MERTON I'LL BE SO THRILLED
NOW, DON'T PUT ME IN ANY OF YOUR FUNNY PICTURES MR SHEAN
I'LL BE
HERE'S A JOKE I HEARD THE OTHER DAY - YOU OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO USE IT SOMEWHERE
SAY BILL YOU WON'T DRAW COME OVER TO MY HOUSE AND LISTEN TO MY KID AUNTIE HAS A RIOT!
AND YOU GET ALL YOUR IDEAS BUT OF YOUR HEAD! OH, I THINK THAT'S JUST WONDERFUL!
I HOPE YOU WON'T THINK I'M FRESH, MR SHEAN, BUT DON'T YOU EVER
P.G.?
I DON'T GET THE POINT OF HIS LAST JOKE IN THE POST - IF YOU'D LET SHAN HOW TO EXPLAIN

Oh, the Joy of Being a Cartoonist!

The Custodian of the Coat Room Discovers the Magicians are Holding Their Annual Dinner

Why women like this modern way of "making" Vegetable Soup

THE VICTORY for soup has been won. No one any longer questions whether it belongs in the diet. The day has passed when soup was considered simply as an attractive food with delicious flavor.

It is now known that soup stimulates the digestive juices, encourages a healthful, wholesome appetite and so is a food that should be eaten regularly every day, both for its nourishment and its other benefits.

If you have any doubts as to its popularity and use in millions of homes, just step into any grocery store and look for the familiar array of Red-and-White Labels lined up in their neat arrangement, ready to supply the daily demand that never fails to come.

It's the modern way of "making" soup—these visits to the store and selection of a delightful variety from the twenty-one different Campbell's kinds, listed on each label. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of these soups you select. Then, in the home kitchen, this is all that is required: Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for a few minutes. The soup is ready for your table!

You know how many different ingredients, how much time and expense it takes to make really good vegetable soup. Is it any wonder that housewives nowadays—yes, the most careful and exacting housewives—welcome the help of the famous and spotless Campbell's kitchens?

In Campbell's Vegetable Soup they have ready to hand a most tempting, nourishing, substantial soup, which contains no less than thirty-two different ingredients, with fifteen vegetables—whole, diced or in puree. Invigorating beef broth, cereals, fresh herbs and flavor-giving seasoning all aid in producing this quality blend.

To make such a soup yourself, you would have to search the markets for the finest vegetables that grow. You would spend time and precious energy in doing the tedious work of preparing and cooking them. You would have no trained French soup-chefs to help you—such chefs as have made Campbell's quality an accepted fact the country over.

Campbell's Vegetable is the soup with such a remarkable popularity and reputation as "almost a meal in itself." 12 cents a can.

Back from town and fallen down,
Bubbling o'er with laughter.
Going fast, with joy at last—
Campbell's feast comes after!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

BEHIND THAT CURTAIN

He Came in the Wagon at Dawn

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XVIII

GREATLY pleased with himself, Captain Flannery sat down behind his desk. His summing up of the case against Beetham seemed, to his way of thinking, without a flaw. He beamed at the assembled company.

"Everything is going to work out fine," he continued. "Tomorrow evening in this room I stage my big scene, and if we don't get something out of it, then I'm no judge of human nature. First, I bring in Major Durand. I tell him Eve Durand has been found and is on her way here, and while we're waiting, I go back to the question of how she got out of India. I plant in his mind a suspicion of Beetham. Then I bring the woman into the room. After fifteen years' suffering and anxiety he sees his wife at last. What's he going to think? What'll he ask himself—and her? Where's she been? Why did she leave? How did she escape from India? At that moment I produce Colonel Beetham, confront him with the husband he wronged, the woman he carried off in his caravan. I tell Durand I have certain knowledge that his wife left with Beetham. Then I sit back and watch the fireworks. How does that strike you, Sergeant Chan?"

"You would chop down the tree to catch the blackbird," Chan said.

"Well, sometimes we have to do that. It's roundabout, but it ought to work. What do you think of it, Inspector Duff?"

"Sounds rather good as drama," Duff drawled, "but do you really think it will reveal the murderer of Sir Frederic?"

"It may. Somebody—the woman or Beetham—will break—make a damaging admission. They always do. I'll gamble on it this time. Yes, sir, we're going to take a big stride forward tomorrow night."

Leaving Captain Flannery to an enthusiastic contemplation of his own cleverness, they departed. At the door Chan went off with Inspector Duff. Kirk and the girl strolled up the hill together.

"Want a taxi?" Kirk asked.

"Thanks. I'd rather walk and think," Miss Morrow answered.

"We have something to think of, haven't we? How does it strike you—Beetham?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Nonsense. I'll never believe it. Not if he makes a full confession himself."

"Oh, I know. He's the hero of your dreams. But just the same, my lady, he's not incapable of it. If Sir Frederic was in his way—threatening his plans—and it begins to look as though he was. Unless you don't believe that Eve Durand was in the caravan?"

"I believe that," she replied.

"Because you want to," he smiled. "It's too romantic for words, isn't it? By George, the very thought of it makes me feel young and giddy. The gay picnic party in the hills—the game of hide and seek—one breathless moment of meeting behind the tamarisks. 'I'm yours—take me with you when you go.' Everything forgotten; the world well lost for love. The wagon jolting out through the pass, with all that beauty hidden beneath a worn bit of canvas. Then the old caravan road, the golden road to Samarkand, the merchants from the north crowding by—camels and swarthy men—and mingled with the dust of the trail the iron nails lost from thousands of shoes that have passed that way since time began."

"I didn't know you were so romantic."

"Ah, you've never given me a chance—you and your law books. Eight months along that famous road—nights with the white stars close overhead, dawns hazy with desert mist. Hot sun at times, and then snow. The man and the woman together."

"And the poor husband searching frantically throughout India."

"Yes, they rather forgot Durand, didn't they? But they were in love. You know, it looks to me as though we had stumbled onto a great love story. Do you think ——"

"I wonder."

"You wonder what?"

"I wonder if it's all true; and if it is, does it bring us any closer to a solution of the puzzle? After all, the question remains: Who killed Sir Frederic? Captain Flannery hadn't an iota of proof for any of his wild surmises involving Beetham."

"Oh, forget your worries. Let's pretend. This deserted street is the camel road to Teheran—the old silk road from China to Persia. You and I ——"

"You and I have no time for silk roads now. We must find the road that leads to a solution of our mystery."

Kirk sighed. "All right. To make a headline of it: Attorney Morrow Slams Door on Romance Probe. But some day I'll catch you off your guard, and then—look out!"

"I'm never off my guard," she laughed.

On Friday morning, after breakfast, Chan hesitated a moment, and then followed Barry Kirk into his bedroom.

"If you will pardon the imposition I have bold request to make."

"Certainly, Charlie. What is it?"

"I wish you to take me to Cosmopolitan Club and introduce me past eagle-eyed doorman. After that, I have unlimited yearning to meet old employe of club."

"An old employe? Well, there's Peter Lee. He's been in charge of the check room for thirty years. Would he do?"

(Continued on Page 38)

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Stuffed
Ripe
Olive Oil
Catchup
Chili Sauce
Mustard
Chow Chow
Sweet Onions
Sweet Relish

(Partial List)

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY ~ CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 36

"An excellent choice. I would have you suggest to this Lee that he show me about clubhouse, roof to cellar. Is that possible?"

"Of course." Kirk looked at him keenly. "You're still thinking about that club yearbook we found beside Sir Frederic?"

"I have never ceased to think of it," Chan returned. "Whenever you are ready, please."

Deeply mystified, Kirk took him to the Cosmopolitan and turned him over to Peter Lee. Chan grinned with pleasure

"It is not necessary that you loiter on the scene," he remarked. "I will do some private investigating and return to the bungalow later."

"All right," Kirk replied. "Just as you wish."

It was close to the luncheon hour when Chan showed up, his little eyes gleaming

"What luck?" Kirk inquired.

"Time will reveal," said Chan "I find this mainland climate bracing to an extremity Very much fear I shall depopulate your kitchen at lunch"

"Well, don't drink too heartily of the hydrocyanic acid," Kirk smiled. "Something tells me it would be a real calamity if we lost you just at present."

After luncheon Miss Morrow telephoned to say that Grace Lane, accompanied by the two policemen, would reach Flannery's office at four o'clock. She added that they were both invited—on her own initiative.

"Let us go," Chan remarked. "Captain Flannery's big scene should have crowded house."

"What do you think will come of it?" Kirk asked.

"I am curious to learn. If it has big success, then my work here is finished. If not ——"

"Yes? Then what?"

"Then I may suddenly act like pompous stager of shows myself," Chan shrugged.

Flannery, Duff and Miss Morrow were in the captain's office when Chan and Barry Kirk walked in.

"Hello," said the captain. "Want to be in at the finish, eh?"

"Pleasure would be impossible to deny ourselves," Chan told him.

"Well, I'm all set," Flannery went on "All my plans made"

Chan nodded 'The wise man digs his well before he is thirsty," he remarked

"You haven't been doing any too much digging," Flannery chided. "I got to admit, sergeant, you've kept your word You've let me solve this case without offering very much help. However, I've been equal to it. I haven't needed you, as it turned out. You might as well have been on that boat ten days ago."

"A sad reflection for me," said Chan. "But I am not of mean nature. My hearty congratulations will be ready when desired."

Colonel Beetham was ushered into the room. His manner was nonchalant, and, as always, rather condescending. "Ah, captain," he remarked. "I'm here again. According to instructions "

'I'm very glad to see you," Flannery broke in.

"And just what can I do for you today?" inquired Beetham, dropping into a chair.

"I'm very anxious to have you meet a certain lady."

The colonel opened a cigarette case, took out a cigarette and tapped it on the silver side of the case.

"Ah, yes. I'm not precisely a lady's man, but ——"

"I think you'll be interested to meet this one," Flannery told him.

"Really?" He lighted a match

'You see," Flannery went on, "it happens to be a lady who once took a very long journey in your company."

Beetham's brown, lean hand paused with the lighted match. The flame held steady.

"I do not understand you," he said

"An eight months' journey, I believe," the captain persisted; "through Khyber Pass and across Afghanistan and Eastern Persia to the neighborhood of Teheran."

Beetham lighted his cigarette and tossed away the match. "My dear fellow, what are you talking about?"

"You know what I'm talking about. Eve Durand—the lady you helped out of India fifteen years ago. No one suspected you, did they, colonel? Too big a man—above suspicion all those medals on your chest. However, I know you did it—I know you ran away with Durand's wife—and I'll prove it too. But perhaps I needn't prove it—perhaps you'll admit it." He stopped

Beetham unconcernedly blew a ring of smoke toward the ceiling, and for a moment watched it dissolve

"All that," he remarked, "is so absolutely silly I refuse to answer."

"Suit yourself," replied Flannery "At any rate, Eve Durand will be here in a few minutes, and I want you to see her again. The sight may refresh your memory I want you to see her standing at her husband's side"

Beetham nodded. "I shall be most happy. I knew them both, long ago. Yes, I shall be a very pleased witness of the touching reunion you picture."

A policeman appeared at the door "Major Durand is outside," he announced

"Good," said Flannery. "Pat, this is Colonel Beetham. I want you to take him into the back room—the second one—and stay with him until I send for the both of you."

Beetham rose. "I say, am I under arrest?" he inquired.

'You're not under arrest," returned Flannery, "but you're going with Pat. Is that clear?"

"Absolutely. Pat, I am at your service." The two disappeared. Flannery rose, and going to the door leading into the anteroom, admitted Major Durand.

The major entered and stood there, somewhat at a loss. Flannery proffered a chair.

"Sit down, sir. You know everybody here. I've great news for you. We've located the woman we think is your wife, and she'll be along in a few minutes."

Durand stared at him. "You've found—Eve? Can that possibly be true?"

"We'll know in a minute," Flannery said. "I may tell you I'm certain of it, but we'll let you see for yourself Before she comes, one or two things I want to ask you about. Among the members of that picnic party was Col. John Beetham, the explorer?"

"Yes, of course."

Continued on Page 41

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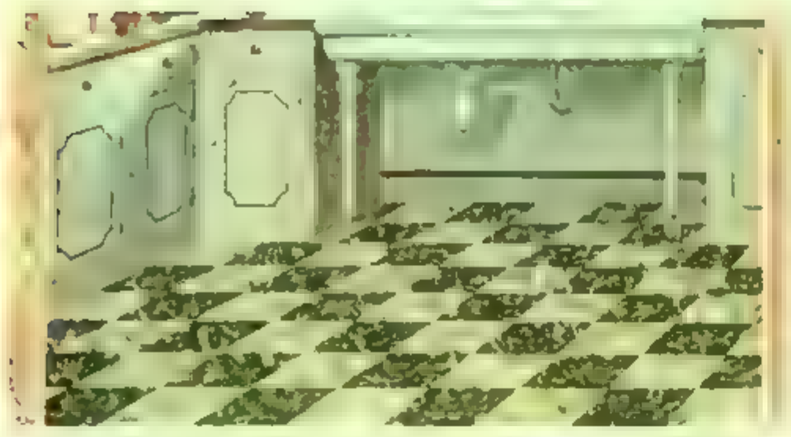

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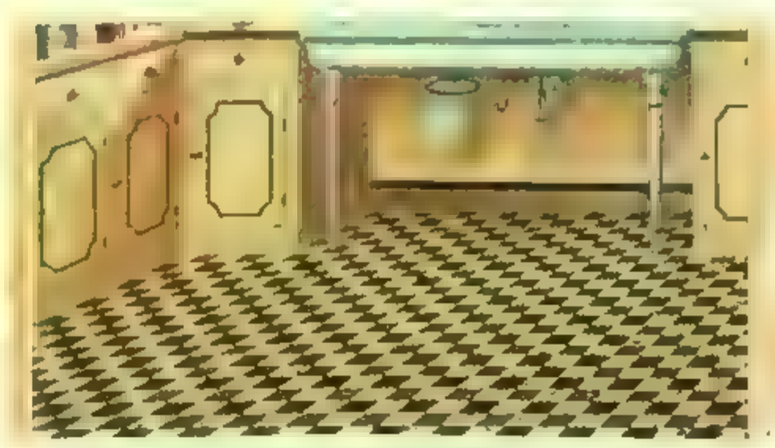

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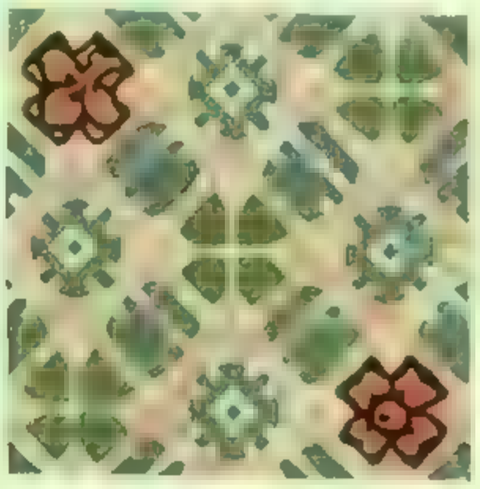
At left—Gold Seal Linoleum No. 1/4207—A modernistic use of triangular tiles. Tones of terra cotta are set off by inset motifs in green, royal blue, orange and rose.



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(Continued from Page 38)

"He left the next morning on a long journey through the Khyber Pass?"

"Yes. I didn't see him go, but they told me he had gone."

"Has anyone ever suggested that he may have taken your wife with him when he left?"

The question struck Durand with the force of a bullet. He paled.

"No one had ever made that suggestion," he replied almost inaudibly.

"All the same, I'm here to tell you that is exactly what happened."

Durand got up and began to pace the floor. "Beetham," he muttered—"Beetham. No, no, he wouldn't have done it. A fine chap, Beetham—one of the best—a gentleman. He wouldn't have done that to me."

"He was just in here and I accused him of it."

"But he denied it, of course?"

"Yes, he did. But my evidence ——"

"What do I care about your evidence!" cried Durand. "He's not that kind of man, I tell you—not Beetham. And my wife—Eve—why, what you are saying is an insult to her. She loved me. I'm sure of it—she loved me. I won't believe—I can't."

"Ask her when she comes," suggested Flannery. Durand sank back into the chair and buried his face in his hands.

For a long moment they waited in silence. Miss Morrow's cheeks were flushed with excitement; Duff was puffing quietly on his inevitable pipe; Charlie Chan sat immobile as an idol of stone. Kirk nervously took out a cigarette and then put it back in the case.

The man named Petersen appeared in the door. He was dusty and travel-stained.

"Hello, Jim!" Flannery cried. "Have you got her?"

"I've got her this time," Petersen answered, and stood aside. The woman of so many names entered the room and halted, her eyes anxious and tired. Another long silence.

"Major Durand," said Flannery, "unless I am much mistaken ——"

Durand got slowly to his feet and took a step forward. He studied the woman intently for a moment and then he made a little gesture of despair.

"It's the old story," he said brokenly. "The old story over again. Captain Flannery, you are mistaken. This woman is not my wife."

XIX

FOR a moment no one spoke. Captain Flannery was gradually deflating like a bright red balloon that had received a fatal puncture. Suddenly his eyes blazed with anger. He turned hotly on Charlie Chan.

"You," he shouted—"you got me into this! You and your small-time hunch. The lady is Jennie Jerome. She is also Marie Lantelme. What does that mean? It means she is Eve Durand. A guess—a fat-headed guess—and I listened to you. I believed you. Good Lord, what a fool I've been!"

Profound contrition shone in Charlie's eyes. "I am so sorry. I have made stupid error, captain. Is it possible you will ever forgive me?"

Flannery snorted. "Will I ever forgive myself? Listening to a Chinaman—me, Tom Flannery. With my experience—my record! Bah! I've been crazy—plumb crazy—but that's all over now." He rose. "Major Durand, a thousand apologies. I wouldn't have disappointed you again for worlds."

Durand shrugged his shoulders wearily. "Why, that doesn't matter. You meant it kindly, I know. For a moment, in spite of all that has happened, I did allow myself to hope—I did think that it might really be Eve. Silly of me. I should have learned my lesson long ago. Well, there is nothing more to be said." He moved toward the door. "If that is all, captain ——"

"Yes, that's all. I'm sorry, major."

Durand bowed. "I'm sorry too. No doubt I shall see you again. Good-by."

Near the door, as he went out, he passed the girl who called herself Grace Lane. She had been standing there drooping with fatigue; now she took a step nearer the desk. Her face was pale, her eyes dull with the strain of a long, hard day.

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked.

"Wait a minute," growled Flannery. Miss Morrow rose and placed a chair for the other woman. She was rewarded by a grateful look.

"I just remembered Beetham," said Flannery. Again he scowled at Chan. "I've tipped off my hand to him for nothing. I can thank you for that too."

"My guilty feeling grows by jumps and bounds," sighed Charlie.

"It ought to," the captain replied. He went to the inner door and called loudly: "Pat!" Pat appeared at once, followed by the colonel. For an instant Beetham stood staring curiously about the room.

"But where," he remarked, "is the touching reunion? I don't see Durand. No more do I see his wife."

Flannery's face grew even redder than usual. "There's been a mistake," he admitted.

"There have been a number of mistakes, I fancy," said Beetham carelessly. "A dangerous habit, that of making mistakes, captain. You should seek to overcome it."

"When I want your advice I'll ask for it," responded the harassed Flannery. "You can go along. But I still regard you as an important witness in this case and I warn you not to strike out for any more deserts until I give you the word."

"I shall remember what you say." Beetham nodded and went out.

"What are you going to do with me?" Grace Lane persisted.

"Well, I guess you've had a pretty rough deal," Flannery said. "I apologise to you. You see, I got foolish and listened to a Chinaman, and that's how I came to make a mistake about your identity. I brought you back on a charge of stealing a uniform, but probably Mr. Kirk won't want to go ahead with that."

"I should say not!" cried Barry Kirk. He turned to the woman. "I hope you won't think it was my idea. You can have a bale of my uniforms, if you like."

"You're very kind," she answered.

"Not at all. What is more, your old position is yours if you want it. You know I'm always eager to beautify the Kirk Building and I lost ground there when you left."

She smiled without replying. "I may go then?" she said, rising.

"Sure," agreed Flannery. "Run along."

Miss Morrow looked at her keenly. "Where are you going?"

"I don't know. I ——"

"I do," said the deputy district attorney. "You're going home with me. I've got an apartment—there's loads of room. You shall stay with me tonight, at least."

"You—you are really too good to me," replied Grace Lane, and her voice broke slightly.

"Nonsense. We've all been far too unkind to you. Come along."

The two women went out. Flannery sank down behind his desk. "Now I'm going at this thing in my own way, for a change," he announced. "This has been an awful upset, but I had it coming to me. Listening to a Chinaman! If Grace Lane isn't Eve Durand, who is? What do you say, Inspector Duff?"

"I might also warn you," smiled Duff, "against the dangers of listening to an Englishman."

"Oh, but you're from Scotland Yard. I got respect for your opinion. Let's see—Eve Durand is about somewhere. I'm sure of that. Sir Frederic was the kind of man who knows what he's talking about. There's that Lila Barr. She fits the description pretty well. There's Gloria Garland. An assumed name—Australia—might be. There's Eileen Enderby. Rust stains on her dress that night. But I didn't see them. May have been there—probably not. Another guess on Sergeant Chan's part perhaps."

"There is also," added Charlie, "Mrs. Tupper-Brock. I offer the hint with reluctance."

"And well you may," sneered Flannery. "No, if you fancy Mrs. Tupper-Brock, then right there she's out with me. Which of these women —— I'll have to start all over again."

"I feel humble and contrite," said Chan. "In spite of which, suggestions keep crowding to my tongue. Have you heard old Chinese saying, captain: It is always darkest underneath the lamp?"

"I'm fed up on Chinese sayings," replied the captain.

"The one I have named means what? That just above our heads the light is blazing. Such is the fact, captain. Take my advice and worry no more about Eve Durand."

"Why not?" asked Flannery, in spite of himself.

"Because you are poised on extreme verge of the great triumph of your life. In a few hours at the most your head will be ringing with your own praises."

"How's that?"

"In a few hours you will arrest the murderer of Sir Frederic Bruce," Chan told him calmly.

"Say, how do you get that way?" queried Flannery.

"There is one condition. It may be hard one for you," Chan continued. "For your own sake, I beseech you to comply with same."

"One condition? What's that?"

"You must listen once more—and for the last time—to what you call a Chinaman."

Flannery stirred uneasily. A hot denial rose to his lips, but something in the little man's confident manner disturbed him.

"Listen to you again, eh? As though I'd do that."

Inspector Duff stood up and relighted his pipe. "If it is true that you respect my opinion, captain, then, quoting our friend, I would make humble suggestion: Do as he asks."

Flannery did not reply for a moment. "Well," he said finally, "what have you got up your sleeve now—another hunch?"

Chan shook his head. "A certainty. I am stupid man from small island, and I am often wrong. This time I am quite correct. Follow me and I prove it."

"I wish I knew what you're talking about," Flannery said.

"An arrest in a few hours, if you will stoop so far as to do what I require," Chan told him. "In Scotland Yard, which Inspector Duff honors by his association, there is in every case of murder what they call essential clew. There was essential clew in this case."

"The slippers?" asked Flannery.

"No," Charlie replied. "The slippers were valuable, but not essential. The essential clew was placed on scene by hand now dead—hand of a man clever far beyond his fellows. How sad that such a man has passed. When Sir Frederic saw death looking him boldly in the face, he reached to a bookcase and took down—what? The essential clew, which fell from his dying hand to lie at his side on the dusty floor—the yearbook of the Cosmopolitan Club."

A moment of silence followed. There was a ring of conviction in the detective's voice.

"Well, what do you want?" inquired Flannery.

"I want that you must come to the Cosmopolitan Club in one-half hour. Inspector Duff will of course accompany. You must then display unaccustomed patience and wait like man of stone. Exactly how long I cannot predict now. But in due time I will point out to you the killer of Sir Frederic, and I will produce proof of what I say."

Flannery rose. "Well, it's your last chance. You make a monkey of me again and I'll deport you as an undesirable alien. At the Cosmopolitan Club in half an hour. We'll be there."

"Undesirable alien will greet you at the door," smiled Charlie, "hoping to become desirable at any moment. Mr. Kirk, will you be so good as to join my company?" He and Barry Kirk went out.

"Well, Charlie, you're certainly in bad with the captain," said Kirk as they stood in the street waiting for a taxi.

Chan nodded. "Will be in even worse presently," he replied.

Kirk stared at him. "How's that?"

"I shall point him the way to success. He will claim all credit, but sight of me will make him uncomfortable. No man loves the person who has guided his faltering footsteps to high-up rung of the ladder."

They entered a taxi. "The Cosmopolitan Club," Chan ordered. He turned to Kirk. "And now I must bow low in dust with many humble apologies to you. I have grievously betrayed a trust."

"How so?" asked Kirk, surprised.

Chan took a letter from his pocket. It was somewhat worn and the handwriting on the envelope was a trifle blurred.

"The other morning you wrote letters in office, giving same to me to mail. I made gesture toward mail chute, but I extracted this missive."

"Great Scott," cried Kirk, "hasn't that been mailed?"

"It has not. What could be more disgusting? My gracious host, at whose hands I have received every kindness, I have besmirched his confidence."

"But you had a reason?" suggested Kirk.

"A very good reason, which time will uncurtain. Am I stepping over the bounds when I seek to dig up your forgiveness?"

"Not at all," Kirk smiled.

"You are most affable man it has yet been my fate to encounter." The taxi had reached Union Square. Chan called to the driver to halt. "I alight here to correct my crime," he explained. "The long-delayed letter now goes to its destination by special, fleet-footed messenger."

"I say, you don't mean ——" Kirk cried in amazement.

"What I mean comes gradually into the light," Chan told him. He got out of the taxi. "Be so kind as to await my coming at the club door. The guardian angel beyond the threshold is jealous as to who has honor of entering Cosmopolitan Club. It has been just as well for my purpose, but please make sure that I am not left rejected outside the portal."

"I'll watch for you," Kirk promised.

He rode on to the club, his head whirling with new speculations and questions. No, no, this couldn't be. But Charlie had an air ——

Shortly after he had reached the building, Charlie appeared and Kirk steered him past the gold-laced doorman.

(Continued on Page 161)

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By Maude Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

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Conversation about scandals at home and abroad had ebbed and flowed. Conjectures about the prolonged stay of certain women in the French capital occasioned in at least one of the company an uneasy desire to change the subject. The topic of clothes had been exhausted. The woman whose name was well known in Newport and New York had described gleefully the absurdly low price she had succeeded in extracting from her dressmaker by threatening to patronize a rival. The woman who was rich had told them of a wonderful little copyist she had found.

"She bootlegs all the new models from the big houses, my dear, as soon as they come out, and you can get exactly the same dresses from her for a thousand francs that they charge four thousand for."

Then, not troubled at all by inconsistency, she gave them the address of a wholesale house "where the finest handwoven linen handkerchiefs with exquisite lace cost only about twenty-five dollars in our money, instead of seventy-five, as they do in the retail shops."

Then When Everything Was Quiet and the Rest of the Household Was Sleeping, the Three Conspirators Put On Their Most Gala Costumes and Crept Out

The wife of the official gasped at the thought of paying this amount of money for a six-inch square. She tried to think of some theme where they might meet on grounds of mutual interest. As a last resort, she spoke of children. The woman who symbolized wealth in their host's category must have had enough experience to realize that when this subject is introduced by the childless, it signifies a desperate failure in conversational facility. Nevertheless she answered, in her businesslike staccato voice:

"Yes, my seventeen-year-old daughter came over with me last week. I'm rushed to death getting her settled. I've got to sail back on Saturday. She's going to spend the winter here."

"And will she like that?" asked the host.

Young Away From the Youngsters

"I HAVE no idea," answered her mother promptly. "But I know that I shall." A pause followed this frank statement. The speaker laughed. "You needn't all look so shocked. I've only said what every woman with a growing daughter feels at some time or other. I'll have to bring her out next year—or the year after, if I can persuade her to wait that long—but in the meantime I want breathing space."

As the party finally broke up, the host could be heard arranging a dinner and dancing party for the next evening with the women whose husbands had not accompanied them. Both of them accepted on condition that their daughters should not be invited.

The official and his wife, who was at heart a simple person, talked it over in the taxicab which took them to the Cluny Museum.

"It seems unnatural to me," she declared

Her husband smiled. "It's the most natural thing in the world. Think it over. They are attractive women and, when they are with people their own age, look pretty young. But put them in competition with girls of seventeen and they seem definitely old."

"Then you think she was telling the truth when she said she was sending her daughter to school over here so she wouldn't have to have her in New York with her?"

"Of course she was. And the other one, who told me at the beginning of luncheon she had brought her child over to study music, is undoubtedly doing the same thing. Only, she was too smart to say so."

"I'm sure you're right," she agreed, thereby proving that her diplomatic training had not been all in vain. "But I would never have thought mothers could feel that way about their own children."

This conversation recurred to her a few days later, when she met at tea a woman who had been for many years the assistant to the head mistress of an expensive boarding school for American girls in another European city. She was now taking a sabbatical year and spoke of her desire to find some congenial work for the future.

"But why not open a school of your own, if you don't want to go back to Miss B's?"

The school-teacher replied spiritedly that she'd rather starve.

"You can't imagine how dreadful it is! I don't mean the teaching part—I like that—but the complications that occur; the scrapes the girls get into—and worst of all, the trouble their parents make for us."

Her experiences with the well-to-do who sent their daughters abroad to acquire at first hand a knowledge of foreign languages and the arts had caused her to deduce certain theories as to the fundamental causes and results of this policy.

Still American

"I CAN only generalize from my particular school, of course," she began. "And this was run by an American for Americans. To be sure, she had French teachers for French, and Italians to teach Italian, and an art director to take the students to museums and galleries. But the girls spoke English to one another, their clothes were aggressively American. By that I mean that they wore bright colors and conspicuous things which set them apart from the natives. Moreover, as there were so many of them together, they fortified one another in the belief that everything American—particularly everything done by their own generation—was right, and the customs and manners of other countries were just silly.

"What I mean is that if only one or two girls are put into an alien environment, they are apt to absorb it and for the time being at least become part of it. That seems to me the only true way of acquiring the culture of another civilization. But when you put a crowd of girls together, most of whom are rich and have grown up believing that money will buy them immunity from everything that is disagreeable, they are rarely influenced by anything except one another's opinions."

She smiled. "The only girl I can remember who got a great deal out of it was one who was expelled from our school early enough in the year so that she could spend the winter in the home of a native bourgeois family."

The story of the escapade which caused such drastic steps on the part of the head of the school threw new light on the entire situation.

The rules of the institution had been formulated with an eye to the conventions of the country in which it was located. There it was considered necessary that a well-brought-up young girl should be educated either in a convent or at home with a governess. The essential point was that until she was old enough to make a formal debut and take her part in the social world of her elders, she must be

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OR HOW MUCH HAVE YOU?

By M. L. BLUMENTHAL

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

The Day of Picking Up a Stiegel Sugar Bowl for Fifteen Cents is Gone or Fast Going

IN 1910 the Century Company published a very excellent book by Walter A. Dyer, The Lure of the Antique. It is quite evident, even to me, that Mr. Dyer wrote his book for the guidance of the amateur collector, the semipro, and those with ambitions to be either one or both. This last-named is the selling collector, the synthetic dealer. For our present purposes the most interesting parts of Mr. Dyer's book are the ones dealing with the prices that maintained at the time of publication, eighteen years ago.

The Lure of the Antique is illustrated with many tastefully selected photographs. Not all of them show pieces of the very highest grade. Doubtless it was the author's intention to display only specimens still possible of attainment.

One of the first examples pictured carried this legend underneath: "Hepplewhite secretary with tambour doors. Date about 1770. Worth about $300." This is a very charming piece, splendid in proportions, and carrying beautiful brasses on its graceful top. Today you would be in great luck to get so fine a piece for $800.

Next to the above is shown another secretary, dated ten years later. In most ways this specimen is not so good as the first; in a few ways it is better. Mr. Dyer prices it at $200. On today's market it would bring $700.

Further on in his book Mr. Dyer shows a group of three chairs. The first is an early New England type, ladderback armchair, with all its posts and front stretcher deeply turned. He quotes it at sixty-five dollars; a fair price today would be $125. The chair next to it is described thus: "Early Queen Anne Spanish foot, worth about $40." Now, I'm a poor man, but if Mr. Dyer still has this piece and it's all original I'll borrow $100 somewhere and give it for the chair. The third chair in the group is a sweet one. A beautiful Queen Anne side chair with cabriole legs and a marvelously shaped back. Shell carvings appear at the top of the splat and on the front apron, and there is lovely carving on the knees. Mr. Dyer values this chair at seventy-five dollars. Today it would find dozens of comfortable homes at $150, and a few mansions at more.

Facing page 48 is a group dear to my heart—four attractive Windsors, good types. First, a fine vase-turned-leg fan-back with eight inside spindles, at forty dollars. Here the discrepancy is not so great. Such a chair brings fifty-five dollars today, but is hard to land. At its right is a great bargain. This was Mr. Dyer's great-grandfather's armchair, a charming example. The price is thirty dollars. I've seen such chairs eagerly bought at three times thirty. The third chair is unpriced, but the fourth—a so-called Sheraton Windsor arm rocker with comb—is priced at forty-five dollars. I have one of these only slightly better and, if I were selling, an offer of $100 would not agitate me very much.

The Great Bull Market

ON ANOTHER page Mr. Dyer shows a straight-front scrutore—a slope-fall desk—with ball-and-claw feet, a shapely apron and a nice interior. This piece was valued in 1910 at $225. At today's price, $350 would be about right. Facing page 67 is a very interesting block-front bureau desk, again with ball-and-claw feet, paneled doors and a gracefully shaped pediment. About this Mr. Dyer says: "If original throughout it would be worth $750." Nowadays no moneyed buyer would stick at $1500 for such a specimen.

In the next picture we get a real thrill. Let's quote the author: "One of the most interesting types of old tables is the seventeenth-century gateleg. This is a walnut piece from the Horton collection worth about $75. Date about 1680." If only I had had Mr. Dyer to buy gateleg tables for me in 1910! In these bilious days such a table would be a quick sale at $500 and up.

Remember, please, that this is an exceptional table, with all stretchers, legs and gates turned in the bulbous Jacobean manner—a real table. There are gatelegs and gatelegs and still gatelegs. The ordinary drop-leaf table is sometimes flatteringly dubbed a gateleg. On a genuine gateleg table the leg supporting the wing has two vertical and two horizontal members.

We could go on like this for a long time, but we'll have to content ourselves with only a few more comparisons. At the bottom of page 88 appears a shaped-front Hepplewhite sideboard with tambour doors and spade feet, valued by Mr. Dyer at from $350 to $400. Such a piece would bring $1250 today, and its buyer would curtsy prettily. On page 109 is shown a magnificent bed with a carved canopy and gloriously carved posts. It is valued at $600. If you ever find such a bed today, all original, you can double the $600 easily. And so on and so on! Mr. Dyer values a beautiful luster pitcher with transfer decoration at ten dollars. If it is a large one in proof condition seventy-five dollars would be right today.

In some few instances Mr. Dyer's prices rank well with those of 1928; in one or two cases he values things at a few pennies more than we'd have to pay today. In the main, however, there has been a marked climb since the book appeared, and our comparisons have been especially valuable because the pieces discussed are all desirable antiques. Understand, please, that I am not quarreling greatly with even as much price deviation as I have noted in the foregoing instances. Many wise people will say that my valuations are too low. I'll answer them to the effect that they are certainly not.

An Artist Takes a Plunge

BACK in my salad days as an illustrator I was invited to go shopping with a fellow artist who was more prosperous than I was. He had to be that! The object of our excursion was an antique slope-fall desk. We went to the best shop in Philadelphia, and the dealer showed my friend a perfect honey of a desk all done up and ready for use. As I remember, it was of solid walnut, standing on the best style of ogee feet and containing a sweet interior set of small drawers and pigeonholes. The dealer named the price as thirty-five dollars, and I immediately began to cough violently, and ran to the door as though seeking air. My friend followed to give first aid, and when we were out of the dealer's hearing I exploded: "Great heavens, Pete, you're not going to pay thirty-five dollars for that desk?"

"I am," he said. "I've saved up the money and I'm going to plunge."

He bought the desk and for a long time stood as my standard for extravagance among the youth of America. On today's market that desk would easily bring seven times as much, and the why of the situation may come out as we go along. Antique prices have been going up by the well-known leaps and bounds, and faster. That the tendency should be upward is justifiable and only a manifestation again of our good old law of supply and demand. With the number of collectors increasing so rapidly the stuff grows costlier, of course, as it grows less. With that situation there can be no quarrel. The same thing happens with radium, diamonds, rubies, platinum and other commodities also less valuable than early American antiques.

The pinch comes in the fact that not only are the best and next-best pieces swelling in price but the medium good, the mediocre and the unspeakably bad antiques are keeping step, and we are often paying a dollar for two cents' worth of value.

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Then I Met a Collector Who Has the Wooden-Indian Paranoia

So Eager for a New Hupmobile Six she deposits more than its price

San Antonio woman leaves $1900 cash for $1795 car to make sure it is kept for her

THE NEW HUPMOBILE SIX is truly the Six of the Century not only because of what it is, but because of the extraordinary history it is making. People simply refuse to be denied. Witness this actual incident which happened in San Antonio:

On the floor of the Hupmobile display room was a custom sedan with wire wheels. A woman saw it, admired it and demanded immediate possession.

When told she would have to wait until another similar car arrived from the factory, she left a cash deposit of $1900 to make sure that the car would be kept for her—although its delivered price in San Antonio is much less.

But this is only one instance. In Oklahoma, a banker's family of seven secretly and unanimously voted Hupmobile first choice. A Pennsylvania man and his wife bought two Hupmobiles instead of the one they had planned. In half a dozen cities, groups of people guessed a price hundreds of dollars higher than the actual figure.

When a car is responsible for such incidents as these—and scores of others throughout the country—there is scarcely any need to elaborate on its merits.

Buyers know that, being a Hupmobile, it is heir to all the sound qualities of fine workmanship and skilled engineering for which Hupmobile has always been famous.

They see all these qualities garbed in a new beauty of irresistible appeal.

They assume that all this will cost well over $2,000 and when they learn the actual price they can scarcely believe the good news. They can't wait to make it "come true."

See for yourself. You, too, will be as much astonished and delighted as these men and women who have already gone to such great lengths to make the Six of the Century their very own.

Twenty-four body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, $1345 to $1625 f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

The New Hupmobile—the Six of the Century—has developed more astonishing incidents than have been recorded since the automobile industry and this century began. The one here reported and others to follow are "taken from life." Names and full particulars on request.

NEW

HUPMOBILE

The Six of the Century

(Continued from Page 44)

The other day I was in a junk shop—a pure, unadulterated junk shop, with no frills and furbelows, and nothing up its sleeve—just a plain junk shop. I saw there a much-battered wooden Indian of the sort without which no cigar store was considered *au fait* or even *de rigueur* twenty-five years ago. Now, if there is one thing in all this world that I do not hanker to possess it is a wooden Indian, but just to lift the junkman out of his gloom I asked the price. He said $350. For a number of days this precious redskin rankled in my mind. Then I met a collector who has the wooden-Indian paranoia. I told him about the one I'd seen.

"Yes," he said, "I know that Indian. You saw it at Green's. It's a good one."

"But," I begged, "three hundred and fifty dollars!"

"That's all right," he said. "Not out of the way at all. It's a male Indian—squaws are cheaper—and it's a good example of early American carving."

Yea, early American carving—probably carved by an idle butcher with his meat ax as early as 1891. All shiny and new it must have cost as much as twenty-five dollars.

Bear in mind, please, that what we now call antique furniture was at one time in its life secondhand furniture, and had the usual secondhand-furniture value. All that was made before, say, 1876 has graduated from the secondhand class and has found some kindly soul to pat it on its curly—maple—head and dub it antique by the grace of sweet charity.

From here on we'll use the word "furniture" to mean anything that furnishes—anything from a piece of jewelry to room paneling. Every bit of antique furniture had an original cost price. This price has steadily, if varyingly, multiplied itself. Some things have enjoyed a lunatic progression, others have gone up slowly, but practically everything has gone up. It is a long, long time since I've seen a piece offered at its first cost or less.

Up to a few years ago the few private collectors and the museums were responsible for a gradual price rise and, for the most part, they bought only the Grade A specimens. The other sort remained in the owners' hands or went the way of the deacon's one-horse shay. When the present race for antiques struck its stride these poor orphans were coaxed from their hiding places, because the more desirable antiques were scarce. As a direct consequence, things began to happen to prices; hysteria stormed the throne of reason, and she is now sitting pretty.

A Priceless Ghost

I HAVE been playing around with antiques for something more than ten years, and during that stormy period I have seen blinding price changes.

Suppose you let me take you by the hand and lead you along some of the paths I've trod. You must be prepared to hear a dealer say: "I can let you have that lowboy for $2310; it cost me $2300"; and you must be all set to answer: "Yeh, that's fair enough, but I'm kind of high on lowboys at present. Do you call it a lowboy because its price is so low?"

We must recognize that some very tall prices are justifiable. A piece may deserve the dizziest price rating if it is unique, beautiful, in original and fine condition, and authentic beyond any possible quibble. Such a piece may well be worth all that it will bring, because it can have no honest duplicate. I do not, however, think of an actual piece of this sort as an example for you. I know of some that approach its class, but each one fails in some particular.

So that you may understand what I am driving at, let us devise a hypothetical piece of the above distinction. Say that George Washington had commissioned the best and most artistic cabinetmaker in the colonies to build for him a solid mahogany or burled walnut, serpentine-front, bonnet-top secretary desk, to be absolutely perfect in proportion, design, fittings, wood and cabinetmaking, and on which cost was of no importance. Then suppose George Washington had himself inlaid, with some of the wood saved from the affair at the cherry tree, his signature—George Washington, 1776—in the front of the piece, just below the carved eagle.

Then suppose our first President took an affidavit to the effect that the piece was his most prized possession and all the foregoing statements about it were facts. Each of his descendants to whom the piece was willed in turn swore to affidavits, and all the documents were glued in the drawers. Assume that the secretary desk came down to us intact and was put on sale. In such an instance, and in such only, I maintain that the sky is the limit, and no one dare cavil.

Leaping from this ghost secretary desk down to earth, we find many choice pieces that are known to have belonged to historical personages. Mount Vernon is a museum of such, and Monticello is coming to be. We have, also, the famous homes in Virginia, New England and elsewhere still furnished with the belongings of somewhat lesser lights in American history. Such specimens practically never find themselves on sale. Antiques purporting to have belonged to famous people of the past do crop up, but they crop up too often to suit an inquiring mind. I've seen as many as five of Jefferson's desks on sale and have decided that the writer of the Declaration of Independence must have used desks as we moderns use paper towels. You yourself know that there are enough beds claiming Washington as a patron to have enabled the father of his country to use no bed twice. And so it goes. Franklin's chairs are almost as common as the stoves bearing his name, and some of our other forefathers must have spent their entire lives taking title to furniture.

All right then. We can conceive of priceless antiques, but we seldom get a chance to buy one of them. So for our purposes they are definitely out, and the discussion narrows down to those we can buy and what we should pay for them. Fairly high prices are justified on pieces that are beautiful, wonderfully built, fully authenticated as to age, but not unique or once owned by historical people. I say fairly high prices, not lunatic prices, and right here is where we start our fight.

In the catalogue of the Temple collection sale appears a highboy listed as made by William Savery, a Philadelphia cabinetmaker of the middle-eighteenth century. This piece was bid in for $4950—the high-water mark of the sale. It is a Grade A1 example, and if any antique deserves its price listing this one apparently does. It is a highly elaborate specimen, and today such a piece is held at around $10,000.

We are forced to give pause, even here, and ask does this remarkable highboy merit its price. If it does, certainly one-half of its value is due to its Savery attribution; but of late some experts have been saying that Savery did not make the very elaborate pieces credited to him, because his labels have been discovered on simple pieces. So nowadays Randolph and Gostelowe, who were other early Philadelphia craftsmen, are named as the authors of the more ornate pieces, because their labels have been found on them. It is quite possible that the diligently searching experts will find some better evidence in the near future, and the characteristic methods of the early makers will be definitely identified.

How Much is Antique?

LEAVING the probable maker's name out of it and selling an antique only on the basis that it is Early American and original, we still find some thundering prices prevailing, and their excuse even more tenuous.

In too many instances the title "Early American" can easily be questioned, unless the right to it is firmly established by unassailable records, and that is very seldom the case. Because restoring and faking have reached such a very high point, the originality can be attacked; and then where are you? You are in the class where authenticity is based on somebody's guess and originality on somebody's expert opinion, but still the prices are staggering. At this point I call for a measure of reason in the matter of antique prices. I maintain that here the cost should bear comparison with the intrinsic value of the piece or with that of a very fine reproduction. The sad fact remains, however, that no such relation exists.

I agree with you that a fine antique authenticated as far as possible is worth a good fat price, but not an asinine price. A splendid curly-maple highboy, true to type and sure in origin, is worth from $750 to $1000, but not $7500 to $10,000. Recently I saw a walnut highboy on which all four cabriole legs were admittedly new. That cripple is now not much more than half an antique. The price is $750. If it isn't worth that, what is it worth, you ask? Let's figure it this way. We'll admit, for an original highboy of this fine type, $1000 would be a fair price. With so much of its originality gone—delegged, so to speak—it is certainly worth no more than one-quarter, or $250. Then add fifty dollars for supplying new legs, and we have $300. That's plenty to pay for it if you'd want it at any price. I wouldn't.

Due to its excessive rarity, a good, really original butterfly table is worth $1000. A genuine

(Continued on Page 58)

If You Pay What a Piece is Worth You Never Mention It, But if You Pick Up a Genuine William and Mary Highboy for Forty Dollars, the Ears of the World Will Ache Before You're Half Through Telling About It

NATURE'S FEET No. 1★

CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

courtesy—The Red Book Magazine

"I saw an animal crouched in the snow"

TRAPPER EVANS, old-time Montana woodsman, recounts his experience with the "Forty Thieves," a famous pack of timber wolves, and tells how the paws of the timber wolf make him one of the swiftest animals.

"ONE morning I went out deer hunting for deer meat for Camp, not for sport. After I had been tracking the deer about a mile I noticed a bunch of other tracks leading into the ones I was following.

"Coming over a hill suddenly I saw an animal crouched in the snow. I shot and killed that fellow.

"Then there was a furious noise and yelling and cracking of brush, and the surprised wolf pack broke—for it was a wolf pack. One turned as he went over the hill, and I got him too. Then, as I started to skin the two I had killed, the pack over the hill seemed to return, keeping up a howling that made the woods echo.

"The cold chills ran up and down my back. Quickly I beat a hasty retreat, dragging out my kill to a nearby clearing so that I was safe from any of the pack springing upon me from the thick underbrush.

"When I got back to Camp and reported my kill, I was told by a nearby rancher that I had rid the country of two of a famous pack of timber wolves which were called the 'Forty Thieves' throughout the district.

"The wolf is a swift, sure-footed animal and has strong muscular limbs, but one of the most interesting things is his feet; he has four toe pads and one heel pad of a rubbery-like substance. These were put there by nature to protect the wolf on the cactus-ridden prairies."

Trapper Evans

KEDS give to the human foot much of the protection and springiness of the timber wolf's paws.

Watch the joy with which children change from their hot, heavy, stiff shoes, to cool, light, springy Keds. They are gayer, lighter-hearted, better-natured. They can scarcely keep from dancing.

It's when we interfere with nature that our foot troubles begin. The farther we get from "barefoot freedom," the smaller are our chances of having good feet. Keds with their elastic springy soles, represent nature's way to normal feet, for Keds encourage the foot muscles to exercise freely and the arch to develop normally. Leg muscles keep their tone.

Many of the evils of stiff, ill-fitting shoes can be avoided by wearing Keds as often as the season and climate permit. Keds are today the most widely used shoes in athletics in America. They are the shoes of champions. Last year, for instance, Keds were worn in 18 national championship tennis matches.

Keds tough rubber soles not only wear and wear; they absorb shocks and jars and prevent slipping or sliding. Keds uppers are light with a good snug fit around the ankles, yet strong enough to protect your ankle against sudden twists and strains. A special insole of Feltex keeps your feet comfortable every minute you wear Keds. Ask for them by name and be sure that the name Keds is on the shoes. Keds are made in a dozen different models ranging in price from $1.25 to $4.50.

United States Rubber Company

★ This account of the timber wolf by Trapper Evans is the first of a series of his experiences with wild animals of America printed for the first time by the makers of Keds. The coyote's story will be told in the May 19th issue.

The "CONQUEST" *(on the right)—has a vulcanized crepe rubber sole which gives sure grip and wonderful wear. White, brown or gray. The* "CLEO" *(on the left)—a smart oxford with crepe sole. Trimming of crimson, jade, blue, black or tan.*

TRAPPER EVANS *will send you the actual footprint of the timber wolf*

By special arrangement with Trapper Evans the makers of Keds are now able to offer you the actual tracks of many American wild animals imprinted in claylike material, hardened and mounted on felt. Each one is an original, identical footprint.

Write to Trapper Evans, care of Keds Outdoor Department, Desk A, 1790 Broadway, New York City, enclosing 50c. Your letter will be forwarded to Trapper Evans in Montana and he will send you a timber wolf's track (postpaid in U. S. or Canada).

A postcard will bring a complete list of these wild animal tracks free.

THEY ARE NOT KEDS UNLESS THE NAME KEDS IS ON THE SHOE

Copyright 1929 by United States Rubber Company

FIRST MORTGAGE

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

"Now, After All is Said and Done, This is a Pretty Good Chair and Has a Lot of Mileage in It Yet"

HOW does it come," I asked my wife Esther, who is a patient, long-suffering and highly efficient young woman – "how does it come that everybody seems to know our mortgage is running out?"

"Does everybody know it?" she asked.

"Look at all the letters people have written to me," I suggested, and she looked.

Strangers had been writing me for months about my mortgage, which I had hitherto regarded as a private affair, the same as my moles. I received bellicose missives from life-insurance concerns, urging me to let them insure my life and at the same time, for a bonus, permit them to take this dying mortgage off my hands. Large corporations of which I had never heard wrote me long, chatty screeds on fussy letterheads about the danger of permitting a mortgage to get too close to the boiling point.

Fiscal experts sent me private advices, warning me that my mortgage was sinking fast and that I need not expect to get through the summer by merely ignoring a desperate situation.

"What's the matter with this mortgage," I inquired of the missus, who has been with me for years, "that everybody's so worried? Isn't it a good mortgage, or what?"

"It is good while it lasts," she replied. "Mortgages expire. This one is expiring and will be due in three months. It will then have to be paid."

"Why will it have to be paid?"

"Because Mr. Austerhausen, who holds it, wishes to have his money. He has decided and announced that he does not wish to renew the mortgage. Can you crowd these complicated facts into that enormous intellect, or not?"

"Certainly. What if we can't pay it?"

"We will have to pay it."

"I said, what if we can't pay it?"

"Well, Mr. Austerhausen will merely sell our home over our heads for any sum above the face of his mortgage. If there is any money left, he will hand it to you with a low bow."

"How much is this mortgage?"

"Eight thousand dollars," said the wife slowly, which is about the only way anyone can say eight thousand dollars.

I leaned back in my good old armchair—my somewhat careworn armchair—and laughed heartily. "That's absurd on the face of it," I remarked. "We can't pay anyone eight thousand dollars in three months, or in three years. We never had such a sum of money, and well you know it."

"Nevertheless," responded my wife Esther, who is a really charming woman, "the mortgage will have to be paid on the date, to the minute; and furthermore, this conversation of yours, while very intellectual, isn't doing the matter a bit of good."

I received further warnings and letters, but decided temporarily to leave the problem to the wife, who seems to be better at legal affairs. She knows a great deal about such mysteries as escrow, trust deeds, deferred payments, accrued interest, amortization and lines running northeasterly and thence in a southwesterly direction to somewhere south by northeast. I am not at all good at such things, and when led into a building and forced to sign the family name, I usually get it just over the wrong dots and the infuriated escrow gentleman has to tear up everything and deal a fresh hand.

Our little home perches upon a hill overlooking the large and glowing city, and we live in a modest, quiet way, holding down expenses and wearing our clothes until the dry-cleaning people decline to take another chance. My salary, as an instructor in natural history at the state university, is not overwhelming, but it is sufficient for two sensible people like Esther and me; especially when we are both trying earnestly to prepare for the chill days of old age, when university instructors usually starve to death.

For example, the wife has been pretending to do the cooking of late, not that she adores cooking, but because we have had such atrocious luck with these female nomads who wander through life masquerading as cooks and hiring out to innocent people. The last one left our house without discussing the matter and we later learned that she was a slightly demented woman who had never done any harm as yet. This gave Esther a good fright, especially when the woman telephoned from a pay station and accused the both of us of burning down a large hotel in St. Paul, a place we have never been.

"We don't want any more cooks, maids or servants," said Esther, who is easily alarmed. "That woman might have slain us in the night."

"Or the daytime," I added. "The results of day slaying are practically identical."

"We will get along with Mrs. Mooney," reflected Esther, Mrs. Mooney being the indefatigable woman who comes twice a week with a mop and cleans house.

"Just as you wish it," I said, admiring Esther for her heroism in facing the drudgery of the kitchen. "Meantime," I added seriously, "something ought to be done about the mortgage, because I have worked pretty hard to get this lovely home, and I would hate to have Mr. Austerblitzen sell it. What about these companies?"

"They are all burglars," Esther replied. "And don't you go and do anything just yet. Don't lift a finger. Somehow, Roger, when you attack problems, you have ill luck."

I ignored this friendly thrust and walked into The Bank—our own sainted bank—the next morning at ten, saying nothing beforehand to Esther. A uniformed guardian asked me whom I wished to see.

"The president."

"This is a branch bank," he said. "Would a vice president do?"

"If you have some nice fresh vice presidents under glass," I said, "I might take a look at one."

Deigning no reply whatever, the officer led me across marble floors to a small mahogany pen which housed a desk and a thick-chested man. A three-cornered metal slug on a desk read: Augustus Biddle, Vice President.

"My name is Waxman," I began, slipping briskly into my subject. "I want to find out what to do about my mortgage."

"What kind of mortgage?" inquired Mr. Biddle, glancing up.

"Just a regular mortgage," I said.

"First or second?"

"First."

"What about it?"

"That's what I want to know. There's a man named Austenmeister who now owns this mortgage. He wants

Continued on Page 50

88 Sport Sedan 125 Inch Wheelbase $1595

Fundamental engineering and mechanical improvements ahead of others is the keystone of Auburn's success. Proof of Auburn engineering leadership is found today in the value of the car itself;

- in what it does
- in how it does it
- and in how long it does it

STRAIGHT EIGHT

AUBURN

POWERED BY LYCOMING

6-66 Roadster $995; 6-66 Sport Sedan $1095; 6-66 Sedan $1145; 6-66 Cabriolet $1145; 76 Sedan $1395; 76 Sport Sedan $1295; 76 Cabriolet $1395; 76 Roadster $1195; 8-77 Roadster $1245; 8-77 Sport Sedan $1295, 8-77 Sedan $1395, 8-77 Cabriolet $1395; 88 Sedan $1695, 88 Sport Sedan $1595; 88 Cabriolet $1695; 88 Roadster $1495; 88 Speedster $1695, 88 Phaeton Sedan $1895. 115 Sedan $2195, 115 Sport Sedan $2095, 115 Cabriolet $2195, 115 Roadster $1995, 115 Speedster $2195, 115 Phaeton Sedan $2395. *Freight, Tax and Equipment Extra.*

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

(Continued from Page 48)

his money. It's due right away. I haven't got the eight thousand dollars or any part of it. So I came in to see you."

Esther and I have been doing business with The Bank for years and years, but had never before tried to borrow money. And I had never laid an eye upon Mr. Biddle or, in fact, any of the Biddles. As we chatted, he seemed only remotely interested in me, my house, my mortgage or my general financial embarrassment. I looked at him and remembered the old story of the banker whose emotion showed only in his glass eye.

"You wish to apply for a mortgage?" he asked—something that would have seemed fairly obvious to anybody but a banker.

"If it isn't too near lunch," I said brightly. "That's just it. You loan me eight thousand dollars. I will pay off old man Austerlitz and you can then keep my mortgage in your safe for the next three years, at seven per cent."

He at once pushed a button and there appeared by magic a gray-haired, sad-looking man, prematurely gray and naturally sad.

"This is Mr. Saxon," said the vice president.

"Waxman," I corrected.

"Mr. Waxman wishes to apply for a loan. This is our Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Waxman. He will be glad to take care of you."

"Wait a moment," I said, realizing at once that Guthrie would take me somewhere else. "Don't you want to know what kind of a home this is?"

"No," said Biddle. "Mr. Guthrie will take care of you."

"Don't you want to hear about my stone wall, which runs clear around the entire property?"

"It's immaterial."

"It's concrete," I said, "with iron spikes and a large costly gate."

"Mr. Guthrie will take care of you," he repeated in his calm, cold way.

There being nothing else to do about it, I strode away behind Mr. Guthrie, a mere banking underling, as I could tell by his dejected walk and gray hair. He led me to his private cubicle, asked me how much I thought my home was worth and listened to my reply with the knowing smile of a man dealing with a confirmed and transparent liar.

"Sign here," he said subsequently, and I subscribed the name, hurried into the main lobby and passed Mr. Augustus Biddle, who was listening to another poor wretch and shaking his head gently. Bankers' heads are apparently so attached to their spinal columns that they swing naturally from east to west. I approached my beloved home looking guilty and feeling guilty.

"What have you been doing?" asked Esther, who can take one glance at me any hour of the day and guess within an inch.

"Trying to save you from a fate worse than death," I answered. "I have been down to The Bank—our bank the Grand National Bank."

Esther sat down softly upon the sofa. "You didn't say anything about the mortgage?"

"Nobody would let me. Heaven knows, I tried hard enough. I signed formal application for a loan, but when I started in to tell them what an elegant house this was——"

Esther groaned audibly. She does that often and it no longer alarms me.

"The Bank," she cried bitterly, "was our one, final, last chance! I had intended going in Monday to see about it, but if you have been there, that ends it."

"Why does it? They will probably send the money out in a day or two. I am certain everything will be all right." Esther laughed hysterically. "And," I added, "it was a good thing I did go into The Bank today, for coming out I encountered old Ralph Long, the used-car man."

"Why was that lucky? We owe him money too."

"I know we do, but it so happens that his light-colored cook has a dark-colored cook friend, recently arrived, who wants a job cooking. She is coming out tomorrow and her name is Martha."

"Coming out where?" Esther demanded.

"Out here, of course."

"What for?"

"Because we need a cook and you know it. You are a lovely soul, Esther, and one wife in a thousand; you have a sweet character and will go to heaven when you die, but upon my word of honor, you are a very bum *femme de cuisine* and my indigestion demands somebody who knows frying pans."

Esther arose and walked silently around our neat little sitting room, buried in speechless indignation and glancing at me from several angles. "I thought," she said finally, "that we were too poor to afford a cook. We decided that once, didn't we?"

"Yes; but I changed my mind. If we can afford mortgages, we can afford a cook, and I am tired of sardines, Bologna and hash."

"Roger," she said seriously, "our next three months are critical. We may pull through. If you would just attend to your flowers and bugs and let me try to manage the house, it would make things easier."

"We need a cook," I said doggedly. "She will be out tomorrow and she specializes in sweet potatoes Southern style, chicken à la Maryland, waffles drowned in honey, fried pork with white gravy and similar miracles."

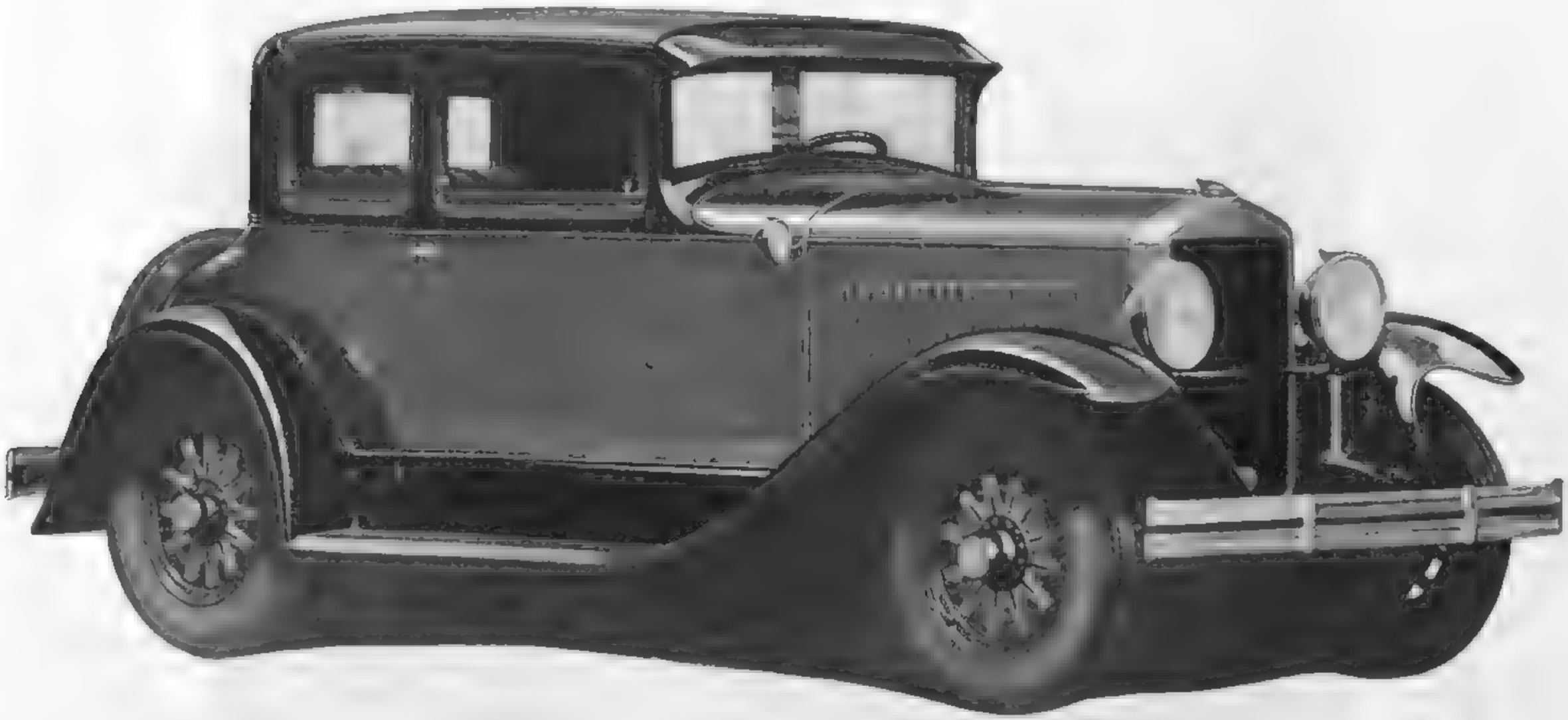
Esther walked out of the room with the tragic air she always assumes when I defeat her and assert the authority that rightfully belongs to the man of the house. I am not a tyrant, but I shall eat no more hash in this life.

What the little lady stated was in part correct, for we had planned a campaign of strict economy on account of the onrushing mortgage. First, we had previously disposed of the big car and traded it in to Ralph Long of the Long Used Car Company for two little cars, both roadsters, or what you might call chitterlings. The large car

(Continued on Page 65)

Looking Closely at Her, I Observed That She Was Not Jesting. "Softening of the Female Brain," I Murmured, Stunned

The Demand Is Steadily Growing



WITHIN three months after the introduction of the completely new line of Graham-Paige motor cars, this company enjoyed the greatest month's business in eighteen years.

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham

Five chassis — sixes and eights — prices ranging from $800 to $2485 f. o. b. Detroit

GRAHAM-PAIGE

We have pledged ourselves that Graham-Paige owners shall be served by distributors and dealers who possess character, capability and capital. Illustrated is the home of the Bird-Sykes Company, distributors in the Chicago territory.

OUR MISS SHERIDAN

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

THAT is what everybody calls her, not only in the public-utility company where she has climbed to the commanding position of vice president and sales manager but also in the community which that public utility serves. That little possessive pronoun "our" holds a world of significance. Almost it tells the whole story in itself.

But let me visualize the concrete situation so you can see the pattern for yourselves. Here is a woman, vice president and sales manager in a great public-utility company, with more than 700 employes under her immediate direction.

The Giant

THE company, which sells electricity, wholesale and retail, to the public in the biggest automobile center in the world, serves a territory which covers an area of 4100 square miles, with a population of 1,750,000.

The Conner's Creek Power Plant of the Detroit Edison Company, at Detroit. In Oval—Miss Sarah Sheridan, Vice President and Sales Manager of the Company

In general, the community is divided into three classes of customers: First, the residential customers, to whom light and appliances are sold; second, commercial and industrial customers, who buy the current for lighting in shops and stores; and third, the big primary customers, as they are called, who buy power wholesale for industrial use.

In numerical strength the residential customers far exceed the two other classes, but in monetary importance the third class—the big primary customers of vast industrial plants—towers above the others as the Woolworth Building towers above the man in the street. The accounts of all these people, big and little, rich and poor, converging from all parts of this great territory like the spokes of a mighty wheel, come to the sales department, where each individual problem or complaint is handled on its own merits, with the swiftness that is demanded in an industrial community where electricity is the vital breath of life by which the whole economic organism lives and moves and has its being twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year.

Line Trouble After a Storm

It will thus be seen that the position of vice president and sales manager is no light and inconsiderable job. It requires in high degree executive ability, a thorough knowledge of the technical side of many businesses, a keen sense of justice, the power to make prompt decisions and, above and beyond all, the ability to handle the public, to smooth out frictions and send away a disgruntled customer happy and appeased.

Now let us take the elevator to the fourth floor and see the sales manager at work. It is ten o'clock in the morning and already the anteroom is filled with customers determined to tell their troubles directly by word of mouth to the boss. We are passed in with a baker who claims his bills are too big. The sales manager throws us a smile which indicates she is tied up at present; the business of the city comes first. All right. Step over to the window and glance out at the vast industrial empire spread out below. Great stacks belching forth smoke reveal the presence of manufacturing plants, some of them the largest of their kind in the country. Here is an automobile plant whose stock is a leader in Wall Street; over there is another with whose securities the speculators have been recently playing football.

Viewed thus from above, with its teeming business life and its vast industrial slants, the city lies stretched out like some great, sprawling, adolescent giant wrapped in its own smoke breath—a giant still in the awkward, hobbledehoy stage and only half aware of its own beauty and strength.

Trouble

HERE is the giant's menu for a day in terms of vital juice: In the morning when everybody goes to work the power bounces up to 380,000 kilowatts; the giant is bestirring himself, taking his food; at noon, when Mr. and Miss Detroit step out to lunch it drops down to 300,000 kilowatts. In the afternoon it remounts to the morning's strength, and at five P.M., when the whistles blow and the giant throws down his tools and calls it a day, the vital current falls to 280,000 kilowatts, tailing off still more in the evening, and when finally the big drowsy giant turns in for rest there is just enough juice on to take care of his respiratory organs, the regular rise and fall of those mighty lungs of iron throughout the night.

Turning back to the sales manager's desk, we see that the baker has departed after a technical discussion of peak loads, hours of baking, charts showing the curve of the load, and figures from the files of last year's bills. And these fact pictures do not lie; he is charged for no more than he receives. Next is a man who complains that a pole has been placed where it damages his property and outrages his sense of independence as a free-born American citizen. He wants that pole removed! The sales manager listens attentively and at the close she says: "I don't blame you. I wouldn't like it there myself. We'll change it right away." He leaves, satisfied. The stream flows on without a pause.

"Go over and take a look at the trouble department," the sales manager suggests. "When you've finished there I'll be free."

In the trouble department girls are ranged on either side of a long switchboard running down the center of the room. This is the trouble board, where are handled all the troubles and emergencies that arise. A little yellow light leaps up on the board; Mr. Customer is on the wire. A girl on one side takes the call.

"Trouble Department! . . . Hello. . . . Lights out? . . . What address? . . . What cross street is that near? . . . Name? Spell it, please. . . . All right. We'll take care of it."

She shoves the slip across to the girl on the other side, who phones it directly to the trouble man out in the district in which it occurred. No red tape. No long hours of

(Continued on Page 57)

A small section of the surface of an average car magnified 20 times. The left side is still covered with Traffic Film. The right side has been cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish

Beneath the Traffic Film is the gleaming car you bought

802

BENEATH the Traffic Film on the car you drive today is the original finish—still new and gleaming, waiting only for a little attention, a little polishing, to reveal all its former glory.

No. 7 Duco Polish is made by du Pont, the makers of Duco, to bring back the beauty of your old car finish, and to keep a new finish perpetually new and gleaming. It is made specifically to remove the dull, unsightly Traffic Film which soap and water cannot take off

What is this Traffic Film?

Modern motoring conditions have created Traffic Film. Minute particles of oily, sticky dirt are constantly settling on your car—in the city streets, on the country roads, and even in your own garage. These particles collect dust, and, baked by the sun and the heat, are cemented together to form a dry, hard film on the finish. This Traffic Film is forming on your car today. Don't neglect it

What to do about it

Du Pont, the makers of Duco, developed No. 7 Duco Polish to combat Traffic Film which soap and water cannot remove

It is a neutral polish with no harmful abrasives. It quickly penetrates and loosens the Traffic Film—"puts the skids under" the dirt particles—and, almost without effort, you wipe away the dull film which formerly resisted the most strenuous scrubbing.

No. 7 Duco Polish has restored the lustre, renewed the color, and left a dry, hard surface which sheds dust. Once again the finish glistens, the high lights gleam, and your car looks as new as when you bought it

Buy a can of No. 7 Duco Polish and use a little every week or two. If you prefer to have your car polished by the garage man, ask him to use No. 7 Duco Polish to restore the beauty of the finish. No. 7 Duco Polish will not only protect the finish against Traffic Film, but will keep it new and gleaming, season after season.

No. 7 Duco Polish contains no acid—acid polishes cannot be sold in cans. Leading automobile manufacturers recommend No. 7 Duco Polish and many of them put samples in all their new cars. Look for the sample can in your auto tool kit

Du Pont, the makers of Duco, have developed two other products to make your car more beautiful. No. 7 Auto Top Finish will waterproof the top and bring back its original lustre. It is also an excellent dressing for spare tires and tire covers. No. 7 Nickel Polish cleans and brightens radiators and lamps. Also an ideal polish for metal surfaces in the home

Send for this Sample Beauty Kit

Beautify your car at our expense. Send us this coupon (with 10 cents to help cover cost of mailing) and we'll send you the following:

- 1 sample can of No. 7 Duco Polish (enough to polish your car once)
- 1 sample can of No. 7 Nickel Polish (enough to shine up the radiator and lamps)
- 1 sample can of No. 7 Auto Top Finish (enough to paint the spare tire or tire cover)

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, INC.
Desk S-2, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Address: Fleet Paint & Varnish Limited, Toronto 9, Canada

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay mailing cost.

Name . . . . . .

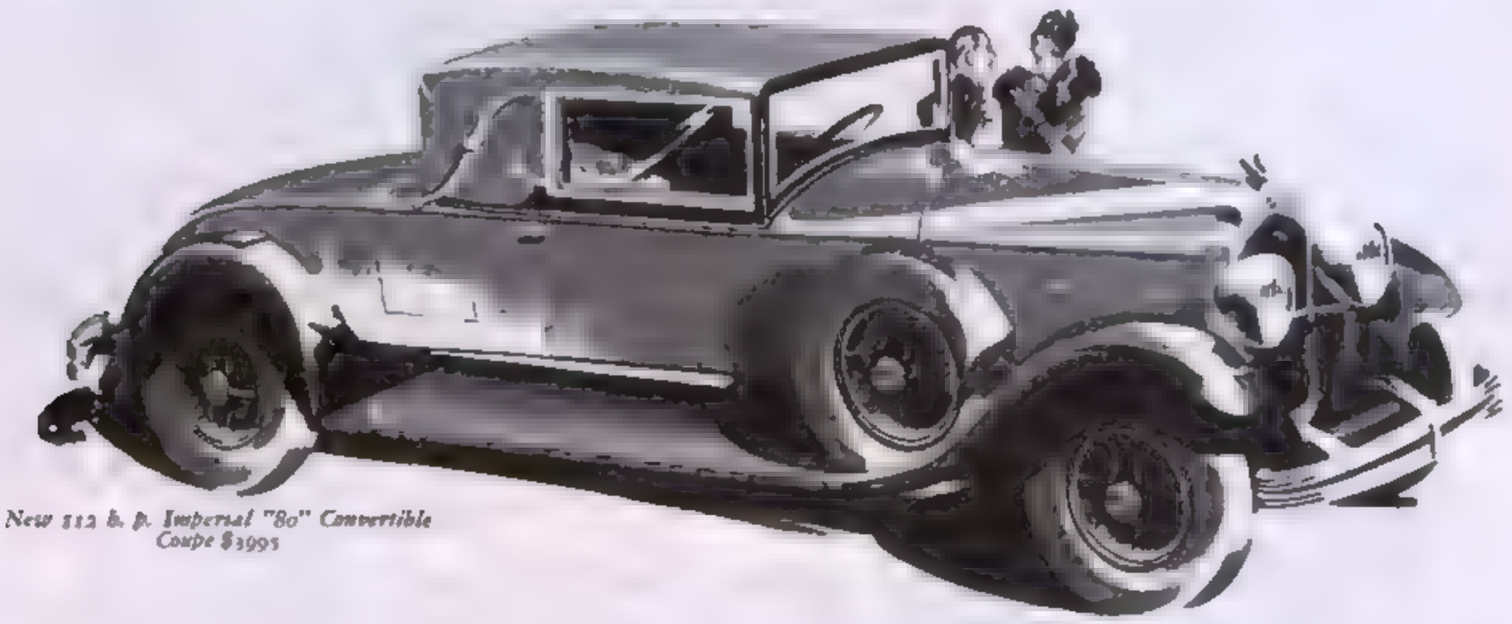
Street . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . . .

MADE BY DU PONT, THE MAKERS OF DUCO

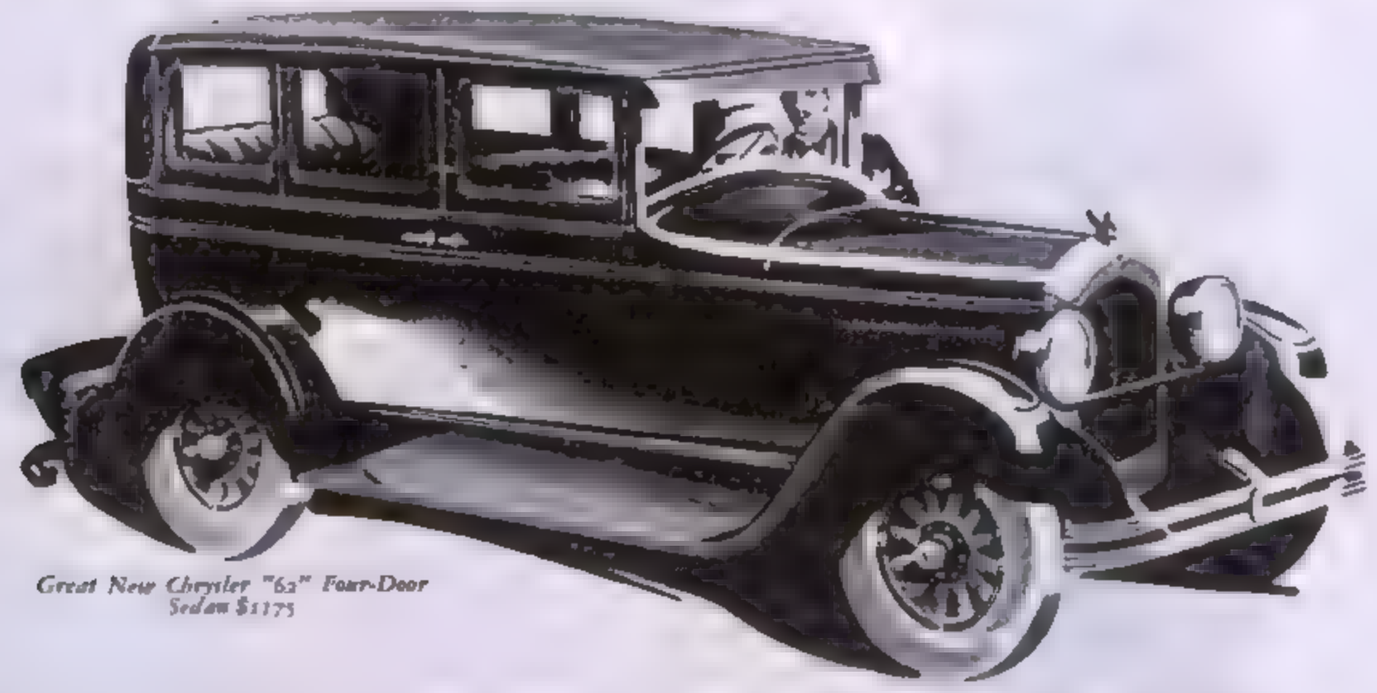
ONLY CHRYSLER CAN GIVE CHRYSLER PERFORMANCE

It is not strange that an entire industry should be striving to follow Chrysler's leadership in performance. The sweeping public preference for Chrysler standards of speed, dash and power has given rise to this emulation . . . ¶ Chrysler's rise from 27th to 3rd place in volume of sales in 42 months is surest proof of the enthusiastic acceptance of these new measures of performance as well as of the quality, style and value created by Chrysler engineering genius and precision manufacturing.



New 112 h. p. Imperial "80" Convertible Coupe $3995

CHRYSLER



Great New Chrysler "62" Four-Door Sedan $1175

Great New Chrysler "62"—Seven body styles $1065 to $1235. *Illustrious New Chrysler "72"*—Seven body styles $1545 to $1795. *New 112 h. p. Imperial "80"*—Fourteen custom built body styles by Chrysler, Dietrich, Locke and LeBaron, $2795 and upwards. *Smart New Chrysler "52"*—Seven body styles $670 to $790. All prices f.o.b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Let your mind slip back just four short years. Recall the bulky, cumbersome motor cars of that date . . . ¶ Then contrast the first Chrysler. Dashing in performance, most alluring in its new, low-swung grace and brilliant colors, most modern in its ideas of riding and driving comfort—it marked the first great step in the swift passing of then existing standards.

CHRYSLER'S DASHING SMARTNESS SETS A STYLE BEYOND COMPARISON

Illustrious New Chrysler "72" Sport Roadster (with rumble seat) $1595

From that day Chrysler's speed, power and dash, Chrysler's smartness of line and tone, Chrysler's luxury of appointment, Chrysler's safety, became the pattern for all . . . ¶ But in the meantime Chrysler's progressiveness—never content with past achievement—has forged on to new heights . . . ¶ Chrysler engineers have pioneered the worthwhile improvements of the past four years—developing these improvements first for their cars of higher price and then, through Chrysler Standardized Quality, enriching beyond comparison the value of its lower-priced cars by the inclusion of such outstanding features . . . ¶ The public has learned that it always obtains greater value in any Chrysler than in other cars costing hundreds of dollars more . . . ¶ It realizes more and more that only Chrysler can give Chrysler performance, Chrysler quality, Chrysler style and Chrysler value—and is buying its cars accordingly!

NEW CHRYSLER "RED-HEAD" ENGINE

—designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas, giving 12% greater torque with greater speed, power and hill-climbing ability; standard equipment on all body models of the 112 h. p. Imperial "80," also standard on the roadsters, and available at slight extra cost for other body types, of the "62" and "72."

52" "62" "72" NEW 112 H. P. IMPERIAL "80

That sparkling transparent wrapping is Du Pont Cellophane

This photograph taken through a sheet of Cellophane

Of course, you have seen it countless times in a host of different places. A glistening, transparent sheet that serves to show the product it encloses and keeps it clean and attractive. It is Cellophane and is made by du Pont.

Through it you see what you buy before you buy. Then, too, a wrap of Cellophane tells you a manufacturer desires to have his product at its best. It is a guide to quality.

As you remove this sparkling wrap you realize that the article is reaching you just as it left the makers. The protection of Cellophane guards it from dust and all contamination.

At your grocer's you see a wide variety of quality products displayed in this manner. Luscious fruits, appetizing meats, tempting baked goods and countless other products are displayed in this manner. You can purchase them with confidence.

* * *

Du Pont Cellophane Co., Inc., *Sales Offices:* The Park Avenue Building, New York City; *Plant:* Buffalo, New York. *Canadian Agents:* Wm. B. Stewart & Sons, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

DU PONT CELLOPHANE

Cellophane

Cellophane is the registered trade mark of Du Pont Cellophane Company, Inc., to designate its transparent cellulose sheets and films, developed from pure wood pulp (not a by-product).

(Continued from Page 52)

paper work. Forty-five minutes is the average time required to fix up any ordinary trouble. The normal number of trouble calls is 1000 a day. Today is Tuesday—ironing day—and most of the troubles coming in relate to electric irons. The women have plugged in their electric irons to do their weekly ironing; immediately the load jumps up. You don't think that plugging in with electric irons would show in such a heavy load? Don't fool yourself. Just remember that 95 per cent of all the housewives in the United States do their own kitchen work, and when that 95 per cent in the metropolitan area of Detroit, plus the 95 per cent of eighteen outlying cities, sixty incorporated villages, 102 unincorporated communities plug in their electric irons and go after the basket of sprinkled clothes, the load of electricity leaps up with a bound; and it stays up until the last of father's shirts and baby's rompers are laid away in clean, sweet piles—and then the load goes off, usually around noon.

But sometimes in an emergency or after a big storm the little yellow lights simply shower the boards. The switchboards are banked with the twinkling portents of disaster, and the girls—after long hours of repeating monotonously "Trouble Department! . . . What address? . . . Near what cross street? . . . Name? Spell it, please. . . . All right. We'll take care of it"—come out of that board room hoarse, speaking in whispers and staggering on their feet.

Sometimes it may be a high-tension overhead line blown down by blasting. That line carries 23,000 volts and its fall has shut down an entire village of 4000 souls. Result, a whole flock of frantic telephone calls. "All right. We'll take care of you." Send out the emergency squad. Patrol the line. Locate the trouble. Fix it. Report back O.K. Time—two hours. Lady, your lights are all right. Occasionally a great white polar bear of a storm comes rampaging out of the north, with snow, lightning and wild winds. Trees upturned, poles down, icicled wires dragging dangerously to the ground. Whole sections of the town in darkness. And now how those little yellow lights shower the board!

It is eight o'clock in the evening and the vice president herself goes on the firing line. Over the wires rolls an unceasing flow of complaints, questions, wails and objurgations.

An Early Start

Here is a church calling—water from an overflowing drain is running into the basement. Use a lantern, suggests the sales manager. "That's no way to treat a church!" comes back the reproachful reply. And now comes a voice over the wire, exclaiming in accents wild, "I must know when I'm going to have light; this is the third time I've called!"

"I'm sorry," reports Miss Sheridan, "but there seem to be about eighty calls ahead of you in that district."

"Well, by golly!" comes back the cheerful reply. "You can't take care of me tonight. I'm going to bed."

And so on, and so on. And then all of a sudden the board is cleared of those twinkling yellow lights. The sales manager says good night to her fellow workers and goes home. One more emergency handled. It is all in the day's job.

The president of the company, Mr. Alex Dow, a name to conjure with in his part of the world, adds a few facets to the character of this business woman which is emerging before our eyes. He sketches briefly her career from the time when, as a young girl just released from school, gay, vivacious and full of fun, she took a position as junior clerk in a small, hard-pressed company, with fifty men on the pay roll and a few hundred customers, which he merged with another company.

"The first thing I noticed about her," he said, "was her voice. She had a soft voice.

"In those days," he continued, "there was not the sharp division of duties which later accompanied the development of the industry, and in her work at that early stage there was quite a diversity factor. She did a bit of everything—made out bills, answered the phone, met the public, received applications and took care of complaints. She knew everybody, could always tell the exact status of a customer's business and had a remarkable memory for names, dates and transactions, and a way of handling the public without friction, untangling snarls and getting things done quickly, quietly and efficiently, which are invaluable in a public-utility company. In the course of time, as the company grew, she was appointed acting sales manager, a year later sales manager, and in 1921 she was elected vice president."

An Unfortunate Substitution

He mentioned some of the qualities which had won her that position. Brains. Masculine brains? No. Feminine brains? No. "Brains, I take it, are not a matter of sex," he said. The qualities which had made her succeed were exactly the same qualities which would lead a man to success. Fine executive ability and organizing power. A sense of justice and fair play which almost leaned over backward in giving the public a square deal. Initiative, the ability to make prompt decisions. He gave an illustration of Miss Sheridan's initiative:

"One evening there was a fire in a big automobile-manufacturing plant. As this company generated its own power, it was not one of our customers, but Miss Sheridan realized that, with its own power plant out of commission, the business of the company would necessitate its getting power from us, and without delay. For it goes without saying that in plants of that size, if the power is interrupted even a few minutes, 1000 or 1500 men may be left with nothing to do for the period of the interruption. And if the interruption were to continue a day or two days the production of goods is suspended, the men's time is lost, the production schedule, shipping schedule and delivery schedule are out of line. All of which means financial loss reaching up into the thousands.

"Miss Sheridan realized what the situation called for when she saw the fire; she realized that company must have power immediately—even though it hadn't rung her up to tell her so. It was night and our office was closed. But acting upon her own responsibility, she called out the emergency gang and told them to make connections with the company that night, and when morning came and their people rang us up and said they wanted power right away we were able to surprise them by replying, 'All right. You've got it. Go ahead.' That is what I call initiative."

Later, back in her private office again, Miss Sheridan sketched briefly the beginnings of her business career. A girl, gay, full of activity, bubbles winking at the brim of her young life, wanting to do something but a bit vague and uncertain what to do—youth's typical problem. A friend who had just nailed down a job and wished to take a little vacation first suggested that Miss Sheridan substitute for her during her absence.

Miss Sheridan did. After three days her employer said to the hiring and firing boss, "Tell that other woman not to come back. I'm going to keep this new girl." Moral: When you go off on a vacation be careful whom you elect for substitute. Choose a dumb Dora.

"At first," Miss Sheridan said, "I did desk work, answered the phone, made out bills, and took care of the customers who came in to make applications or complaints—and in that way I came to have a direct relation to the public. My imagination was enthralled by what the men of the company were doing. I knew in a general way that there were problems of dynamos, turbines, and so on, and by dint of asking questions I began presently to get the hang of the insides of the thing. How I worked those days! Always on the jump, always absorbed. And how I loved it all! I sometimes wonder if the girls in my office get the thrill out of their work which I did in those early days.

"My desk was in the corner of the room. On it were the telephones of two rival telephone companies and one bell or the other was ringing every minute, and often both together. In between times I kept the records and did the billing—longhand. My pen went like lightning. It had to, what with answering the phones, making out bills, doing the figuring and statistical work, taking in cash payments and making out receipts and answering the thousand and one questions of the public. My corner was a busy one—a kind of three-ring circus. And one day when both phones were ringing at once and customers were waiting in line, the president, Mr. Dow, walked through the room, saw my congested corner, and said, 'Take those phones away from that girl. She has too much to do.' And so they took them away. Also, they installed a special cashier's desk to handle the payment of bills.

"So my corner was quieter. But do you know that for days and days I mourned my public! I loved to talk with them, see what they wanted and fix it for them. I used to wonder if they were getting their questions answered all right.

"Up to this time I hadn't anything to do with the president. I was simply a tiny cog in a big, busy machine. But one day, passing through the office, he paused at my desk and inquired, 'Young woman, what's your idea of a job?'

"And I had my answer all ready. I knew just what I'd like to do if I had a chance, and so I replied instantly, with all the nonchalance of youth:

"'If and when it is possible and doesn't interfere with anybody else or your plans, I'd like to have full charge of all contracts and credits, so that everything that touches the public would be consolidated in one department.'

"I didn't dream that I should ever achieve that goal. In the first place, there were two able-bodied men in those positions, but I saw even then that those two departments, at the time separate and distinct, belonged together under one head. To unite them would eliminate much red tape, speed up action and give better service to the public, which hates to be passed on interminably from department to department. About this time my chief went off on a vacation and I took his place."

Natural Growth

"It appears to be dangerous for people to take vacations when you're around!" I said.

"He was ill," she explained, "and I had been doing most of his work for some time. His illness continued and I was appointed acting sales manager in his stead. The work included talking with the more important customers, handling bigger sales and making prompt decisions where a good deal was involved. The next year I was made sales manager. All this time the company was growing by leaps and bounds; there was a great new territory to be served; new industries were coming in; and already there had begun a tremendous extension and development of the population. Well, the company had to keep pace with all that vast growth and the increasing demand for light and power. It grew, and with it I grew. That's all there was to it. It was just a process of natural growth."

She paused thoughtfully. "And now we come to another angle of the situation—what I got out of all of this—my business philosophy, so to speak—and how and where women, in my opinion, fit into the big modern business machine. It should be remembered in what follows that this is only one woman's experience and observation. The experience has been a fairly broad one and covers a period of time. It has been general enough to furnish some abstract conclusions, though it may not

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

Reginald Denny

Youth and beauty and a score of fast-moving humorous situations characterize *"Good Morning, Judge,"* a Universal special just released.

REGINALD DENNY leads the attack assisted by two beautiful young women, MARY NOLAN and DOROTHY GULLIVER, one very homely man and several other comedians, ably directed by Wm. A. Seiter.

The plot is clever. Freddy Gray, a very wealthy young man, kicks on a raw decision at a prize fight, starts a riot and is arrested. In court his fine is paid by a beautiful girl who heads a mission in the neighborhood and who thinks Freddy is a criminal. He keeps up the idea by fake stories of a criminal career. Nevertheless she likes him and so . . .

Mary Philbin

In answer to a "Fan", writing from Pittsburgh, I beg to say "Yes, we are now preparing a third series of *'The Collegians.'*" I agree with the "Fan" that they are the peppiest stories of college life ever written.

Mae Tinee, movie-critic of the Chicago Tribune, was rather rapturous in praise of *"Surrender"* and wrote that she regarded MARY PHILBIN as the most charming and beautiful woman on the screen. She is surely one of them, Mae, so is LAURA LA PLANTE, MARY NOLAN, MARIAN NIXON, DOROTHY GULLIVER, BARBARA KENT—all Universal players of note.

Very soon you will see GLENN TRYON, "the different comedian," in *"Hot Heels,"* a thrilling comedy of the Havana, Cuba, race track. He is assisted by that very fascinating young woman, PATSY RUTH MILLER. Directed by Wm. Craft.

Wherever *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* has been shown thus far, critics have followed one note of praise. They all consider it an inspiring and powerful production.

Be sure to see *"13 Washington Square"* when it comes to your neighborhood. It is a new comedy-mystery featuring JEAN HERSHOLT and ALICE JOYCE. Also *"Stop That Man,"* a rather hilarious comedy drama, featuring Universal's junior stars, ARTHUR LAKE and beautiful BARBARA KENT.

Glenn Tryon

Meantime I wish you would write me about any Universal pictures you have seen and give me your comments, good or bad.

Carl Laemmle, President

If you want to be on our mailing list send us your name and address

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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has these 2 improvements

This shows how the extra inset reinforces the elastic webbing—gives greater stretch and prevents rips.

This shows how the extra inch of leg room allows the garment to hang free of your leg

1. *An extra inch of leg room*
2. *An extra elastic inset in the back—for easy stretch and to prevent rips*

only $1 the suit

This Allen-A Athletic will spoil you for any other kind. For it offers you greater freedom, comfort, coolness and wear than you have ever enjoyed from any other garment. This is why.

There's an extra inch of room in the leg. So the garment hangs *free*, instead of hugging the leg. Never bunches uncomfortably; nor twists, nor binds.

And in the back there's an extra elastic spring needle inset. This reinforces the elastic webbing and prevents rips. It also makes the garment spring back into place and shape after you bend or stoop.

Besides these two exclusive Allen-A improvements, you'll like the oversize chest, large taped armholes, extra roomy seat—and the famous Allen-A one-button closed crotch.

Try this new Allen-A Athletic. One suit will win you for life. Ask for this garment by style number—140. $1 the suit. If your dealer doesn't carry it, send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied. You will also find other Allen-A Athletics, ranging from $1.50 to $5.00.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wisconsin*

Hosiery for men, women and children

Allen A

Underwear for men and boys only

coincide in detail with the experience of other workers. And in no sense are the judgments to be considered final, absolute, but rather, tentative, suggestive and subject to modification in particular cases. As I said, this is just one woman's ideas.

"First of all, looking at the very considerable achievement of women in industry, we feel like congratulating them on giving so good an account of themselves. But on closer examination of the subject we find that women who are of value in business or industry distinguish themselves as workers rather than as women—that the admirable qualities which make them valuable are human qualities—the same qualities they have in common with the men.

"Business may be classified into three divisions: The first division is the conception of the business plan, and the will on the part of the person initiating the plan to devote his time to that work; to put his money into it or to get others to put their money into it—that is, to capitalize his idea. The second division is the organization of the business—the selection and training of the staff; the preparation of machinery, not merely in a technical sense, but the human mechanism by which the proposed work is to be done or the service is to be rendered. The third division is concerned with the selling of the commodity or service, and making the contacts with the public.

"Women have seldom been responsible for the original idea—that is, they have seldom taken the initiative. Women have done good work in interesting capital for a proposal already planned or in operation, but in this first division of business, women have not been prominent. In the second division women become an important part of the business, both as workers under direction and as executives of greater or less responsibility. And in the third division—that is, the selling of the commodity, or the service and the making of the public contacts—women are likely to find a wide scope in both planning and managing."

Another Career in View

"Leaving that final division out of the picture for the moment, let us consider the other two. In the initiation and financing only a few people are engaged, in comparison with the number of people in the operation of the business, and among these the proportion of women is small. There are women investors and women salesmen, but the women acting as financial chiefs of a business are almost always those who have inherited their interest. This condition is logical; it is not only the result of relative numbers but it also has its root in the basic difference of sex.

"It is fair to say that very few women go into business with the unqualified intent of making business their life work. A woman may decide on a business career when she leaves college. She may say—she may insist—that a certain business or profession is to be her life work, but in her inmost soul she reserves the right to herself to leave a business career for the more personal career of marriage. A woman may not be conscious of this divided interest in her nature, but this fundamental quality in woman is usually a bar to high adventure in business.

"Some 700 women come under my personal observation from year to year, and of these women the employment records indicate that their average business life is about five years. It tends to be longer in periods of depression; it has recently tended to be shorter. Contrast this with the working period of men in business or industry. The business life of the average American man is at least thirty-five years. Remembering that the number of all women in industry and in business is much less than the number of men, and considering that the term that the typical woman spends in business is one-seventh the length of the term which a man spends in business, it is a mathematical result that few women reach the highest commanding positions."

Millions of Executives

"The third division of business—here is where the woman should be at her best. That is the division which deals with the public, and where transactions take place which may be a matter of routine to the worker, but are of exceptional and peculiar interest to the person on the other side of the counter. Here the fact that a woman is a woman should qualify her as a success in any business that touches the home life of the people. A business, for example, such as ours.

"I am often asked the question: Do women, as women, differ in their success from men beside whom they may work? I think they do not. The retort may be made that they differ in that they are paid less; but if woman is paid less than man for the same work, the business or the industry doing so is, in my opinion, unfair. Recompense for any work should be according to the value of that work, regardless of the personal aspects and conditions of the workers.

"It is not surprising that women bring to business the same qualities that make a man successful—the qualities which are inherently human, for women exercise them as much as do men. The work of home making requires a high order of ability. To feed, clothe and train children properly, to keep a man comfortable and happy, to deal with tradesmen, to administer a household budget—often too small—and get the most out of it, to manage servants if the household has them, or to do the actual work herself if there are no servants, and to bring all these elements into more or less harmony—in short, to make a home—is work that requires organization and management in relative degree equal to that required by business. All this great work and more is being done successfully by thousands of women—even more, by millions of women, or else America is going to the bad. Its accomplishment is much too often taken as a matter of course. Is it not

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OR HOW MUCH HAVE YOU?

(Continued from Page 46)

butterfly table is a very scarce moth. My estimate is that there are not more than fifty good ones in these United States. For a fine example of an antique as rare as that $1000 is not too much, if bought from a dealer. I'd pay it willingly if I had it.

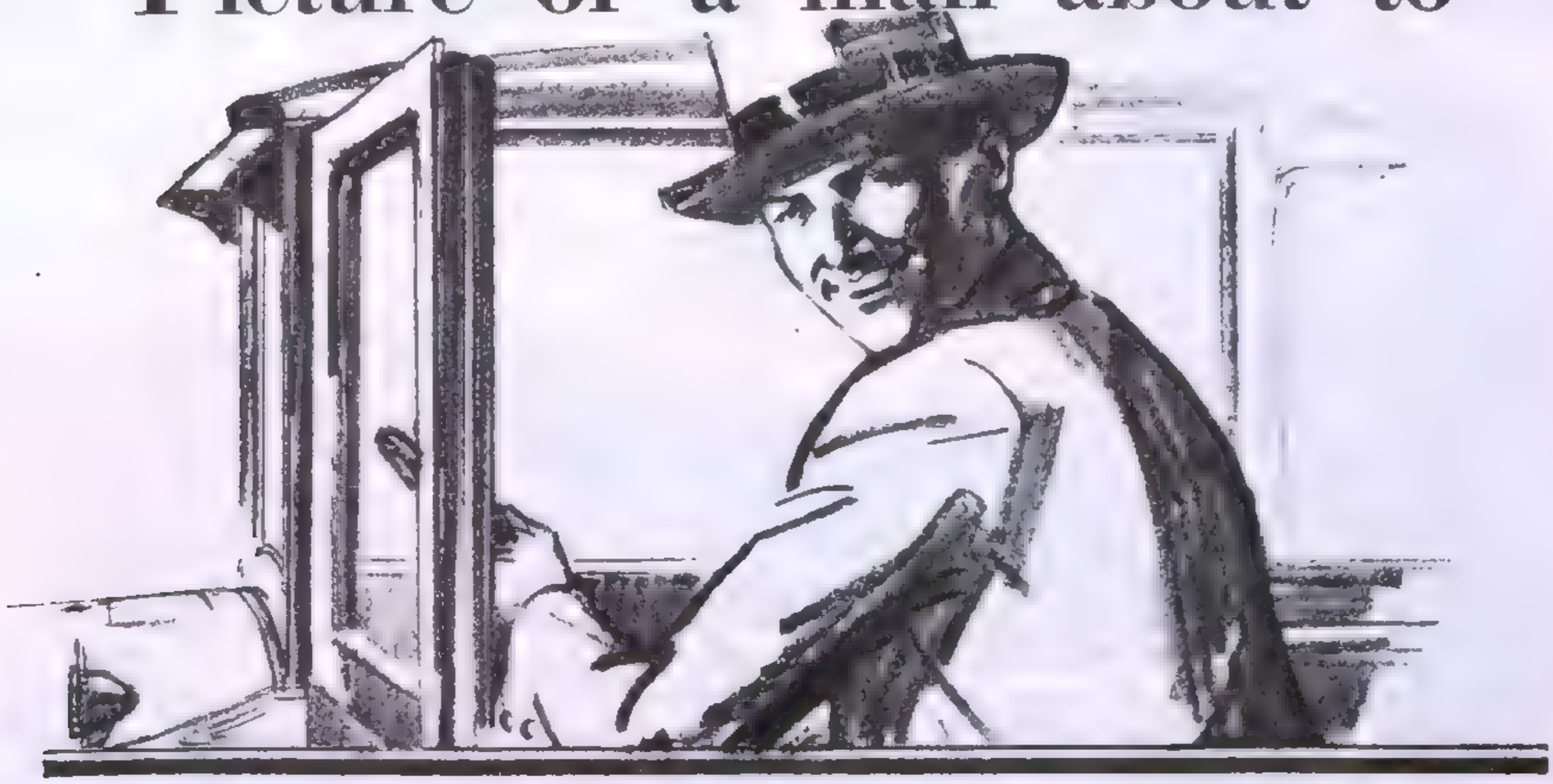
I know where there are several butterfly tables at about $1000 apiece, and when they are sold more will appear to fill the gaps; and that is the butterfly-table situation, if you care to read between my lines. I have heard of a butterfly-table factory that produces tables older than the oldest. With its product retailing at $1000 each, this factory can allow an expert to spend more than a couple of hours in making a two-hundred-year-old butterfly table. Here we shoot a fine rat and his name is A. Faker.

Now that we've run foul of this faking, let me digress long enough to apologize a little and to dwell on the subject a while. In some of my previous articles I said that I was a bull on the faking situation, and that, in my opinion, there was more smoke than fire.

I'd like humbly to retract some of that bullishness. Faking is becoming more rampant and some of the older dealers seem to be going bad. Added to these are some who have gone into the business with every willingness and inclination to be crooked. I still believe that the percentage of honest dealers is very high, but the aforementioned rotten apples are playing havoc in the barrel. The square dealer will welcome this

(Continued on Page 60)

Picture of a man about to



drive a car faster than he *ever has before*

He's about to try out a Flying Cloud of 1929, this man you see here.

He's going to drive a motor car faster than he ever has before.

There are a lot of reasons why he'll go so fast.

It won't be simply because this Flying Cloud will easily hit a higher speed than any car he ever owned.

But he can step on the gas and the front end won't shiver when the speedometer flicks from seventy up.

He'll have brakes that will stop him more quickly and gently than those on the old "bus."

The steering wheel will lie quietly in his hands—and straighten out automatically if he has to round a curve.

There won't be any bumps in the road, no matter how fast he goes.

And if he wants to pass a car ahead, he'll learn a few things about acceleration that aren't taught by most automobiles.

If you don't believe it, here's what you can do . . . Go to the nearest Reo dealer, and take the place of the man in the picture. Make a Flying Cloud of 1929 do all the things we've talked about.

In your hands, she'll travel faster than any other car at the price—and faster than a lot of those that sell for more. Tackle the highest hills and the roughest roads you know. Open up the throttle on the longest straight stretch you can find.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Lansing, Michigan

1929 REO FLYING CLOUDS

(Continued from Page 58)

and the next one or two paragraphs, because extortionate prices are in a great measure to be laid at the door of the faker and the seller of fakes.

As before suggested, it costs a lot of money to fake a piece well enough to deceive a good judge. Moreover, the fake has to be sold at the price of its prototype, in order that suspicion shall not be excited. I am told that Early American fakes are being very cleverly made in Europe, where labor is cheap and faking ability high. Old wood is used, the cabinetmaking is unbelievably deft, and it takes something very much more than a casual inspection to detect these crafty masqueraders.

The dealer in fakes will almost always glibly guarantee his goods, and that means nothing to you unless it carries also the privilege of return and money back in case the pieces are pronounced spurious after an inspection by a disinterested expert cabinetmaker. If you are in the least doubt, ask for this privilege; if it isn't freely granted, don't buy. That will be more fully covered later.

Assuredly it would be pleasant to state that all antique dealers are thoroughly honest. The making of such a statement would be a very agreeable thing, but it cannot be done. There are, however, degrees of honesty, and there are times when a dealer is made to seem dishonest when he has absolutely no intention of being so. All dealers are not all wise and they are themselves sometimes fooled. Again, some dealers will not knowingly sell a spurious piece to a customer, but will not hesitate to send it to an auction house to be sold. A reputable auction house should, of course, not accept such a piece; it should have its own experts, and no faintly odorous specimen could appear on its block. All auction houses should consider themselves as directly responsible to the buyers.

A fine antique comb-back arm Windsor chair in its original condition is easily worth $250 of any man's money—honestly worth it. They are fairly rare and eagerly sought for. A good reproduction, sold as such, is worth seventy-five dollars any time. When you attempt to fake a Windsor, you not only have to make it entirely in the ancient manner—an extremely difficult task—but you must use old wood, and then fake every eighth inch of it, so that if it is taken apart only the most knowing will recognize its duplicity. It takes a wonderful craftsman to do that, and you must pay well for a wonderful craftsman's time and silence. So, before you know it, your costs have come very close to your selling price, and your profit must include a fat percentage for a bail fund to be used when you are caught.

Tweedledee and Tweedledum

In one of the large Eastern cities I saw some splendid Spanish furniture so good that it never occurred to me to doubt it until the importer told me that he had had it made in Sicily only a couple of months back. I asked him whether it was difficult to get it into the country without paying duty.

He forthwith blew up and demanded how I dared insinuate that he would even try to pass fakes through the customs. After I got him calmed down I asked him to whom he sold the stuff.

"Oh," he replied, "the antique dealers just eat it up." The difference between tweedledee and tweedledum. The importer sold the pieces as reproductions, but some dealers forgot how to pronounce that word.

The distinction between the prices for antique fine furniture of the Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton types on the one hand, and prices for the farmhouse sort on the other, seems to be rapidly disappearing. Good crude stuff is taking a seat far front on the price band wagon.

I have mentioned the butterfly table and its aristocratic price tag. This piece, like others of its kind, was usually made by the itinerant cabinetmaker, who boarded at the farmer's home while he made the needed furniture from wood cut right on the place. Sometimes it was made by the local carpenter; it was seldom a piece of very fine construction. Yet butterfly tables will often cost you more than fine city-made pieces of sophisticated elegance. This is a matter of comparative rarity or collector taste.

Many collectors are perfectly sincere in preferring these crude, quaint pieces to the fine ones. Such collectors would rather pay $1000 for a thoroughly genuine high-type butterfly table than an equal amount for a splendid set of three Hepplewhite dining tables.

A good Pennsylvania German stretcher table with a shaped apron and other commanding points will bring a price far in excess of its beauty. Remember, you who think you own such pieces, that I am talking now of very exceptional specimens. Just because you possess a table with four legs is no assurance that it is worth more dollars than it has legs. On this point much trouble is started; I'll say more about it later.

Several years ago I bought a very fine stretcher table of the above type, dated in inlay, 1770. It stands me, all restored, $150. Two weeks ago I was offered $600 for it. I refused the offer not because I think the table worth $600—I don't—but because I prize it for what it is, and want to keep it.

The Dealer's Price

How are antique prices arrived at, or how do they get that way? Here is a diverting question, and we had best consider it from two angles—the dealer's and the private owner's.

Let's deal with the dealer first. He computes his prices in several ways. You'll often hear a dealer say, "I sell as I buy"—meaning that he adds a set percentage of profit to his cost price, no matter what that cost price might be. If he buys cheaply he sells cheaply. This is an advantageous method for the customer, but hardly fair to the dealer, and I doubt that the practice is, or can be, always maintained. On the usual run-of-the-mill stuff it can be done, but where a dealer makes a great find at a very low price, he can scarcely be expected to add only his regular percentage of profit and sell at a fraction of what other dealers would ask for a similar piece.

Rare specimens are worth rare prices, and you dare not chide a dealer if he is unwilling to sacrifice such a find. Again, the dealer must reckon on some high-profit sales to carry slow-moving or dead stock. The average dealer is not rich and never will be. His business is too precarious.

A few years ago a dealer showed me an exceptionally fine Queen Anne type chair. "What's it worth?" he asked.

"Oh, $125," I guessed.

"Wrong!" said the dealer. "It's $150, and cheap at that. What do you think I gave for it?"

"About $149.50," I said very wittily.

"Ha-ha!" he laughed diplomatically—I was a good customer—"I paid $1.50 for that chair to a colored woman out in the sticks."

The chair was a rarely beautiful one and $150 a very fair price. I did harbor a sneaking thought that he could have extended himself and given the colored woman $1.75, but that's a matter between his conscience and himself. The point in the incident is that the dealer was compelled to ask a fair value for his find, and he dared not sell as he bought. The chair was easily worth $150 at the market.

There is no quarrel with a dealer who sells a fine piece at a decent price. Our squabble is with the one who sells a poor thing at a high price—a much-doctored antique at the price of an original and a pure fake at a king's ransom. Further, dealers arrive at values by watching other dealers' prices and those achieved at auction sales. The theory is that private buyers can profit greatly at the auctions by outbidding dealers who must keep their future profits in mind. This is a plausible theory, but it will seldom work out on good stuff or important pieces. On such things the dealer can outbid the average private buyer for two reasons: Either he already has an order in his pocket for the piece, from a wealthy buyer who has seen the catalogue, or he knows where he can easily place the piece, and price is no object. So it might be argued that the presence of private buyers at an auction is a distinct tendency toward raising prices. For, once it is known that Dealer Spiffens was forced up to $750 to get a curly-maple lowboy and even then sold it at $1000, all the other dealers naturally re-mark their stocks of curly-maple lowboys accordingly, and sometimes with little regard to comparative merits.

So we hereby hit another shining mark. His name is Rich Collector. He is either too busy, too lazy or not sufficiently interested to buy for himself, and does his collecting by proxy. All too often ridiculously high prices are of no moment. How often have I heard a dealer say, when I protested an excessive price, "All right by me. Take it or leave it. All I need do is call up Mr. I. Gotrox and the piece is sold." Moreover, that is rarely a bluff.

Fortunately, this type of let-George-do-it collector is not very numerous, but he is a strong lever in the elevating of prices. Many of the wealthy collectors are the canniest of the canny, and they make a positive fetish of not paying more than a piece is worth merely because they are financially able to do so. They get the same thrill from a bargain as do the rest of us.

I've seen one wealthy collector walk into a shop, ask prices on three pieces and, without a word of comment, turn on an angry heel and stride out, as a rebuke to the dealer for his crazy prices. Such collectors are good collectors and are welcome in the fold.

Dealers complain loudly at the publication, in magazine articles and books, of high prices for certain exceptional pieces. They maintain that the readers remember only the sensational prices quoted, and forget the fact that the pieces were very important ones. This may, in a measure, be true, but the dealer has the remedy in his own hands. It is easy to explain to an owner that the piece he wants to sell is not at all in the same class with those pictured in the magazines. If this does not convince the seller of his error, then the dealer has the option of not paying the price asked, and the game will benefit immensely if he does not.

First Catch Your Collector

Now for the private owner's angle on the price situation. It is inevitable that with the widespread collecting of antiques the owners of them will hear of high prices paid and naturally want to profit as much as is possible. The thing can no longer be kept a secret. Your next-door neighbor is a collector and he is rapidly improving himself in all the phases and fine points of collecting. With the many agencies for transmitting news—the newspapers, magazines, mail, radio, telephone, and so on—the backwoods is no longer the backwoods.

If, as a result of all this spreading of antique-collecting information, the private owner wants all he can get for his treasures, nothing is to be done about it. His prices go up and the dealers' prices keep pace. When the dealer buys high he sells high, and the result is the same. If he cannot see a good profit on the owner's price, there is no law compelling him to buy, and again he'll help enormously if he doesn't.

The day of picking up a Stiegel sugar bowl for fifteen cents is gone or fast going. In that luscious day the value of Stiegel was not known to the owner or dealer. Then a Stiegel sugar bowl was a blue glass sugar bowl and nothing more. If the dealer bought it at twenty-five cents he sold it at $1.25. Supposing that, because of the publicity that has been given antique prices, he is compelled to pay Widow Jones $200 for what she now knows to be a Stiegel sugar bowl. He also knows where he can place the piece at $350 or more, and, unless I am figuring poorly, the difference between twenty-five cents and $1.25 is somewhat less than the difference between $200 and $350.

Again using the same Stiegel sugar bowl—only as a glittering example, however—it is obviously unfair for the Widow Jones to expect the dealer to pay as much as she knows has been paid by collectors. If the Widow Jones wants the top private price let her go out and scare up her own collector, and she will find him unwilling, if, indeed, she finds him at all, to pay her as much as he would have to pay a dealer for the same thing.

So, if the dealer will use his head for something other than a place to park his hat, he will easily see that all this publicity is helping him instead of hurting him. That applies only to the honest dealer; the crook is going to be hurt, and he should be hurt. Publicity always helps a just cause and heaven will protect the poor working girl.

You'll remember the now-considered-low prices paid for the Early American glass at the Temple sale. Such a collection may never go under the hammer again, and it was sold in the days of comparative ignorance of glass values. Nowadays everybody knows something about it, and where one collector existed five years ago a hundred exist today. Is that bad news for the dealer? Publicity did that!

Alias Chippendale

I have taken the trouble to add up from my priced Temple catalogue what the Stiegel glass brought as a whole. It totaled $7291 for 178 pieces, of which number only eight were listed as attributed to Stiegel or doubtful. Of the 178 pieces only thirteen brought $100 or more apiece, and some exceedingly beautiful and rare specimens were sold at that sale.

The other day I heard a rumor of a dealer who bought a glass collection for $5000 and sold it for $13,000 or $8000 dealer's profit. Could that dealer have done as well in the dark days of the twenty-five-cent blue sugar bowl? Next time I see him I'm going to ask him that question, and if he says he could have, I'm going to stamp my foot angrily. I know dealers, in these days of pitiless publicity, who are driving purple eight-cylinder cars. In the secret days they were glad to drive wheelbarrows, and these are the dealers who are crying their hearts out because Widow Jones' blue Stiegel sugar bowl gets its picture in the papers once in a while.

A tremendous factor in the prevailing high prices is the careless use of names to ascribe unfounded origins to uncertain pieces. I doubt that there are a dozen pieces of Chippendale-made furniture in the United States. Yet how many times do we see pieces carelessly called Chippendale, when only Chippendale type is meant; and the prices would make the redoubtable Thomas, who, I believe, was no piker when it came to making out bills, quite uneasy in his six feet of earth. The same fallacy holds with all the other celebrated makers—Hepplewhite, Sheraton, Adam, Shearer, Phyfe, Goddard, Gostelowe, Savery, Randolph, and so on. The five last named makers were American, so it is safe to assume that many authentic examples of their work are still extant in this country.

All too often the antique advertisers will indulge themselves in something like the following: The delicately shaped cabriole legs, with restrained carving on the knees, the pure, serene lines of the beautiful molding, and the other exquisite items of splendid cabinetmaking indicate beyond doubt that this piece was made by Thomas Chippendale himself.

And that is very apt to be pure unadulterated apple sauce or, as it is known to the elect, "Bologney." Such pleasant romancing leads to excessive prices, and it should be stopped.

(Continued on Page 65)

LONG LIFE

876

¾-TON COMMERCIAL $670
1-TON (G-BOY) - - $895
1½-TON - - - - $1245
4-wheel brakes (Lockheed Hydraulic), 4-speed transmission
2-TON - - - - $1595
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(Chassis Prices f. o. b. Detroit)

½-TON PANEL DELIVERY CAR - $770
(Complete with body f. o. b. Detroit)

LONG lives . . . . Busy lives . . . . Years and miles of bending their speed, their power, their endurance unceasingly to the building of business . . . .

That is the story, unchanging, told by Graham Brothers Trucks and Commercial Cars everywhere—all types, all lines of business.

Thousands upon thousands go on year after year . . . . 100 . . . . 200 . . . . 300 miles a day . . . . fast, dependable, economical . . . . good roads and poor . . . . good drivers and bad.

Your local Dodge Brothers Dealer will show you the right truck, body type and chassis size to fit your requirements. He will tell you how long life is *built into* Grahams *at the factory*—how other business men, your neighbors, your associates, your competitors, are getting this long life out of Grahams. He will show you his complete service facilities.

And he will surprise you when he tells you the low prices.

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

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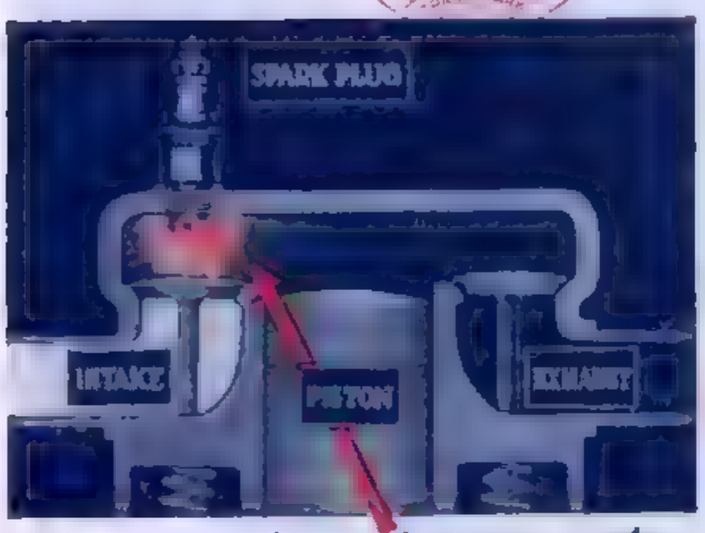
TRUCK DIVISION OF
DODGE BROTHERS INC.

SOLD AND SERVICED
BY DODGE BROTHERS
DEALERS EVERYWHERE

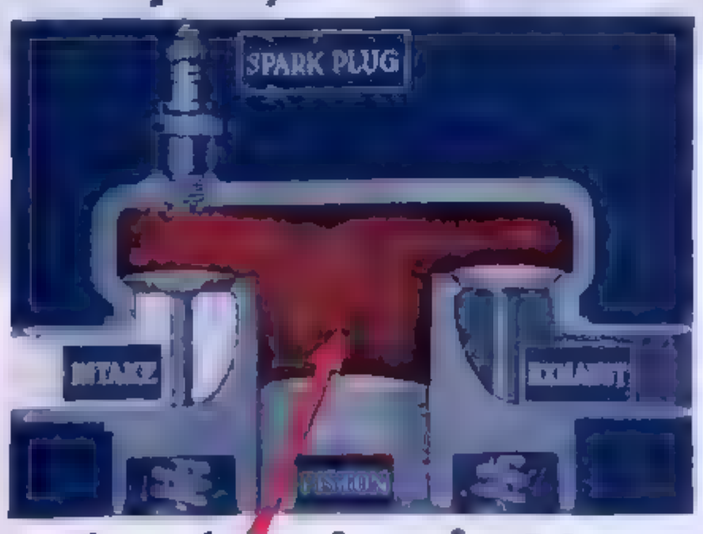
CHAMPION *National*



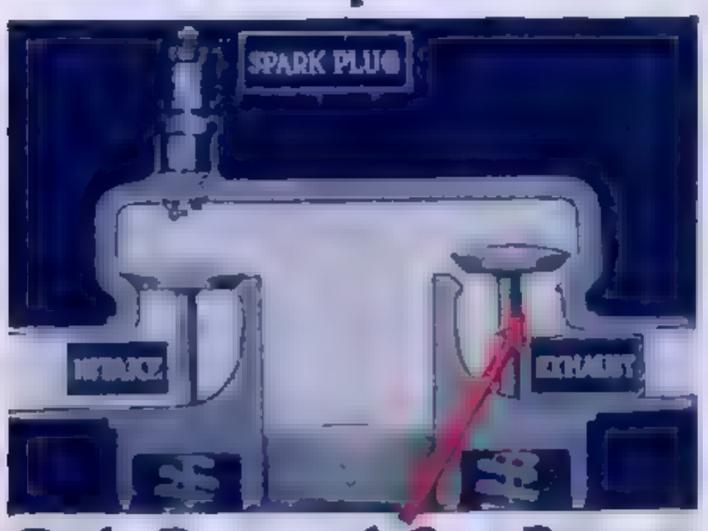
The Hot Spark Fires the Gas Mixture

The Weak Spark Fails to Properly Fire the Gas

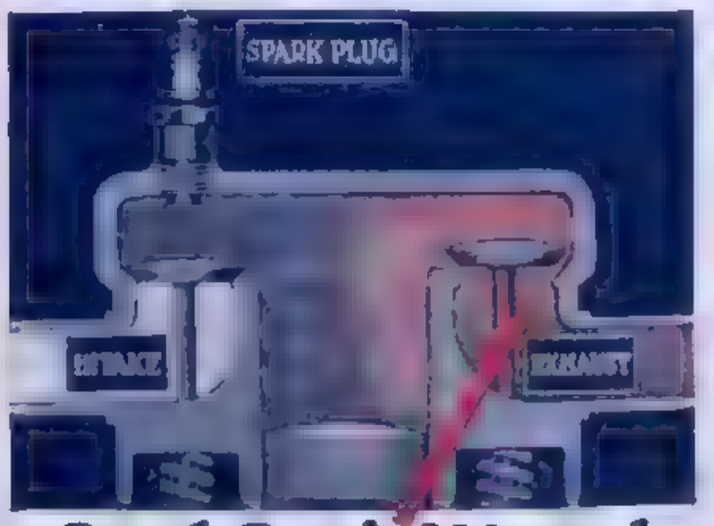
Combustion is Practically Complete



Combustion is Not Complete



Only Burned Gas Passes Through the Exhaust



Good Gas is Wasted Passing out the Exhaust

What happens in your motor

It is easy to understand why you should install new spark plugs once a year. They quickly save their cost in gas and oil, and improve car performance. Here is how your engine operates—

The gaseous mixture from the carburetor is drawn into each cylinder by the downward stroke of the piston, then compressed by the upward stroke and ignited by the spark plug.

The compressed gas burns with great rapidity—it does not "explode"—and expands to many times its former volume, forcing down the piston and developing the power.

The full, efficient spark, delivered at the firing points of the spark plug, assures rapid and complete burning of the gas, with maximum expansion, and full power.

But if the spark is weak the burning is much slower and only partially complete.

Unburned gas is wasted through the exhaust. Some is condensed and works by the pistons to dilute the oil in the crankcase. Power is lost. Engine performance is seriously impaired.

For these reasons it is real economy to install new spark plugs every 10,000 miles, or once a year.

No matter how well a spark plug is made it is bound to deteriorate under the tremendous stress imposed by modern engines.

The higher compression actually delivers hammer-like blows. The excessive heat imposes terrific *strains*. Destroying chemical reactions take place.

That spark plugs continue to function under the extreme conditions to which they are subjected is a tribute to the great advance in spark plug design and manufacture.

And in this advancement Champion has always played the major part—always pioneered and anticipated the requirements of engine designers.

NEW SPARK PLUGS GIVE
MORE POWER AND SPEED
GREATER ACCELERATION
THEY SAVE OIL AND GAS

Change Week

MAY 6th to 12th

Once again Champion reminds you that to enjoy perfect engine performance during the next twelve months you should install a complete new set of spark plugs now.

All car manufacturers recommend and hundreds of thousands of motorists are changing spark plugs every year to insure better and more economical car operation.

You should renew even Champion Spark Plugs, which give much better service for a much longer period than ordinary spark plugs.

Champion—in the Blue Box—for all cars other than Model T Ford, and for trucks, tractors and stationary engines—75c.

If you have used your spark plugs more than 10,000 miles, a new set of dependable Champions will noticeably improve power and speed *and save their cost many times over in less gas and oil used.*

Make Champion National Change Week—May 6th to 12th—your yearly reminder to install a complete new set of Champions. Any one of more than 100,000 dealers will be glad to serve you.

Champion Standard Ford Equipment For 16 Years

Champion is standard equipment on the new Ford Model A car just as it was on the Model T and on Ford Trucks and Fordson Tractors.

Champion 3X—in the Red and Blue Box—standard equipment on the new Model A Ford—75c.

Champion X—in the Red Box—for Model T Ford—60c.

There is a correctly designed Champion for every engine. Buy by number

Ajax	3	McFarlan	6
Auburn	1	Moon	2
Buick	6	Nash (Big & Spec.)	6
Cadillac	2	Nash (Light)	4
Chalmers	4	Oakland (to '24)	6
Chandler (from '23)	3	Oakland (from '24)	3
Coecker Cab	3	Oldsmobile (to '28)	6
Chevrolet	5	Oldsmobile E30	14
Chrysler	2	Overland 4	7
Chrysler "Red Head"	2	Overland 6	2
Cleveland	3	Overland Whippet	2
Cunningham	3	Packard (to '26)	2
Davis	4	Packard (from '26)	3
Diana	2	Paige 8-85	3
Dodge 4	3	Paige (all others)	4
Dodge 6	4	Peerless	4
Duesenberg	8	Pierce Arrow	2
Elcar	1	Pontiac	3
Erskine	4	Reo (to '27)	7
Essex	9	Reo Flying Cloud	1
Falcon	1	Reo Wolverine (to '28)	1
Flint	2	Reo Wolverine '28	14
Ford Model T	X Long	Rickenbacker	6
Ford Model A	3X	Rolls Royce 40-50	8
Franklin	AP-3	Rolls Royce 40-65	9
Gardner	1	Star 4	3
Hudson	9	Star 6	4
Hupmobile 4 & 8 to '28	2	Stearns-Knight	1
Hupmobile 6	3	Studebaker Commander	3
Hupmobile 8 '28	14	Studebaker Dictator	1
Jewett	4	Studebaker President	4
Jordan	4	Stutz 6	3
Kissel	4	Stutz 8	8
Lafayette	2	Velie 50 and 80	1
Lincoln	4	Velie 60	6
Lincoln Turbo head	3	Wills Ste Claire	9
Locomobile	1	Willys-Knight 4	4
Marmon 75	4	Willys-Knight Great 6	2
Marmon N 78 & T 68	1	Willys-Knight 70 Lt. 6	1
Maxwell	4	Yellow Cab	3

CHAMPION

Spark Plugs

TOLEDO, OHIO.

NEW SPARK PLUGS ASSURE
BETTER CAR PERFORMANCE
FREEDOM FROM REPAIRS
GREATER TRAVEL COMFORT

The Thrust-Radial Electric Motors

Bearing durability is the critical factor in motor costs. Radical savings are certain with bearings which overcome not only the wear of friction and radial load, *but of thrust and shock as well.* That is exactly what Timken Bearings do, because they have the extreme thrust-radial capacity made possible only by Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken electric steel.

Full thrust-radial capacity means invincible endurance—the endurance which has brought all Industry to Timkens—which makes anti-friction economies practical for the million-pound loads of cement mills or steel mills—which preserves the micrometer accuracy of machine tool spindles—which is speeding output and slashing depreciation charges in every type of industrial equipment.

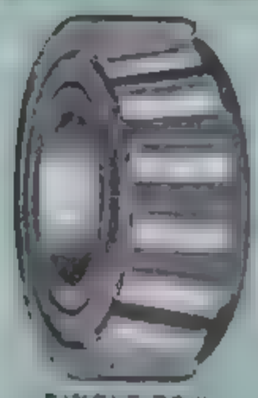
Timken thrust-radial capacity in motors makes them equally efficient operating on floor, wall or ceiling. It makes them equally wear-proof with any type of drive. It permits the compact mountings that save space, shorten shafts, increase rigidity and improve ventilation.

With nothing more than a negligible amount of lubrication Timken-equipped motors are kept like new. Abrasion and burn-outs are warded off permanently. There is no leakage or dripping to soak the windings or damage the product. And acceleration is faster, but non-destructive.

Timken Bearings are forcing costs to their lowest levels in motors, as in practically every type of equipment throughout all Industry. The records of thousands of Timken-equipped motors are conclusive. Specify Timken Bearings for the heavy-duty jobs that once were "death to motors." Specify Timken Bearings for any motor you order. Any motor manufacturer will build them in for you.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS



SINGLE ROW TIMKEN BEARING

SELF-CONTAINED TIMKEN BEARING

(Continued from Page 60)

Anything carrying fretwork is dubbed Chinese Chippendale; anything with a graduated, four-sided, tapering leg is Hepplewhite; all painted furniture is nicknamed Sheraton; any snake foot is Queen Anne; and the merest semblance to a block front is immediately Goddard. I own a little secretary with tapering square legs, and I'll take eleven affidavits to the effect that it is not Hepplewhite. I found it in Berks County, Pennsylvania, and it was probably made by August Wilhelm Schmidheiser at two o'clock on a fine day in June, and that doughty carpenter would have thought Hepplewhite a newfangled brand of imported sardines.

A very pathetic factor in raising prices is the regrettable practice of the kind-hearted collector or dealer in wittingly fooling an owner. Assume that, after inspecting a piece, he does not want it. Just to make his exit easier or to see the owner swell with pride, he will say, "Yes, that's a museum piece—a marvelous example—but I cannot use it at present. If I were you I would not take less than $500 for that piece." And all the while he knows that it is not worth fifty dollars. This practice may have its roots in the soil of great kindness, but it is a pernicious thing to do.

A few years ago I went through one section of the South, and at every shop I struck the trail of a well-known collector and heard: "Yes, indeed, I know that's a museum piece. Mr. Snooper saw that piece—you've heard of Mr. Snooper, of course. Well, he said that piece is worth $1000."

Mark you, however, that Mr. Snooper did not buy the pieces, but he did cast up a flotsam and jetsam of $1000 estimates as he wallowed his way through that particular sea of antiques.

Squiggs to Jiggs to Wiggs

An antique is high, in many instances, because it is saddled with too many profits. Dealer Squiggs buys a piece from its original owner. Dealer Jiggs purchases it from Dealer Squiggs, and Dealer Wiggs buys it from Dealer Jiggs, and so on until the piece is one-tenth original cost and nine-tenths profits.

On a few antiques the price advance has not been a steady one. It has ebbed and flowed in some classes, but each succeeding flow brings it higher than the one preceding it. Early American pewter, for instance, enjoyed a terrific price boost a year or two ago. Now, for some reason, pewter is not the reigning fad and fancy among collectors, and the price is momentarily depressed. Authenticated Early American pewter will come back. I think that the faking of American pewterers' touch marks has hurt the pewter game a great deal. It is too easy to do. You need only get a genuine mark to copy, and any diesinker can make you a die with which you can impress the rarest name in the metal, and if the impression is not too clear the fraud is very hard to detect.

Recently a dealer held up to me a large pewter ewer and asked: "What is it worth?" I took it from him, casually glanced at the bottom, and saw the magic name of Bassett—an early New York pewterer.

"Oh, $250," I said.

"You can have it for thirty dollars," said the dealer.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Fake touch mark," he said. I looked at the piece again—the fake was a beautiful one.

Staffordshire blue china, especially the historical variety, has its ups and downs. It is, right now, coming up. Here again fakes are aplenty, and sometimes very good.

Glass cup plates are down now. A man wrote me that he had a dozen Tippecanoe plates. I gave him the names of some good dealers and one of them gave him thirty dollars for the lot—a good price—but a year ago they would have brought twice that. Cup-plate fakes are rampant and are doubtless responsible for the price depression.

"If," you ask, "all this pessimism about high prices and fakery is merited, what can be done to correct the evils?" That is a hard question. I have some answers ready, and though they may not materially alter the situation, it is possible that they might help a little. In the first place, high prices are bad for both the dealer and the collector. If they persist and grow at the present rate, the number of buyers will decrease until collecting will get into a class with polo and yachting—rich men's games. That will automatically make for fewer dealers and more fakes. In the end it will kill collecting.

Even the remaining moneyed collectors will get tired of being gouged, because buying low is one of the greatest joys in collecting. I wonder how many denials I will get if I say that it is the supreme thrill. There is more real kick in getting one good piece at one-tenth its value than in getting ten pieces at their just values. The prospect of making finds keeps many collectors collecting. Also it is a great and lasting disgrace to pay enough or too much for any piece. If you pay what a piece is worth you never mention it, but if you pick up a genuine William and Mary highboy for forty dollars, the ears of the world will ache before you're half through telling about it.

What, then, should you pay for antiques? The answer is: Just as little as possible. The low price in combination with the reliable dealer is your very best protection. If you buy low you'll buy less, but you'll buy more safely. Buy with discrimination. That, you'll protest, is easy to say, but hard to do. People say to me, "I'd love to collect antiques, but I don't know anything about them." The answer to that is: Inform yourself. Study the game. There are many good books on the subject. Tie up to dealers with spotless reputations. There are very many such. If you don't know who they are, your collecting friends will tell you.

Look for a Square Dealer

If doubt enters into your consideration of an antique, ask the dealer if he will give you the privilege of submitting it to an expert cabinetmaker for inspection and judgment as to its genuineness. If he is an honest dealer he will gladly do that, because he knows full well that a deceived customer can hurt him more than a dozen satisfied ones can help him. If a dealer remarks, "Your eyes are your judge and any sale is final," look out! But if he says, "If you find that piece to be wrong, bring it back," you are safe, and if the price suits you, buy it.

There are plenty of conscientious dealers who take their business seriously, love it and want to remain in it. The roster of the unscrupulous dealers is growing, but so is the roster of the scrupulous. If you are careful you can separate the sheep from the goats. When a dealer unhesitatingly guarantees an antique to be genuine, under penalty of taking it back if proved otherwise, that dealer is your dealer. If he will not do that, let the cannier buyer have him. Discourage excessive prices by refusing to pay them. If the dealers cannot sell at ridiculous prices they will stop buying at ridiculous prices.

To sum up, antique prices are too high and jobbery is growing apace. The cure for both these evils is at the buyer's finger tips. He can kill bandit prices if he refuses to pay them, and he can discourage faking by learning to know what makes a fake or by taking counsel with someone who knows.

Antique collecting is still good; there are plenty of finds yet to be made. It is a grand, sane, laudable hobby to have, and if you use your birthday gift of common sense your chances are just as good as the other fellow's. Go to it, and may you buy an unquestionable Duncan Phyfe sofa for five dollars.

FIRST MORTGAGE

(Continued from Page 50)

was slowly coming to pieces anyhow, but would, in its best day, hold eight small persons, so it was a successful trade and promoted peace in the home. Every household should have two motor cars, as any standard husband knows. We had obtained the smallest possible used roadsters for our large car, thus reducing gasoline consumption to a mere trace. Just show them a man whirling a gasoline pump and they would go fourteen miles farther. Being so tiny, they enlarged our garage facilities. With the big sedan car, it was impossible to store other things, but you could push our two little cars into the same garage and still have room for an old-fashioned barn dance, with a little naval target practice on the side.

Martha, the colored genius from Alabama, arrived in the morning and studied us at length. She was a plump, amiable and sunny woman, and while Esther stood behind a chair shaking her head violently no, I employed Martha to start in immediately and prepare comestibles at what I considered a fair cooking salary. Martha smiled benignantly, took off her hat and began boiling something.

"You will never be able to pay her," said Esther coldly—"not with all the other bills. Do you know how much it costs now per month to run this house?"

"It occurs to me you've mentioned the subject before," I replied, my mind being on hot cakes Alabama style.

Within forty-eight hours Esther Waxman was forced to change her mind about the advisability of hiring a cook. Martha turned out to be a flawless jewel of purest ray serene, who cooked brilliantly, was neat as a new pin and avoided wasting the butter and cream, the main mortal sin among cooks. Nor did she steal coffee or take bacon home under her cloak—another old custom.

Esther worried a great deal, as usual, but was driven to admit that never in our joint career had we circulated amid such refined victuals. On the fourth day of Martha's incumbency, I came home late for dinner, tired, soiled and low in my mind. I tottered into the bathroom, removed the stains of toil and heard my wife's friendly voice in the distance proclaiming dinner was ready.

"All right," I growled.

I walked into the dining room an instant later and the shock struck me. Standing behind my chair, holding my chair for me, ready to push it in when I sat down, was the tallest colored gentleman I have ever seen. He wore a Tuxedo suit and he greeted me with flashing molars. Mind you, I have no Tuxedo suit at all.

"This is William," Esther announced quietly, looking down at her plate, as though about to say grace.

"How are you, William?" I faltered, looking up at him. He bowed like butlers do in the movies. I sat down, was pushed in and William retired to the kitchen to fetch the soup.

"Who is that?" I asked Esther in a low but earnest voice.

"William is Martha's husband," replied the wife. "And please don't swear during dinner, because they are religious people."

"What is he doing here?"

"He is just helping out Martha with the dishes and he asked permission to serve the dinner, so I said he could."

I ate my fodder reverently, editing my conversation as I went along, and it was

Why gamble with car thieves?

WHEN you buy your next automobile, you can beat thievery before it has a chance to take its toll. Merely be sure the car of your choice has a *genuine* Hershey Lock—you can *then* be sure that every time you park—*anywhere*—your car will be waiting when you return.

Only with a *genuine* Hershey Lock on guard can you enjoy full use of your car without a trace of worry. Not only does it lock the ignition, but a hardened steel bolt secures the steering so the car simply cannot be driven.

Regardless of what you pay, insist that your new car is Hershey-protected. Ninety-five models of automobiles, ranging in price from $525 to $7300, now feature the *genuine* Hershey Lock. And more than 2,000,000 enthusiastic owners will tell you there is nothing better.

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UNLESS your town is below the average American community in its prosperity and standard of living you have virtually one motor car on your streets for every family of residents.

Your vehicle registration has no doubt grown with such unexpected and amazing rapidity in recent years that the modernizing of your street-paving system has not kept pace. That has been the case in nearly every American city. Millions of dollars are wasted every year through delays and accidents in traffic that could easily be avoided by a much smaller expenditure in street improvements.

Motor vehicles will continue to increase in numbers. If your city is not already engaged in carrying out far-sighted plans for wider, more adequate and permanent street paving it may never catch up during your lifetime —not if your town grows and prospers!

Why continue to endure traffic congestion with its accompanying dangers? Beautiful, wide, even-surfaced streets cost no more now than later.

You can start a movement among property owners for street improvement. We will gladly tell you how to do it. Write—

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The portland cement concrete street is quickly laid and soon opened to traffic. When finished, concrete streets need never be closed—they serve 365 days a year—year in and year out. Lasting comfort, safety and beauty are assured no matter what the traffic. Concrete is as appropriate for boulevards, parks and fine residential sections as it is for congested down-town business districts. Ask for our illustrated booklet.

PORTLAND CEMENT
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FOR PERMANENCE

one of those meals where you can't reach for anything. William was faster on his feet than Jack Johnson. He beat me to the salt twice and I then quit racing him.

After dinner we retired to the sitting room and Esther added a few facts to my fund. It seems that Martha and William had been employed for many years in New York City by a lovely and wealthy family named Hatcher. Martha had cooked for the Hatchers and William had served as butler, chauffeur, gardener and general handy man. Saving their money, the two had pulled up stakes and had come into the boundless West to seek their sable fortunes, but so far they had met with nothing but ill luck. William was unable to find a job, inasmuch as everybody in our town drives his own car and chauffeurs are as rare as overalls on Park Avenue.

"I hope," said I—"I do hope that nobody gets any funny ideas about William coming to work for us."

"Nobody will," Esther agreed. "As a matter of common sense, we can't even afford Martha."

"We plainly do not require a butler. I have been handing myself food for years and can go on indefinitely."

"Certainly."

"As for having a chauffeur," I argued, "anyone who will glance at our two little pushmobiles will see at once that we do not actually need a chauffeur. That tall Ethiopian gentleman could just about get one shoulder blade into my car."

"Why the conversation?" Esther inquired. "Nobody is going to hire William."

One week later, Esther came forward with news that we might lose our priceless cook. By this time both of us were willing to swear that there had never lived a food chauffeur like Martha. She did not demand new and better dishes or a larger ice box; she did not complain about the tininess of our kitchen or anything else, and seemed in many ways too good to be true.

"It certainly looks as though Martha may leave us," Esther announced gloomily.

"Why? We're treating her nice."

"She and William always worked together in New York and William can't find a job out here, so they feel they want to go back to New York, where jobs are plentiful."

"Oh," I said sadly.

"And besides that, they now live in a shabby little room downtown, with no running water or other comforts. There was no bed until I gave them one. I hate to think of losing Martha."

"So do I."

"The food has been wonderful since she came."

"I know it has."

"We're both healthier."

"I've gained three pounds and my dyspepsia is gone."

"I'm not a very good cook."

"The world's worst."

"Isn't it too bad?"

We said no more about it at the moment, and that evening William appeared in his immaculate Tuxedo and again served the dinner—free service, of course, costing the family nothing and done to indicate to us his friendly attitude.

After the repast, Esther and I talked quietly.

"I have just hired William," she said finally, out of as clear a sky as I have ever seen.

"You did not!"

"I did."

Looking closely at her, I observed that she was not jesting. "Softening of the female brain," I murmured, stunned. "Who's going to pay this man? Where's he going to sleep? And what's he going to do?"

I asked several more questions as rapidly as they occurred to me, and Esther maintained the stoic calm of her sex when it is caught red-handed doing something mad.

"How much salary?"

"Just what we're paying Martha."

"Just what we're going to owe Martha," I corrected her. "This is the silliest act of the year. What do we need him for?"

"Well, we would otherwise lose Martha. They would both go back to New York. The only way left was to hire William, which I have done. We will give them your workroom and you can go upstairs."

"Esther," I said, "you are losing command of the steady old bean. We don't need this six-foot giant any more than Noah needed water. What is there for him to do? The house is too small. The lawn is too small. What will the neighbors say when he begins driving you around in your decrepit automobile, if you can both get in it?"

"He doesn't need to drive the cars," she replied stiffly.

"He wouldn't be seen in such cars," I stated. "Think of William, accustomed to the very finest Hunyada-Espinozas, lowering himself into one of our little tin cans!"

"Don't be smart," said Esther, "and please move your things upstairs."

"There is only one more move left for both of us," I commented. "The truck from the county farm will be along presently, and all I ask is a quiet rear room looking out on an orphan."

The next interesting presence on our front lawn was a somber, square-headed man smoking a pipe and holding a yardstick in his hand. He meandered about aimlessly, elevating the stick at intervals and squinting over it, paying heed to nobody alive.

"Rather quaint," I said to the wife. "Lunatics have now taken up the yardstick craze."

"He's from The Bank," said she, "and you leave him alone."

I walked out immediately to the cool green of the lawn and interviewed the visitor. "You from The Bank?" I inquired pleasantly.

"Yes," he answered, removing his pipe and looking at something with the aid of the stick.

"Not that I care a tinker's dam," I continued, "but in the interest of science, what are you doing and why?"

"Going to make an appraisal," said he, not smiling.

"That's it. Do you wish to come inside and look things over?"

"No," he said defiantly.

"Don't you want to know how large our rooms are?"

"No."

"Want to know how much our stucco wall stucco us in cash?"

"No."

"You want to come upstairs and see the cute photographs of me, taken when a mere child?"

He made no reply to this, but walked about squinting, and I knew then that The Bank had sent out a frightfully inferior appraiser. I followed him about, giving him bits of information, none of which seemed to entertain him.

"Would you care to see where we keep our automobiles?" I asked rather proudly.

"No," said he, not weakening at any point.

I was then about to propound to him a question no living human being could answer with no, when the good wife appeared and ordered me inside.

"That fellow is the bunk," I said. "How can he tell what this lovely property is worth? With him on the job, we probably won't get our mortgage money."

And we didn't. The letter of rejection came in one morning, signed by Mr. Augustus Biddle, the bulky vice president, and all it stated was that The Bank, after careful investigation, did not feel like lending us eight thousand and no one-hundredths dollars.

"I knew you would ruin everything," mourned Esther, the perfect spouse. "Now what shall we do?"

"Well," I rejoined, "we ought to find out if William and Martha have any more adult relatives and employ them all, at once. The

(Continued on Page 68)

The Mystery *of the* Missed Putt

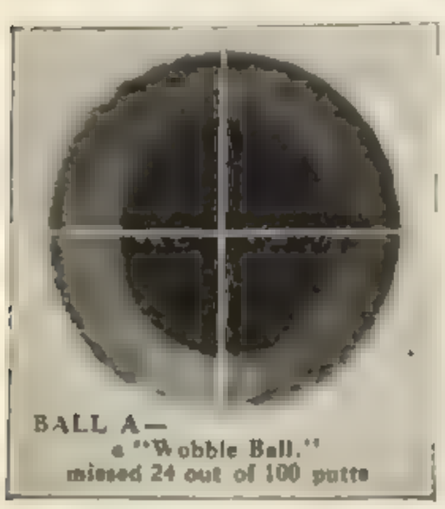
A four foot putt—a level, well kept green—perfect direction and a perfect stroke, yet—with only six inches to go the ball wobbles—rolls off.

UNTIL science uncovered the inside secrets of thousands of well known golf balls, that sort of performance was not only a miss but a mystery—a constant cause of extra strokes and locker-room post mortems.

It took the x-ray and the putting machine to haul the dark gentleman out of the woodpile—to prove that only when the center of gravity is fixed at the exact center of the ball can you expect consistent putting accuracy.

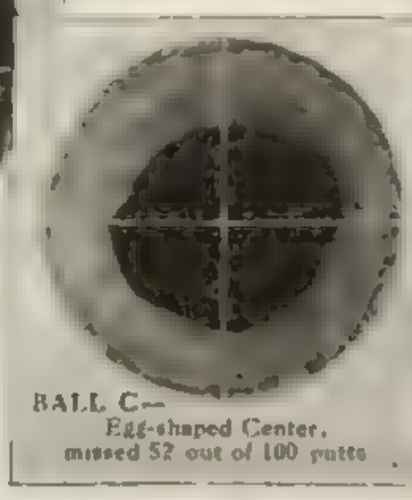
How this was proved is recorded in the unretouched x-ray photographs of the four standard balls shown below.

Look them over—compare the inside construction of balls A, B and C with that of the "U. S." Royal shown at the right. Then look at the score under each picture and see how these balls performed when tested on the mechanical putting machine.



BALL A—
a "Wobble Ball."
missed 24 out of 100 putts

BALL B—
Lopsided Inside.
missed 40 out of 100 putts



BALL C—
Egg-shaped Center.
missed 52 out of 100 putts

"U. S." ROYAL—99 perfect
putts out of 100 shots

"How a Golf Ball is Made"

Let us send you a free copy of an absorbing human interest story of the building of a golf ball, by Robert H. ("Bob") Davis, internationally known author and editor. Address any one of our many branches or The Golf Ball Department, 1790 Broadway, New York.

Sinking 99 out of a hundred putts in this test, the "U. S." Royal took all of the mystery out of the "roll off" type of missed putts forever.

Give a "U. S." Royal the right start for the place you want it to go and you can bank on its getting there.

That's because it's round—mathematically round—round *inside* as well as outside and because it's so made that it *stays* round no matter how hard it's walloped or how long it's played.

In a word the "U. S." Royal is a fine golf ball. Its cover is as sturdy and tough as a cover can be without sacrificing resiliency. It drives as far and as straight as any golf ball made. That and its putting accuracy on the greens are everywhere turning in better cards both for the sharpshooter and the average player.

Your Pro. or authorized dealer has "U. S." Royals both in mesh and recess markings—the price is 75c.

United States Rubber Company

"U. S." ROYAL GOLF BALLS

(Continued from Page 66)

more people we have on board when we crash, the better the crash."

Martha continued to lay food before us that would have lured a pink angel from his starry home. William polished our meek twin fours, cut the lawn, sprinkled Bush Number 1, washed dishes for Martha, polished our twin fours and cut the lawn. I have never known a small lawn to get such a cutting. Seeking to enlarge his activities, he tried to dress me, and that morning saw one of modern society's greatest failures, because I will not have anybody handing me my underwear in the chill light of a newborn day. I was brought up right and can put on my own shirt with a broken arm.

With our good domestic ship racing head-on to disaster, but racing richly, attention naturally turned to my favorite armchair by the fire wherein I sit and think. Esther never approved of it, even in the day when it was new and blooming.

"You'll have to have a new chair," she remarked, and it happened that Martha overheard discourse about the chair. Martha had cooked for only one other person since leaving New York and the Hatchers—just one person. That person was a wild-and-woolly female named Sally Potter, an interior decorator with ideas. The moment Martha found us discussing chairs, her thoughts naturally turned to her former employer, Sally, who took care of people when they had chair trouble in the home.

The result of this accident was that Sally Potter hurried up our front walk, rang the bell, came in smiling and sat down with the manner of a person who is about to make definite changes.

"This is Miss Potter," Esther said. "She is going to take that old chair out of the house, thank heaven."

I observed Miss Potter. I am really no expert and I do not claim that all interior decorators are unhinged. Probably one does not have to be mentally unhooked to be an interior decorator, but I feel certain that some mild form of skull disturbance is a distinct asset for one about to take up the bric-a-brac profession. Miss Potter glanced about the place, her eyes flitting from object to object.

"You'll have to take those down," she said, indicating some small wall lights in brown parchment nighties.

"I thought you came here to see about my chair," I ventured. "Now, after all is said and done, this is a pretty good chair and has a lot of mileage in it yet."

"That will have to come down, too," said Sally, nodding in quiet disdain at our chandelier, a glass-and-bronze masterpiece that I have always regarded as a great work of art. At this point, I learned something else. Never argue with an interior decorator.

"How about those curtains?" I asked the woman, just to test her, for the curtains had been bought at some frightful cost during a season when Esther and I had money.

"They're terrible," said Sally instantaneously. "Everything in the room is terrible, and clashes with everything else. That sofa, or couch, is pitifully out of date; its shape is wrong and it is also full of moths. Those framed pictures over the fireplace are positively weird in a room like this. The mirror belongs in a barber shop, not a home. You should take that radio set out at once, for it ruins the room, and the bookcases belong back in the era when girls wore bustles."

"Outside of that," I murmured, "we're all right. What about those keyholes?"

Sally Potter, once she warmed to her subject, left no stone unturned, and I could see Esther, the faithful wife, beginning to loathe her once happy home and all it contained. Sally was truthful about the moths, but we have had them a long time, and after a few years a man gets to enjoy a moth.

"Sally," I said seriously, "there is some loose talk about getting in a new armchair for yours truly, though it is not needed. The remainder of this house is all right, whether you like it or not. You don't live here, you know. Neither will we after First Mortgage Week."

"And," continued Sally, as though humoring a willful child, "you wouldn't want anyone to have dinner with you while you keep that battered old cheap-looking imitation-walnut dining set. Ugh!"

She was peeking out into our dining room now, with the uneasy glare one finds in the eyes of interior decorators and Eskimos. She shuddered at sight of the boards off which we fed ourselves.

Esther had caught the disorder. "Sally," she asked abruptly, "what would you sell us a good dining-room set for?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars," replied Sally, "with six chairs."

"Send us four sets," I remarked ironically; and seeing there was no use idling about while two women discussed the state of a home—once a fair and sunny home, but now in the last stages of disintegration—I repaired to the garage and cranked up.

Two days after this conversation, a man entered the house, wearing overalls, and removed my stuffed red armchair. Assisted by another man, he began to denude the room.

"What's all this?" I asked Esther.

"Sally is sending in some things," she replied quite calmly. "We do need a change, Roger. Our furniture is really old, shabby and disreputable."

"Which means that you fell for that decorator's guff?"

"I went over to her shop and saw everything. It's perfectly beautiful. She has one screen for three hundred dollars that is a marvelous thing."

"You can buy fly swatters for a quarter," I returned, not knowing the kind of screen under discussion.

"And," stated Esther triumphantly, "we won't have to pay for the new dining-room set for months and months."

"Oh! Then we are having in a new dining-room set?"

"Yes, of course."

"And our previous furniture is taken from us?"

Esther nodded brightly. "It is all going to be replaced with lovely new things—rugs, chairs, pictures, mirrors, davenports, bookcases, electric fixtures, and so on, just as Sally wishes, because she knows about decorating. We have needed new things for a year or two."

"Sort of getting the place fixed up nice for the next occupants," I said, thinking of Mr. Austersmalz. "Ever since Martha came to this house and William followed in his Tuxedo, you haven't been the same old Esther. You're the least little mite off, young lady. How much will Sally's bill be?"

"Twenty-four hundred dollars," replied the wife, without even wincing, which goes far to prove that a normal, lovely woman can learn to accept anything.

"We owe that, do we?"

"Of course."

"And eight thousand to the pride of Potsdam makes ten thousand four hundred dollars. Add to that the salaries of the thousands of colored people we are now housing and the thing is impressive, wife We're getting to be somebody in this world In case of inquiry, how are we going to pay for any part of this?"

"Frankly," said Esther, "I do not know; but I believe in our good star. I am tired of pinching and saving and not having the nice things we ought to have. I likewise believe that a special Providence watches over little children and professors in natural history, and even if we do lose everything we have, we can start all over again in a cottage, because while I have you, Roger, what does anything else matter?"

"Spoken like a true daughter of Dayton, Ohio," I said, drawing the good old Esther to me and giving her a hearty smack "United we stand," I said cheerfully, "on a street corner with a couple of tin cups. But we had our blaze of glory anyhow."

For some reason known only to women, Esther at this point began to weep softly, so I held her hand in the darkness until the nine o'clock show started, and then went on over to the movies by myself.

Every morning, as we came down the home stretch into the open maw of financial destruction, William donned his impressive New York chauffeur's uniform and walked up and down the drive slowly, where I could see him. In his quiet way he seemed to be reproaching me. I was keeping a good and handsome chauffeur from his natural job, and, there being nothing else to do around the place, he daily attached the Boston pup to a string and led him solemnly down the streets. This attracted attention, pleased William and harmed nobody. The impression remained firm in the minds of Martha and William that they were now employed by a couple of extremely rich but extremely tight-fisted skinflints who wouldn't spend a dime to see General Grant leave his tomb.

A certain Monday evening arrived, and with it the small, select poker coterie that comes every month or so to relieve me of thirty-nine dollars. The crowd invariably is composed of the same gentlemen, and includes old Ralph Long, the used-car czar, and Doc Tiffany, the dentist, who, after a long career with the battling molars, gave over the whole thing abruptly and began making windowpanes with great success.

Esther's custom, when the boys come to play poker, is to greet them with assumed enthusiasm and go hastily upstairs to bed, where she reads a book while I lose the family funds. On this Monday eve, Doc Tiffany brought along a friend, a casual acquaintance. Esther looked at him once. So did I. My heart stepped up about four revolutions, for Doc's friend was none other than Augustus Biddle, the well-known banking V. P. and chronic head-shaker.

"How do you do?" he asked gayly, and that was the first time I knew that bankers ever laughed. Being the host, with no choice, I smiled politely and shook hands.

"That's Mr. Biddle," Esther whispered, stricken with awe.

"I know it is. And he has plenty of nerve, coming around to my house to play poker after the way he treated us."

"Let him win," Esther urged. "It tickles a banker to win a few dollars at poker."

"Did I ever keep anyone, banker or not, from winning?" I asked, and the wife went on up to her book. The game began and Mr. Biddle started with three aces, which he had probably brought up from the bank with him. At any rate, he won the first pot and raked in the smiling chips with all the jolly clubbability of a hail fellow well met. He did well continuously in a small way, until we quit on the stroke of one.

Martha had spread herself proudly on a light collation for the guests, consisting of assorted sandwiches, potato salad, ginger ale and what goes with it, pickles in various stages of limp seediness, sliced cold meats, and so on; and Mr. Biddle, of The Bank, had one startled look at the edibles and began foraging. It appeared that he was a pickle addict. He ate heartily, even ravenously, sometimes laying down a couple of queens to attack the olives.

William paraded in and out in his full-dress uniform, and I am convinced that this spectacle left its mark upon Mr. Biddle. He said nothing, but continued to gnaw at various foods. I caught him staring at the Sally Potter exhibit in our sitting room and testing the Oriental rug with his toe—a rug owned entirely by Sally and worth twelve hundred dollars, so she said when she put it in for a trial run without obligation.

At one o'clock in the morning I owed the poker game thirty-one dollars, and among the laughing winners was Augustus Biddle, who weighed four pounds more than when he arrived.

Esther was wide-awake when I retired. "Did Mr. Biddle win?" she asked.

"To them that hath shall be given," I murmured, and went to bed.

Morning arrived—a sunny morning, a brilliant, dazzling morning—and with it the long-expected death sentence. The first mail brought word from Mr. Austerhausen's secretary that he would be pleased to have us walk through his front door and place eight thousand dollars upon his desk, with interest to that very instant. This being done, our business relations would cease.

"Wife," I said to Esther, keeping up a brave front, "this is the end. The long-awaited has arrived. We put up a good fight to construct, maintain and keep a home, but I think we were a little bit out of our class. After today is over, we will go and rent a couple of rooms in some quiet lodging house down near the railroad tracks and start life over. I think you balled things up a trifle, but I am not going to hold it against you. Cæsar was ambitious, too, and it got him."

Esther smiled wanly. She is a fine little woman, if you overlook the cooking. "We shall have to go downtown at once," she said.

"And simply tell the man the truth, which is that we haven't got eight thousand iron men, and never will have it."

Esther stepped upstairs for her hat, and as I had mine on, I merely waited sadly in the sitting room, with one leg over the new unpaid-for oak table. Several things happened simultaneously.

William backed out one of our small roadsters, and mingled with its soprano exhaust was the sterner note of an adult car arriving in the drive. The telephone began ringing the nasty, bitter ring that a telephone sometimes has—and nobody answered it. Someone knocked loudly at our front door and went away before I could open it.

"Please answer that sweet and pure telephone," I howled upstairs at the patient wife, and she did so.

I stood stoically in the middle of Sally Potter's rug and Esther came downstairs, carrying her funny green hat and looking as if she had seen a ghost.

"Roger," she said huskily, "we won't have to go downtown and see Mr. Austerhausen at all."

"Why won't we?"

"Because that was Mr. Biddle on the telephone. He says The Bank has reconsidered and that they will take over the mortgage at once."

"The pickles!" I exclaimed.

"Never mind what it was. We will go at once to The Bank; and please, Roger—please let me do the talking this time."

"Very well," I said in dignity, just as William came in timidly in his well-known traveling uniform.

"You want me to drive you downtown, Mr. Waxman?" he asked.

"No; certainly not. What for? And in what?"

"There's a big car out on the drive," William announced. "Mr. Long sent it up and said as how you was to give it a trial and see mebbe would you like it."

"A large car?" I asked.

"A whopper," said William. "A seedan—and some boat."

"A large used car from Mr. Long. All right, William. This time you triumph. You shall drive us in state. Go out and seat yourself in the large car and wait."

He disappeared with a two-foot grin.

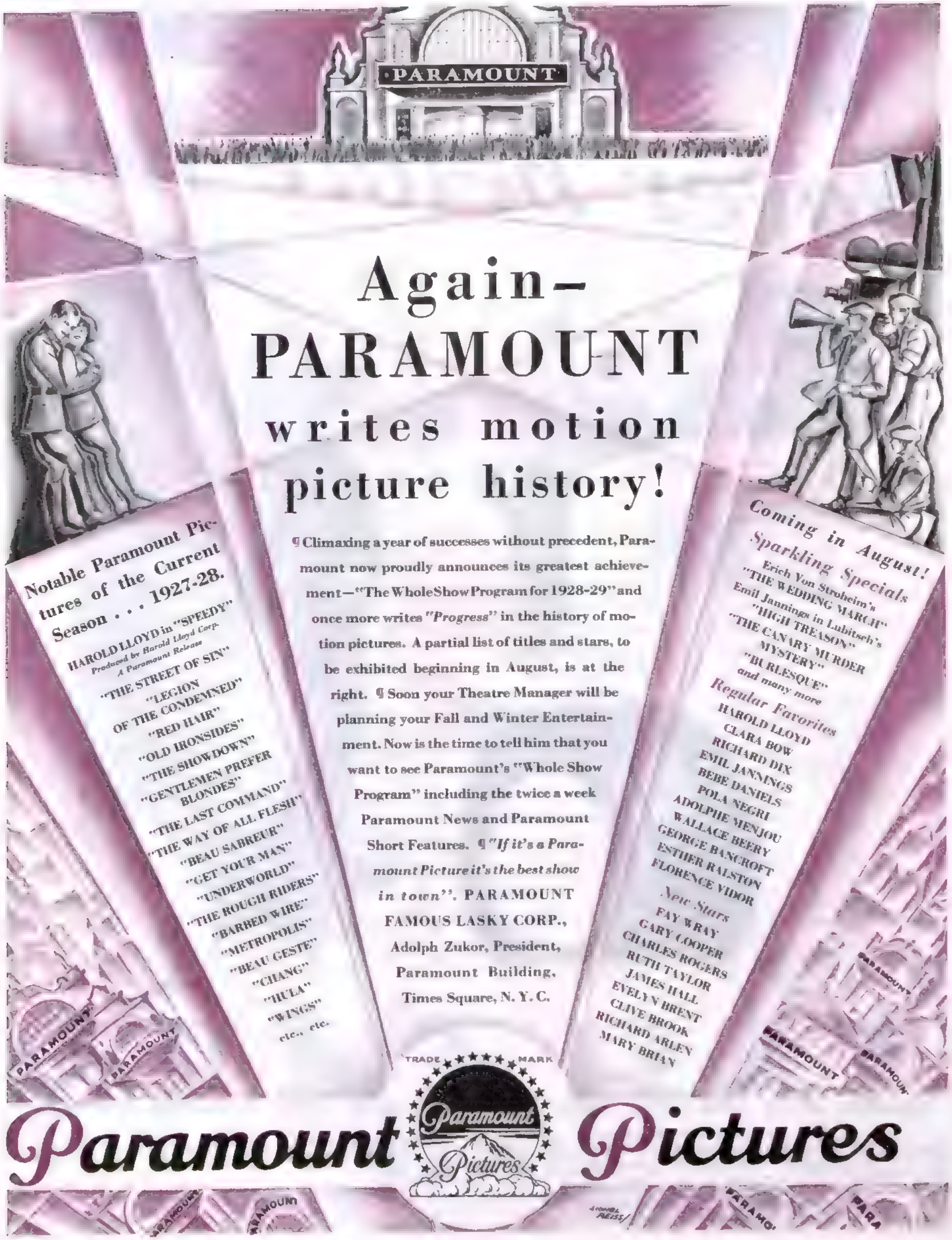
"Hurray," I said, "for us! Three cheers, banzai, vive and hock! We now have a fresh mortgage. We will be driven down to The Bank," I said, taking Esther by the arm, "and try not to laugh as we glide along the pleasant streets."

"Isn't it strange," she remarked, "how things work out?"

"Very. But what are you going to do three years from now when Mr. Biddle's mortgage expires?"

"I wouldn't worry about it," Esther said gently. "I may be married to a money-maker by that time."

We then rode straight down to The Bank in our Long used car behind our uniformed charioteer, bowing gravely to the wide-eyed neighbors, making out we were used to it and fooling nobody.



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(Continued from Page 13)

it was regarded as rather an impertinence on her part. She came to us as the seasons did, bringing a certain change of wearing apparel, and was no more regarded. Of course, mamma was good to her and usually gave her a pair of gloves at Christmas and saw to it that a decent proportion of what was left from our luncheons went onto her tray before it was all devoured in the kitchen. For, although our Ellen had a way of ostensibly existing wholly upon strong tea, nevertheless the victuals disappeared amazingly, and Ellen did not like Miss Smilk—not since the time Miss Smilk had sewed in her room.

Certainly up to now I myself had never thought of Miss Smilk as subject to all the complicated difficulties incident to having been born a girl. It had never occurred to me that she might long for stylish clothing and a gay time. Least of all did I suppose that she would have thoughts about love and marriage.

And when I said "Poor Miss Smilk," as I often did when referring to her, it was with that comprehensive, impersonal pity which the genteel automatically bestowed on all unalterable misfortunes such as the empty dinner pail, the slums, maiden aunts and overworked cab horses. But then, this was the first time Miss Smilk had ever sewed in my room, with the consequent enforced intimacy. Now I might even be obliged to dress in her presence. Of course I would put all my intimate garments on under my nightgown and Miss Smilk would decently keep her head turned away while I did so. But still there was something about two women sitting and sewing in a bedroom that simply made them talk more freely. And no sooner had the first daring stroke of the fatal scissors severed the smooth face of my blue broadcloth than Miss Smilk's humanity was revealed.

"I understand from your mother," she said, looking at me with a knowing smile, "that these new dresses are to be worn for someone."

This unexpected reference to Teddy Peugh was such a jar that I almost cut the bottom of the sleeve pattern too short. Oh, fudge, I thought, why couldn't mamma refrain from boasting to Miss Smilk? It was a shame!

"Well," I admitted, determined to get what satisfaction I could out of it, "it's true, but it's still a secret. However, I'll show you the ring, if you like." I hauled my sparkler from its hiding place and let Miss Smilk take it in her hand.

"Oh," she said softly, "how pretty! And how happy you are! I just know how happy!"

To my surprise and uneasiness, her face had changed completely. It seemed to glow with a soft radiance which transfigured her. Her eyes, behind her thick glasses, were alight with sympathy, and her homely face was flushed. In spite of the limp hair which escaped from the severe knot on top of her head, she looked almost pretty. It was very puzzling. Then she spoke the incredible words.

"I am keeping company, too," said she. "That's why I understand so well how you feel. It's just wonderful, isn't it?"

I could scarcely credit my ears. This drab little cog in our domestic machine actually had a beau! Impossible! But there was something in her face which made doubt disappear.

"Are you—are you engaged?" I gasped.

"Indeed we are!" replied Miss Smilk. "Although I'd be obliged if you didn't mention it to your mother. She might feel I wasn't paying proper attention to my work if she knew. And we can't be married until he gets a bigger salary. He's only making fifteen a week right now. But he expects a raise next month. This will probably be the last time I shall have the pleasure of working here, Miss Nina."

"How thrilling! Do tell me more!" I begged, sinking down into a seat from which Miss Smilk hastily rescued the sewing basket. I felt weak at the deflection of this hitherto solid stone in our domestic foundations. "Are you in love with him?" I asked "I mean, do you really care?"

"More than anything in the world!" she answered. Her eyes were wet with the intensity of her reply. "When he is near, it's like—like heaven. But I don't have to tell you, Miss Nina."

There seemed no question about it. Miss Smilk was not only engaged, she was in love as well. For an instant resentment swept me, for this seemed entirely too good for a person of her station in life. Nevertheless, I was fascinated by her extraordinary revelation and kept at her until I found out further details. It seemed that her young man was in the habit of taking her out to Coney Island and other unfamiliar resorts, such as the German beer garden at 58th Street—Terrace Garden, she called it. The German singing society of which he was a member met there. Sometimes on Sundays they bicycled in the park, for which purpose he hired a tandem bike, but they hoped to buy one of their own when they were married. During the past three years Miss Smilk had saved a hundred and twenty-five dollars, which she expected to contribute toward the furniture. Aha! So this had been quietly going on under our very noses all this time! Wasn't that the pink limit, though?

But as she talked on, conscientiously basting together a lining which lay spread on the lapboard upon her knees the while, she revealed something quite unlike the attitude toward marriage to which I was accustomed.

"Of course we shall be very poor," said she. "But what do I care? One of his kisses is riches enough for me."

"Why, Miss Smilk," I protested, "you don't mean to say that you actually like that sort of thing!"

She paused with a huge basting needle held high.

"Of course," she said. "When you love, it's all right. What else would a person get married for?"

"Why, for a home and to—to help your husband be a success, and—well, I suppose there is that side of it."

"When you love a fellow," said she, "there is nothing like it. Maybe some day I'll be bringing my little ones to see yours, eh, Miss Nina?"

"Miss Smilk," I said, much shocked, "I—I don't even think of such things!"

"Then you hadn't ought to get married," she said simply, "because if you were really in love, you would. For my part, I hope I have seven babies."

For a moment this stumped me completely, for I somehow strongly suspected that she spoke the truth. But an abyss of forbidden ground opened before me at her words, and mumbling an excuse, I fled to papa's bedroom, which was sure to be vacant at this hour, there to bury myself for a moment or two while I regained my equanimity.

But it didn't come back as readily as I had hoped. Hitherto I had comfortably lent myself to the popular ballyhoo about marriage. It had been represented as a highly desirable *mélange* of tulle veils, orange blossoms, sterling-silver gifts, new furniture and a visiting card with Mrs. before the name. Somewhere in the dim background of all this hovered a ghostly male figure who was not to be materialized until the last possible moment—the groom.

Now the little seamstress' affair, which certainly was not likely to be mitigated by many worldly possessions, had upset all my prettily constructed pictures of domesticity. A tandem bicycle and twenty-five dollars a week were certainly not in themselves enough to induce any woman to marry. So it must be the man himself whom she desired. And yet—no question about it—Miss Smilk was a thoroughly nice woman. Granting all of which, what was my own position? Here I was, engaged to a young man against whom absolutely nothing could be said, but there was something important lacking; that was plain.

Certainly I was up against it, for no nice girl broke an engagement unless the man gave ample cause. Also, the thought of what mamma would say if I took such a step was more than I could face. She would never let me hear the end of it. No, the thing to do was to try and learn to love Teddy more. I began to practice this at once, slipping my ring onto the proper finger, holding it to the mirror on papa's dresser, and saying "Mrs. Peugh, how are you, my dear?" to the image therein.

I hated the name of Peugh, but the sound of the Mrs. had a certain comfort in it. And by the time mamma came looking for me I was pretty well resigned to my future as dutiful wife to a good man whom I would never, never allow to guess that he was not all in all to me.

For the next week I plucked bastings and whipped inner seams. I stood for hours at a stretch while hems were turned, or sat patiently over the appliqué work that had been pinned to the bosom of old Nancy, and all day long the sewing machine whirred like a swarm of industrious bees. But as my wardrobe took shape so did my new attitude about Teddy Peugh, all under the steady influence of the seemingly harmless Miss Smilk.

She was forever making allusions to love and happiness, and this gradually undermined my resolve to go through with my promise to the bitter end. The sweet, straightforward sincerity of Miss Smilk's relationship with her Heine finally made me feel that I simply could not go on with my engagement to Teddy. It was too, too awful!

I knew now that marriage was a question in which my feelings had a right to be considered above all false pride about doing the usual thing. I had been badly fooled about tulle veils and orange blossoms and wedding presents being the essentials of a successful marriage, and I resented the deception. Not that I would have mentioned this matter to mamma for worlds.

But I lacked courage to break my engagement off. What to do? Oh, what to do? As I ripped mistakenly placed seams, took in gussets and sewed on endless hooks and eyes, the question was ever tormentingly present. Then one day, right in the midst of fastening my now completed bolero jacket around old Nancy's unresisting shoulders, the solution came to me. If Teddy Peugh could be made to break it off all would be well! That would make a thorough cad out of him and place me, at worst, in the position of a martyr. It was a fierce thing to do and perhaps I was absolutely nutty even to think of such a course. But our marriage could never turn out anything but a frost, for me at least, and so I resolved to go the limit.

Ever since the beginning of Miss Smilk's invasion I had managed to keep Teddy pretty well at arm's length. During his calls I had encouraged papa to talk about the recent war with Spain and his experiences in Cuba, and Teddy had listened respectfully if a trifle impatiently. I had insisted upon mamma's accompanying us to the performance of Denman Thompson in the Old Homestead, to which Teddy had bought tickets.

And on the rare occasions when we had found ourselves alone, I had chatted endlessly about whether flowered wall paper was suitable to a dining room and the possibility of keeping two maids. I was scared positively stiff of any personal talk. Suppose he were to mention babies. I felt that such a horrid possibility must be avoided at all costs. However, up to the fatal night of my decision, I had allowed him to kiss me when he left.

But it was now only three days before my new wardrobe would be complete, and with that visit to his mother in Springfield looming imminent, it was time to act. I dressed

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myself for the occasion of his next call with extra care, for it was far from my intention to frighten him away by dowdiness. So I donned the new maroon taffeta with the yellow lace yoke, and into the spot where my Janice Meredith curls joined my ten artificial puffs, I pinned a red, red rose. As I added this beguilingly Spanish touch to my costume I sighed with relief. Once Teddy had gone so far as to mention that one day it would be his privilege to see my glorious hair when it was taken down. Now, by jiminy, he would never, never know how much of it came from Le Boutillier Brothers' shop.

When Ellen let Teddy in that evening I was modestly engaged in crochet work. I was, in fact, making a set of doilies for that flat of ours, which, I thought with a sentimental pang, was now never to be. Papa discreetly withdrew to the dining room upon Teddy's entrance, and for once I made no protest.

And I didn't let any grass grow under my feet either. No, I went right to the mat, as the boys said. I greeted my fiancé coolly but sweetly, and ignored the fact that he took a seat upon the sofa. My heart was beating terribly fast as I began to talk glibly about the fact that Uncle Robo had actually bought one of those dreadful new automobubbles. Teddy didn't seem a bit interested.

"What are you making?" he asked, reaching for my work, although he knew perfectly well what it was. This was merely an excuse to try to hold my hand, and I foiled him neatly.

"Don't be silly!" I said. "I don't feel a bit spoony tonight."

"You seldom do," he replied. "What's the matter—have I offended you in any way?"

"Indeed, no!" I retorted brightly. "It's just that I don't think it's quite nice to—to act up so." Teddy gave a whistle. Then he desisted and produced a little bag of sugared almonds.

"I hate almonds," I lied at once.

"But you said yesterday that you loved them."

"That was yesterday!" I snapped. I wanted to add "You poor chump!" but refrained in time.

"Well, dang the almonds, anyway," said Teddy. "I have important news. Perhaps you will be interested to know that I have had an increase in salary?" This was a blow indeed. I dropped my work and stared at him in dismay.

"How much?" I demanded. "Oh, dear!"

"Forty-five," said Teddy proudly. "Enough to take a little flat uptown, my dear."

"Oh, but, Teddy, we couldn't think of it!" I replied wildly. "Why, it would mean going up above Fifty-ninth Street, into the wilderness! We just couldn't live way up there! Why, nobody would ever come to see us!"

"We'd have each other!" he said hotly. "So what difference does it make who else we see?"

"It makes all the difference in the world!" I said with equal vigor. "Living uptown is positively jay. I don't want to live in Shantyland. And we couldn't entertain in a tenement house."

"I should think that if it was good enough for me it would be good enough for you!" he declared. "I don't believe you want to marry me at all—you want to marry a house on Fifth Avenue!"

"Nonsense, Teddy," I replied, quaking. "But I want us to be able to keep up a proper position, to receive our guests in a way that will do us credit."

"Well, there's no good in talking!" he snapped. "If that's the kind of mood you are in I guess I'd better beat it. I'm going home."

"All right, skidoo!" I said shakily. "Go on home if you want."

"Will you kiss me good night?"

"No." I said it with evident sincerity. Teddy stared at me for a moment and then grabbed his hat and was gone. Scarcely had the door banged behind him when mamma stuck her head in through the bead portières.

"Hasn't Teddy gone home rather early?" she wanted to know.

"I guess he was tired," I said evasively. And then I went to bed with a heavy heart. Had I done the wise thing, after all? Wasn't a fiancé who had definitely committed himself better than the terrible risk of perhaps eventually never finding a beau who would be both willing and wanted? The thought of Miss Smilk's happiness comforted me a little as I fell asleep. If a poor lemon like her could find a strong mutual love, probably my own case was not utterly hopeless. Besides, there was morning to come, with, undoubtedly, a penitent message from Teddy, which I would be able to take advantage of if I so desired. Then sleep wiped out my difficulties.

Sure enough, the morning mail contained a letter from Teddy—but such a letter. Our Ellen handed it to me at the breakfast table, and one glance at its contents caused me to fling my spoon into my dish of oatmeal and flee the inquiring gaze of my parents. In the privacy of my bedroom, where as yet my only witness was the silent old Nancy, I read the missive as best I could through my tears. Teddy had been explicit indeed:

My dear Nina: After our talk last night I realize that there is no use in our going on with the farce of our engagement, and I ask you to release me from it. All you apparently care about is a place to entertain in. A home means nothing to you. Let us, therefore, consider the prospect of a home together at an end.

Hoping that sometime we can perhaps be good friends, and that you will forgive me this step, I remain

Your friend—and nothing more—
THEODORE PEUGH.

As I finished this brutal epistle I flung myself face downward on the bed and cried my eyes out. Now I had been and gone and done it! My sorrow and rage at having succeeded in doing exactly what I had started to accomplish were overpowering. Never, never, never would I have another chance! I just knew it! For the moment the world was a dreary place in which I felt utterly alone. Then suddenly mamma's gentle hand was on my shoulder, her soft distressed voice was in my ear.

"Why, daughter—daughter," she said tenderly, "what ever is the matter?"

With a wild gesture of sorrow I handed her the letter, and as she read it she made little clicking noises with her tongue against her teeth.

"The horrid cad!" she exclaimed at last. "How lucky that we didn't announce it! But are you sure, my dear, that it is not partially your fault?"

"How could it be?" I protested. "I—I just didn't like to spoon all the time, that was all!"

"I quite understand that!" she consoled me. "No nice girl would. Well, there now, don't cry, my baby girl, we will forget the horrid man. There are as many good fish in the sea, remember, and he wasn't such a great catch anyway. You must be brave and try to think of other things."

"Oh, mamma, my heart is broken to smithereens!" I moaned aloud. But already the sting was lessened. If mamma was not more upset, then I, too, could stand the blow. Besides, the comfort of her sympathy was, as always, just heavenly.

For a long time she sat on the edge of the bed, patting my hand very sweetly and trying to divert my mind by chatting on about Miss Smilk, and how, now that our work was done, she would be going on to Aunt Daisy.

But I knew better, although I said nothing. I knew Miss Smilk was going to get married and have seven babies and that there was no stopping her.

And with that thought came the remembrance of why I had goaded Teddy to the ungentlemanly step he had taken, and life began to brighten again. After all, to him I owed the fact that I had unusually stylish clothes this spring, and they were an accomplished fact—all but sewing in the shields.

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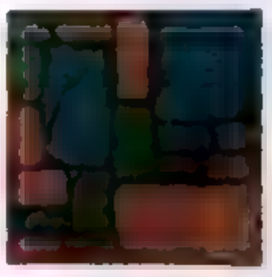

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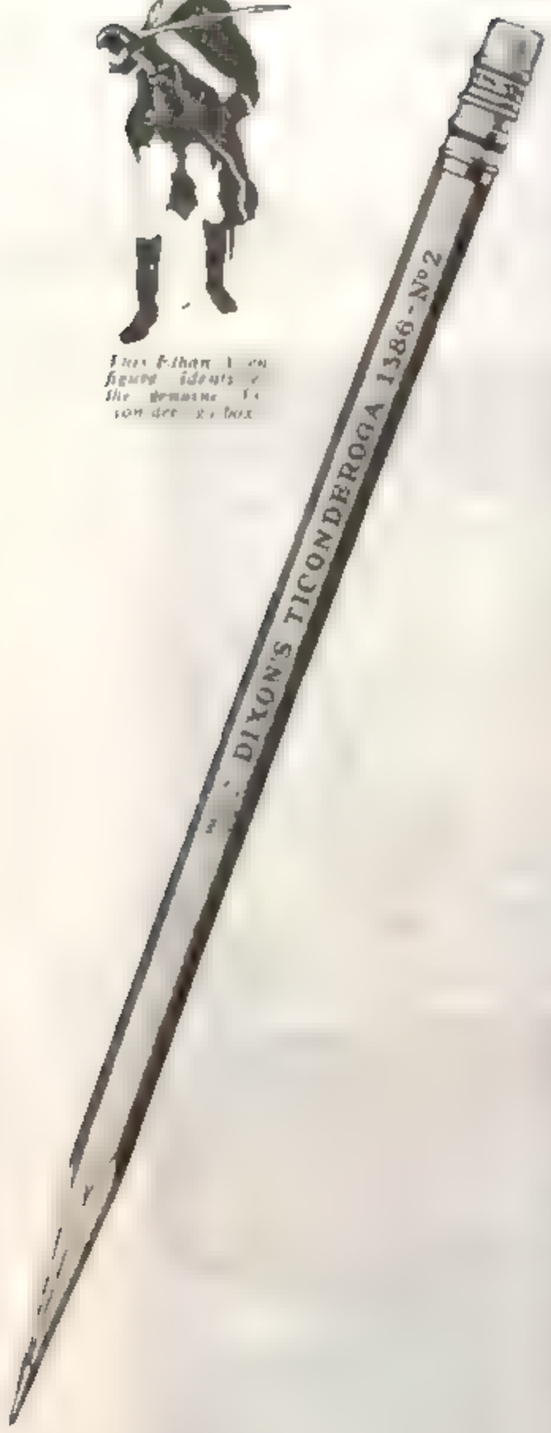

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THE BRIGHT FACE OF DUTY

(Continued from Page 25)

take old Corning's place as a director, and he had devised a means by which, he thought, this might be brought about.

I came away with a new respect for his wits and a deepened faith in his character. It seemed to me that he would go far in the matter of success, and yet that no persuasion or inducement would ever tempt him by a hair's thickness from the path, as he might see it, of his duty. He spoke the word as if it were some secret and mysterious name of God.

This belief grew steadily upon me and, I found, upon others who dealt nearly with the man. Presently, when by his contrivance I was chosen for old Corning's place, I had better opportunity to judge Fenn's genius for affairs and his implacable fidelity to the trust that was put in him. Abel Warner was still cashier, but it was more and more Harlow Fenn who guided the bank's concerns; and Warner, a genial man, made no secret of the degree to which he leaned upon him, spoke often in his praise before the board. He saw to it that Fenn's pay was increased and brought about his appointment as assistant cashier, declaring that here was a man who did not wait for work to find him but sought it out thirstily and did it joyfully and well

So Fenn prospered and his reputation grew. He bought himself a little house and hired old Sarah Dorset to keep it for him; he took office in the church and was voted a freeholder. When Josiah Farnsworth died, there was no difference of opinion among the bank directors as to naming Harlow Fenn to take his place as president.

This must have been a sore grief to Abel Warner, after his long years of patient service, but he hid his disappointment well and served as loyally under Fenn as under Farnsworth, even more eager now in his outspoken praise for Fenn's ability and zeal.

Annie Toland died soon after Harlow Fenn's promotion. She left her boy, some nine or ten years old, with little more than the clothes he wore and with no blood kin to save him from the bleak charity of the county farm. It was Harlow Fenn who paid for Annie's burial and who took it on himself to give her son a home

"It's a duty, as I see it," he told me when I praised his kindness. The exalted look came to his eyes. "It was on the boy's account that she—that she turned from me. She thought" -he hesitated "she was afraid that I would be hard with him, because I had been, as she saw it, overhard on poor Tom Radnor."

I said that this made his charity more admirable. He shook his head.

"You don't understand," he said. "I learned, in that sad business of Radnor's, that the man who does a bitter duty deserves not pity but envy." The strange glow lighted behind his eyes. "There is no happiness to be compared with it. I shall be happy in doing for Annie's boy." His voice strengthened suddenly. "And you shall judge whether I am hard with him. I give you the right to interfere, as if she had put him in your charge."

The boy came to school warmly clad and wearing, unmistakably, the look of a contented son. He was, as he had always been, a diligent and quiet child, a little withdrawn from the rest and older than his years, as solitary children are apt to be. It seemed to me that he picked up quickly something of Harlow Fenn's look and speech, and this would have been natural enough, for they were much together. Fenn walked with him to school and the boy would call for him at the bank on his way home and wait till he had finished his day's work. On Saturday afternoons they went on walks or drives and Sunday mornings found them side by side in Fenn's pew

The boy, when I spoke to him, kept a thrifty tongue between his cheeks, answering my questions, but volunteering nothing. It was from Harlow Fenn that I learned nearly all that I came to know about young Charlie. Fenn had a staunch pride in him and needed little prompting to discuss him.

"He has better sense than most grown men," he told me. "He is free to spend his pocket money as he pleases, but he saves it, all but a penny or two. He has picked up a clear idea of banking practice while he waits to walk home with me, and more than once he has brought me a word that guided me in judging a loan."

I asked him of the boy's attitude toward himself and the sudden triumph in his face delighted me.

"No man could ask a better son!"

He brought the boy into my office one morning soon after I had been appointed principal. It seemed to me that he labored under some strong excitement.

"Charlie," he said, "has something to tell you. I must make it plain, for myself, that he has decided of his own accord to take this course—that I have not even given him advice."

Something in Charlie's face reminded me dimly of a look I had seen before. He met my eye squarely.

"Three of the ninth-grade boys have a scheme for cheating in the examinations," he said clearly. He named the boys and described their plan. It was an old one and we should have needed no forewarning to catch them at it. I found myself in sympathy with the culprits and inclined to dislike young Toland as a prig and tattler. It was Harlow Fenn's look that gave the incident importance for me. He wore the face of a man witnessing a miracle.

"There!" His voice shook. "You've done a detestable duty, Charlie. Was it worth while? Does it pay?"

The boy's eyes moved away from mine, but I seemed to see in them the same passionate exaltation that I had seen flash up in Harlow Fenn's face when we had talked of duty after the Radnor trial.

"Yes, sir," he said, "it pays."

I had the fancy that to Harlow Fenn it was Annie Toland's word that answered him. He straightened his lean shoulders and his head went up and back. And when Charlie had left us he all but voiced my thought.

"She couldn't understand," he said, "but the boy knows."

He gave me no excuse to quarrel with his treatment of Annie's son, but perhaps this was because their characters and habits from the first agreed perfectly together. Charlie toiled soberly at his books, a silent youngster, preferring Fenn's society to that of other boys, a little older always than his years, and wiser. He went into the bank instead of continuing his studies. Harlow Fenn told us in board meeting that in all but age the boy was competent to take his own place from him, and allowing for the natural exaggeration of his bias, he was not far wrong. Even Abel Warner, who had never liked young Toland, conceded his natural talent and his industry, and consented willingly enough in the successive promotions which lifted him swiftly over older clerks and made him, at twenty-two, subordinate only to Warner and to Harlow Fenn himself.

Growing to manhood made small change in Charlie. He had been grown-up always. In some ways, when appointed to the session of the church, he was the oldest of us all, leaning always to conservatism, severely practical, unshakably opposed to innovation and differing grimly from old Mr. Blount, the minister, in whom advancing years induced a gentle softening on harsher points of doctrine.

It seemed to me that it was Charlie, more than Harlow Fenn, who brought about the crisis, although, as always, Charlie held his tongue except when answering a question, and Harlow Fenn did most of the arguing it needed to persuade a majority of the session that Mr. Blount had outlived his usefulness. After the vote was taken somebody asked who was going to break the news to the old minister, and we all looked at one another as people will when there is a hateful thing that must be done by one of them. I saw Harlow Fenn square his shoulders and heard him draw in his breath.

"I will do that," he said. His lips were tight set, but his nostrils blew out strangely and his eyes were bright. The other men moved as if his words relieved them—all but Charlie Toland. It seemed to me that as he watched Harlow Fenn he was sorry about something.

"Let me do it, sir," he offered. "It will be harder for you, and Mr. Blount will feel it less if it comes from me. He knows that I have been set against him."

Harlow Fenn shook his head with decision.

"I am his oldest friend here," he said. "The duty is clearly mine. I would be ashamed to flinch back from it because it must be more bitterly unpleasant for me than for any of you others." He moistened his lips. "I will go and tell him now."

He went out, carrying himself erectly and moving with a kind of haste. Abel Warner clicked his tongue against his lips and wagged his head, sorrier, I thought, for the bearer of the message than for the gentle old man who would have to hear it. Charlie Toland's eyes held to the door where Harlow Fenn had gone out, but I could not read the look in them. It seemed to regret something, a look almost of boyish wistfulness in the face of disappointment, but behind this there was something that dimly troubled me. He turned the talk calmly to the matter of Mr. Blount's successor and the salary to be offered him, and when this had been discussed a while he rose to leave us.

"Mr. Fenn will be needing company," he said. "I'd better step over to the parsonage and be ready to walk home with him."

He went out with a look of eagerness, and there was some little talk among us of his thoughtfulness for Harlow Fenn. Old Enoch Ridley, whose sons had laid a heavy cross upon him, sighed, I thought, in envy; and, indeed, as I went toward my own empty, silent house I rather envied Harlow Fenn myself.

He told me afterward that Mr. Blount had taken his dismissal sorely to heart.

"It was a bitter task for me," he said, "the hardest thing I've ever had to do. The old man cried. He let me see, too, that he looked on me as a false friend to him, after all these years."

I tried to sympathize with him, but he shook his head and I saw the strange glow in his face that I had come to look for whenever he had taken on himself some hateful duty.

"You don't understand," he told me. "No man needs pity for having done the right thing."

I didn't understand, as he said, but his voice and look compelled belief. For some queer reason of his own, the man was happy.

Abel Warner's health had begun to fail with advancing years and it was plain that his judgment had lost something of its shrewdness. I think he had come to identify himself so completely with the bank that he half believed he owned it, and there had been some sharp differences between cashier and president over loans, with Warner always on the side of leniency and risk. The matter reached a climax when Harlow Fenn determined to withdraw the bank's support from Ridley's mills.

It was clear enough that he was right. Ridley was old and his sons were trifling idlers; the business had lost ground steadily against sharp competition and it was no more than ordinary caution to protect the bank by forcing a receivership in time to collect our loans in full. Only Abel Warner insisted that we ought to carry Ridley; the rest of us agreed with Harlow Fenn, and when Warner had been overruled he let his

Continued on Page 78

Better Meals at Less Cost

A welcome change that brings a new savoriness to tempt the jaded appetite

There's also a marked economy to be considered in the use of cheese dishes, aside from their own deliciousness and the welcome variation they bring to the meal. There is the same or greater nutritive value at less cost. Besides, any supper menu, especially one of a Sunday evening, will have greater appeal if it has an alternate, occasionally, for the everyday meat dish. Our new book of cheese recipes will teach you to prepare such dishes, while the quality of Kraft Cheese will insure their success.

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Cheese and Bread Strata

12 slices bread
½ lb. Kraft American Cheese or 1 package Nukraft
4 eggs
2½ cups milk
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
Pinch paprika

Arrange six slices bread in bottom of a baking dish, fitting them in so that the entire surface is covered. Slice the Nukraft or American cheese, lay it on the bread and cover cheese with the remaining bread. Beat the eggs, add milk and seasonings and pour over bread and cheese. Bake in a moderate oven until firm in the center, about 40 minutes.

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(Continued from Page 76)

temper lead him to a childish, self-spiting gesture of resigning.

He thought, of course, that he would be urged to reconsider. I could see that he was amazed when Harlow Fenn took him calmly at his word, and the board, passing a flowery resolution of regret and appreciation, formally retired him. He burst out in a senile, unreasoning fit of anger, accusing Fenn of having planned cunningly to be rid of him, turning him out, after a lifetime's service, as an old horse might be sent to the knacker's yard.

"He wants to put young Toland in my place!" he shouted. "He wants to have the bank absolutely in his own hands and you're just fools enough to let him have his way! All right! You'll see!"

He stormed out. Harlow Fenn smiled patiently and reminded us that age and infirmity and natural resentment obscured a man's judgment.

"This would have happened sooner or later," he said. "Poor Warner had begun to be forgetful; his resignation spares us the ungrateful business of asking for it." His face clouded briefly; I had a vague thought that he would have preferred to ask, but I dismissed it, wondering at myself for having given it a moment's foothold in my mind. "He was quite right," Fenn went on, "in charging me with wanting to name Charles Toland in his place."

He paused. Our faces must have let him see that we agreed with him, for he continued in the tone of one who debates a finished question:

"It is true, I suppose, that I have some bias in Toland's favor. It would be strange if I hadn't. But this board should know, I think, that such considerations don't influence my course in the management of the bank. This affair of Enoch Ridley's mills"—he hesitated again—"if the decision there could be left to my inclinations, I would rather strike off my hand than call Ridley's loans. If I weren't utterly convinced of Toland's fitness and ability I would oppose his appointment with all my might."

I knew that he spoke the plain truth. Indeed, absurdly, it occurred to me that Harlow Fenn was almost sorry that he could not challenge Charlie Toland's character. That would have been exactly such a duty as must have seemed to him all the more compelling because of its shrewd self-crucifixion.

"I have only this to say about Charles Toland, as a matter of my private knowledge," he went on. "His qualifications for the place speak for themselves, I think, but there is one thing which I can add, and which outweighs everything else. Nothing will ever stand between Charles Toland and his duty. In this I will vouch for him as for myself. He will do what he knows to be right whatever happens." He stopped, as if to search for words. "And there is a difference, even here, between a duty that is done half-heartedly, unwillingly, and one that is welcomed, however hard or hateful, and accomplished eagerly and gladly, as Toland has learned to see and do whatever task is laid upon him."

He went on to invite attention to the fact that in the conduct of a bank a man stands almost daily between private sympathy and official duty, as we stood now between our friendship for old Enoch Ridley and our bounden obligation to the depositors whose funds we held in trust. Charles Toland, he warranted, would see but the one course and choose it with decision. We voted formally to give him Abel Warner's place and sent for him to tell him so.

He took it quietly, thanking us and promising to do his best. I remember that I thought, as I watched him and listened, of Annie Toland, and that I wished she might have lived to see what Harlow Fenn had made of her rugged, half-starved boy.

"About those Ridley notes, sir," he turned respectfully to Fenn. "Mr. Warner gave me to understand that the directors want them called, and in that case Ridley should be notified today. Shall I——"

"No." Harlow Fenn spoke sharply. "I will see to that myself."

I saw their glances meet and dispute. It was clear to me that each sought jealously to spare the other, and again I felt a stab of envy for Harlow Fenn; a deepening respect, too, because he would not let young Toland relieve him of that grimly hateful interview with old Enoch Ridley. In his place, I knew how willingly I should have taken that escape.

Toland went out. We finished our routine of business and adjourned. Harlow Fenn walked with me as far as the mills, talking about Charlie and trying to keep his pride and pleasure from his voice. The affair had heartened him; even with the detestable prospect of facing Enoch Ridley immediately before him, I could see that he was upborne and stirred by some strong emotion. It bore him, as he turned away, as eagerly as if he went upon a joyous errand.

Between them, Fenn and Charlie Toland got the bank out of the Ridley failure with no more than trifling loss, and did a like service for the other creditors; but they got small credit for it from old Ridley and even less from Abel Warner, who talked foolishly of his retirement to any idler who would stand and listen.

Although the facts were plain enough so that anyone might see that Fenn had acted just in time, it was Warner's claim that he had ruined Ridley for simple spite; and in this old Enoch bitterly supported him, declaring that with a little help he could have kept his business running and that the assets had been sold by the receiver for less than half their value.

This was nonsense. The plant was worthless, antiquated and unsuited for modern processes of manufacture; it was sheer luck that the receiver found a buyer for it at any price at all, and the stranger who bought it seemed to us to have thrown away his money. He was a man from Truro, who paid hard cash and kept a still tongue between his cheeks. He set up a cycle factory in Ridley's old stone buildings and hired Ridley's workmen at wages thriftily reduced. Most of them owned their houses and couldn't afford to move away in search of better-paid employment. They grumbled, to be sure, but they had small excuse, and the tradesmen and the bank had even less, for Ridley's pay roll had been the foundation stone of the town's prosperity and the loss of it would have sorely hurt us all.

The bank held off at first from any service to Paul Jordan and his cycle business; he banked with us, but neither got nor asked for any other accommodation. Harlow Fenn felt that the enterprise was highly speculative and continued to be skeptical long after Jordan's prosperity had convinced the rest of us that bicycles had come to stay.

He opposed us when we voted to let Jordan borrow in order to alter and enlarge his plant, not even the eloquent figures of sales and profits and waiting orders sufficing to persuade him. Afterward, when the business prospered like some healthy weed, he would admit reluctantly that he had been mistaken and excuse himself on the ground that it is a banker's duty to be overcautious in untried affairs.

The bank throve under the smooth accord with which Fenn and Toland managed it. These were good years, while the world was waking to a new, smiling day of easy wealth, and even in the hills we had our share of it. We could not see the shadow that crept up toward us.

Harlow Fenn was the last to see it, as slow to lose faith in the new order as he had been to find it. Success had mellowed him, success in business and still more the growing proof that he had succeeded even better in his voluntary task of rearing Annie Toland's boy. It was more and more of Charlie that we talked. Fenn never tired of the theme, of hearing Charlie's praises and chanting them.

"No man could ask a better son," was his word, and it was justified. Toland was as solid and as staunch as Harlow Fenn himself, as diligent and as sternly upright, as unswerving from whatever he saw as a duty.

They lived on in Fenn's house, each asking no other company. Neither cared for pleasure or luxury, and Fenn told me, in a moment of unusual expansion, that Charlie was already a rich man.

"You've made him one," I said. "Whatever he amounts to, it's all your doing."

Fenn shook his head. "I've had small part in it," he said. "Charles would have got ahead if I had never seen him. He has a straighter eye than mine for profit and security."

"You've taught him," I insisted. "You've made him with your own two hands."

"I've taught him just one thing—and I think he might have learned that, too, for himself." The glow came into Fenn's gray eyes. "I've taught him that a man buys happiness by facing duty, not unwillingly and sullen, as most men face it, but eagerly and glad."

I remember that I felt a stir of envy at the look of him; he made me wistful, as if he had found a shining, mystic secret in which I could not hope to share. I had, I suppose, encountered duty as often as most men, and had tried to do it, as I think most men try, but its face had never shone and beckoned as it did for Harlow Fenn. I remembered that when I had to expel a boy for stealing and explain to his decent widowed mother why I could not take him back, I slept unpeacefully for long weeks afterward; and when I sat on the jury that tried a bestial murderer for a hideous, unpalliated crime, I had loathed myself for my twelfth share in the verdict that punished him too lightly. I was ashamed, before that glowing look of Harlow Fenn's, ashamed and envious, and turned the talk uneasily to something else.

The fringe of the shadow lay on us by that time, although we only half believed it. There had been some failures in the cycle trade. Half a dozen of the biggest firms had gone under, and although Jordan's plant, making cheaper machines and profiting by its low labor costs, still seemed to flourish, some of us had begun to fret a little at the extent to which the bank would be involved if anything went wrong with Jordan. I spoke of this apologetically, for Harlow Fenn was impatient of such doubts. He frowned.

"Nonsense! I wish we had twice as much of Jordan's paper. He's as solid as we are."

I said something about carrying too many eggs in the best of baskets and again Fenn scowled.

"We'll carry more in this one if I have my way," he said. "Jordan can pick up half the business of those bankrupt factories if we stand squarely behind him now and make it possible for him to give their agents credit. I've threshed it out with him. He'll pay well for accommodation."

His conviction persuaded me and I ended by agreeing to stand with him when the question came before the board.

"Does Charlie feel as you do?" I asked him as an afterthought, just as he rose to go. He seemed affronted by the implied doubt.

"Of course!" He shot a sharp, darting glance at me under his heavy brows. "Why did you ask such a question?"

I told him that I'd spoken at random, without any special reason, and he went out; but the thought came to me that my words had troubled him. His shoulders had lost, in these later years, some of their straightness, and as I watched him from my window it occurred to me that Harlow Fenn was getting old.

He seemed himself, however, when I saw him next, at the board meeting, as confident and masterful as ever—even, perhaps, a little more aggressive than had been his habit.

He told us of the plan to finance Jordan's contemplated expansion with a fresh loan, bolstering his case with figures and statistics rather more in detail than necessary, for it was evident at the beginning that the rest of the board were agreed with him and ready to vote as he urged without so much supporting argument. When he stopped and invited action I was on the point of offering perfunctorily the motion that he looked for, and I have no doubt that it would have been passed—except for Charlie Toland's bluntly stated disagreement.

"Jordan's on the edge of bankruptcy," he declared. "We would be fools -and worse—to lend him another dollar."

I saw Harlow Fenn's face go gray. I remember that I wondered a little at the circumstance, finding it strange that he should take a disagreement over business policy so visibly to heart.

"The figures show——" he began, speaking with some effort.

Toland broke in harshly: "The figures lie. They show none of the paper that Jordan's been discounting through note brokers. He owes fifty thousand, at least, besides the liabilities listed in that statement." He pulled a paper from his pocket and read us names and amounts and dates. "It's our plain duty to call our loans and save what we can."

Fenn, shaken but obstinate, disputed this. "It may be as you say, but we are too deeply involved to draw back now, when a little more accommodation will save the business and protect our interests."

He argued strongly and I think he might have carried us with him in spite of Toland. We were in the habit of putting faith in Harlow Fenn, and Toland must have seen that he was beaten. I saw his shoulders stiffen.

"There is one thing more," he said quietly. "This board should know that Jordan is no more than a figurehead. His business belongs, as it has belonged from the beginning, to——"

"It doesn't matter who owns it," Harlow Fenn broke in. The torment of his voice and face caught at my sympathy. "The board——"

"The board should know that it was you who bought the Ridley plant, sir, and that it has been with your connivance that the bank has financed it, that these false balance sheets have been used with your knowledge and consent to obtain unwarrantable loans."

I found the tightness of the silence unendurable.

"How do you know all this?" I demanded. "These are charges that require proof."

Charles Toland turned deliberately to answer me.

"They can be proved, sir," he said. "As for my knowledge, I have it on the best of authority—from Mr. Fenn himself. He told me just before the meeting, when he found that I meant to oppose this new loan."

Harlow Fenn's face was a confession, but I chose not to believe it till I must.

"He told you? Why should he tell you such things against himself, when, by your own way of it, he was anxious that you should not oppose these loans?"

"He hoped that it would influence me," said Toland calmly. "He hoped that, remembering my private obligations, I might be moved to pay them at the bank's expense." His face hardened suddenly and the queer glow showed through it, as a fire through ice. "I think he must have thought that, because my duty here would be intolerably hateful, I should turn my back on it and hold my tongue."

It seemed to me that I saw Harlow Fenn mirrored in Charles Toland's face, in the flat, tight-lipped mouth, the cold gleam of the eyes, the expanded nostril. My glance moved, against my will, to Fenn himself, and I thought that he, too, saw his image as I saw it, and for the first time knew himself as at last I knew him—recognized in that exultant, eager lust of licensed, righteous cruelty that flamed out of Toland's look the bestial thing that can wear, as a thief wears a mask, the bright, splendid face of duty.

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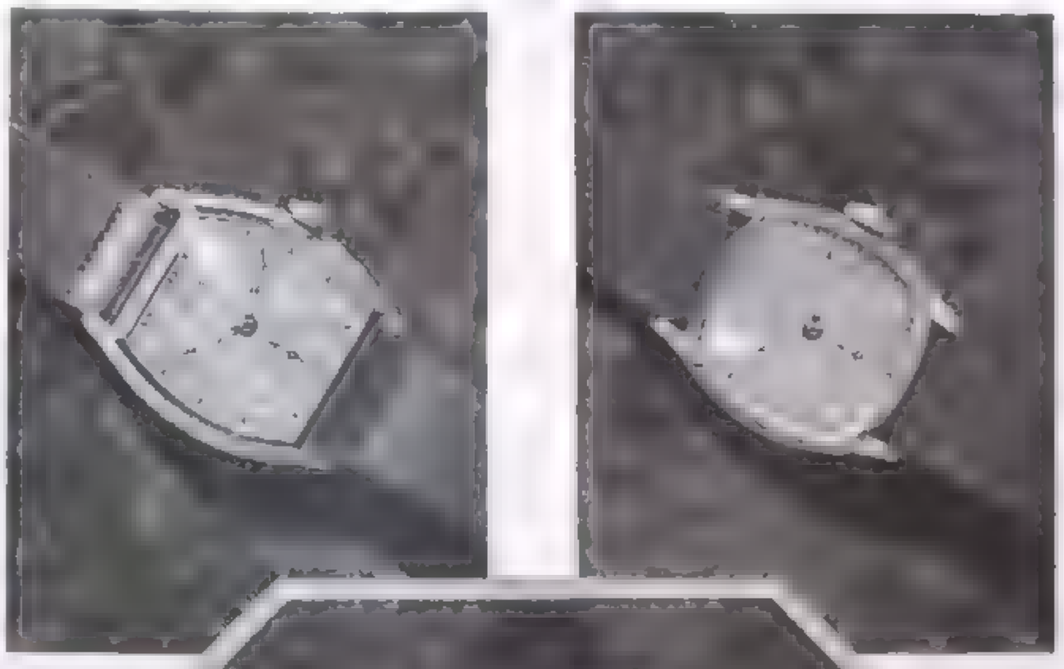

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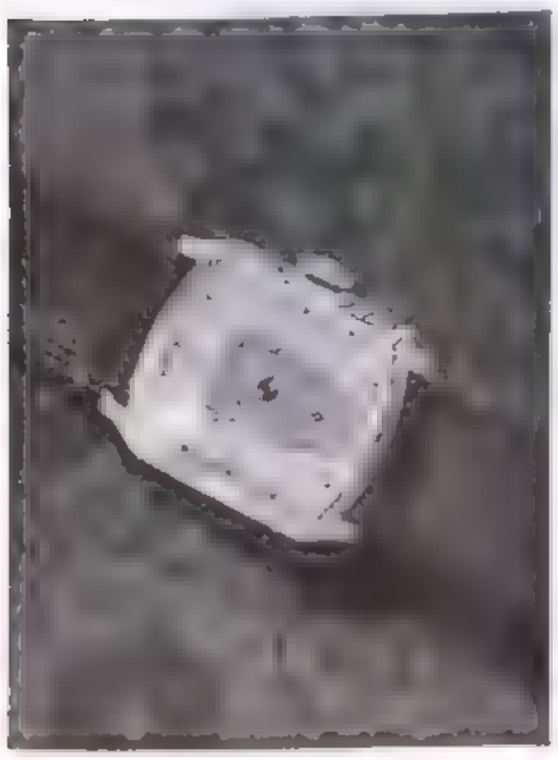

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BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 11)

places there was a thin film of grime from the soft-coal smoke. The apartment house provided a woman to clean the rooms once a week, and she did it in a highly professional way, leaving the place smelling of sour furniture polish. Elsie made the beds when she got around to it, and underneath the taffeta-silk coverlets that were losing their crispness were sheets that never lay quite smooth or straight. But possibly Clay would not have noticed those things if it had not been for Elsie's negligee with the grape-juice stains on it. He did not like to have her look like that.

"Why don't you throw that thing away?" he asked once, his eyes on the peach-colored negligee which made her a sloven.

"This? It's still good."

"Can't it be cleaned then?"

"It's got so much lace on it that it would cost five dollars."

"Then throw it down the incinerator," said Clay; "it's a mess."

Elsie looked down at the spots. "Seems to me you're getting awfully critical all of a sudden," she told him. "Nobody sees it anyhow."

"It isn't that," he answered, a little hurt at her assumption, "but I hate to see you in things that don't show how lovely you are."

"A person can't be dressed up all the time," said Elsie reasonably. "Of course I'd like to have new negligees every day, and a dozen pairs of satin mules, and a lot of other things—if I had the money."

Clay felt the burden of proof resting on him again. It was not the first time that Elsie had come back to that phrase: "If I had the money." It was her answer to almost all his halting criticisms and suggestions about the way they lived. But he argued further because he was sure he could make her see if he could only find words.

"Lots of people haven't any more money than we have, Elsie. We aren't poor. I'm doing very well for my age."

"I know you are."

"And they have homes and families. They're living. This isn't really living, the way we are."

"I know," she said with sudden heat—"I know all about that. All men want is to have a woman make a slave of herself. Women won't do it any more. They won't get old before their time the way they used to. You want to get me out in some miserable little house away from everything, washing dishes all day ——"

"Sweetheart, don't," said Clay.

He bought her a new negligee in apology—a slim Grecian thing of dull blue satin with a gold cord. She was exquisite in it, but after a day or two she decided to change it for one trimmed with marabou. Clay did not protest. He began to see that there was no use in talking about things.

Perhaps he could show her. With the lure of a scarlet Mackinaw coat he tried to get her outdoors. Somehow he felt that she might understand things better, that they both might understand things better if they were away from the apartment house, which steamed constantly at a temperature of eighty degrees. Clay hunted out his old skis and bought a pair of snowshoes for Elsie.

Winter sports were being featured in the Sunday supplements just then and Elsie rather liked the idea. She liked starting out in her red coat and red béret and having oldish men and pallid men look at her covetously and appreciatively as she went down the street with Clay. There was nothing salacious in Elsie's mind. She had been kissed a great deal and pulled about more or less, but her mind had stayed clean, which was another reason why Clay adored her. To him this pavement notice and admiration was nothing but an annoyance. To Elsie it was breath of life. It made her sure that she was still interesting, still attractive; it gave her a reason for being.

But there was no audience in the place where he took her. He was quite unreasonably happy for a while. It was a white winter afternoon and the snow was not too crusted for snowshoes. He showed Elsie how to manage them, fastened them on her feet, strapped on his own long skis and started away across the field, which thickened into woods. He went slowly, so that she could walk beside him, and for a while the novelty held her. They crossed a frozen brook, and the path became one for him to lead and her to follow, through the pines. Then on top of a hill he told her to watch, and swooped down it, sliding across the open space at the bottom.

"Want to try the skis?" he called, exhilarated.

"I should say not. Do you think I want to kill myself?"

"It's fun."

"It's awfully cold," said Elsie.

"Are you cold? Then you mustn't stand still there. Let's run."

They ran, Elsie flapping along on the snowshoes, Clay gliding on the skis. When they stopped she was warmed, but a little cross and out of breath. The color was high in her cheeks and her knickers blew close around her. She was a lovely silhouette against the snow and sky, and Clay's eyes softened in admiration.

"Now you're wonderful to look at!" he exclaimed.

"I must be! Shiny nose especially."

"Isn't that a beautiful tree over there?"

Elsie looked. "I'll bet they cut a lot of Christmas trees here," she said. "Come on, Clay. Let's go back. These things are beginning to cut into my feet."

They went back through the darkening woods of spruce and birches. A very early moon sailed in the twilight sky above them, and once, as Clay had hoped, the great white owl flew from the branches above them, outraged at being disturbed. Elsie screamed. She was tired and her feet hurt and that thing could peck your eyes out, she told Clay.

When they reached the apartment Elsie went to bed and Clay had hot oyster stew sent up from the tea room below and petted her. Later he went downtown to get her some magazines and when he came back she had fallen asleep. The same moon, grown larger and bolder now, came to seek her through the apartment-house window, and she lay there in its light, so beautiful that Clay stood for a long while watching her and wondering what to do about many things. Perhaps if they did have the money, as she so often said, things might work out. The questions were how much money and how fast he could get it.

He went after it very hard. But even with the raise in salary which he asked for and was given, he could not have made much of an impression if one of the Royden cousins, dying quite suddenly and without fuss, had not happened to leave most of her money to Clay. She had always liked Clay and there was no reason why she should have left it elsewhere. The surprising thing was that there was more money than anyone had suspected her of having. She had been a widow of temperate habit to whom it had never occurred to seek out ways of spending a small fortune which had been quietly increasing for years in the hands of discreet bankers. The widow and the bankers had been, by one of the curious chances which regulate the fate of money, piling it up for Elsie Royden. That was all Clay wanted it for—so that he could do things for his wife.

Elsie could hardly believe it. She had never had luck of that kind before. She regarded it purely as luck, unable quite to get Clay's point of view that in families money passed from person to person quite naturally. She was amazed to find that Clay might in time expect at least one more legacy, and that he had said nothing about it. For Elsie had written off the Royden connections in one swift stroke as dowdy old people whom she wasn't going to waste time on. She had never said as much to Clay, but she had let him pay his family visits alone.

Now, however, it was a grave question with her as to whether she should not go into mourning for the beneficent cousin. She even stopped in at a shop which specialized in mourning and tried the effect of a close little hat with a half veil. She well knew that everyone would look at her on the street in that costume, but for once Clay was determined. There was to be no such display. The legacy was welcome, but since the cousin had been buried a week before they were aware that Clay was the heir, they would do nothing more than accept the money gratefully.

It meant so many things. In the first place the car, smart, glittering, a little too well equipped, which Elsie loved to leave waiting for her on that circular sweep of drive outside the apartment house. There were so many windows from which people might be watching her as she went out to take the driver's seat and go shopping or house hunting. When they moved into their new home Elsie missed that audience of windows very much. The new house was set among shrubs and trees, and Elsie herself would almost have preferred to take one of the big apartments—the ones with double living rooms—and stay where she was. But Clay was very definite about a house, and when he promised, after some urging, to get the one she wanted and have a Jap boy and a cook, she agreed.

The house Clay wanted was old and had white mantels and high ceilings. The house they bought was new. It had dressing rooms and bathrooms of colored tile and steps leading down to the living room and up to the dining room. It was a slightly excited, uneasy house, with a room and bath for the Jap on top of the two-car garage. It cost a great deal more than the old one Clay had fancied, but still there was enough money to pay for it and Clay was not greatly concerned about money. It would take hard work to earn enough money to keep the place running, but it could be done, and they were to have a home of their own. That was what counted most.

Elsie became interested in furnishing. She found a young man in a decorator's shop who took the thing in hand and told her how it should be done and what she needed to express herself. He barred and discarded her first furniture, the French doll and her ensemble of velvet-covered furniture, and worked out a scheme of damask and linens and walnut that was the best and the latest thing. Elsie was enthralled by it and Clay did not greatly care. The bills were enormous, but he took a few more thousand dollars from his late cousin's hoarded capital and paid them. Life began afresh in the new house with the rich furnishings and the Jap boy and the cook. They had "the money" now. There was no need for Elsie to wash dishes, no need for Clay to get breakfast. The Jap boy brought Elsie's tray to her room and her grapefruit was served in a silver holder. She had begun to buy negligees in the French rooms of the big shops and to learn that there are more subtle trimmings than marabou. But when she trailed a velvet robe into Clay's dressing room one night and waited for his admiration, he only looked disappointed.

"It's handsome, of course, but it isn't you, darling."

"You'll think it's me when you pay for it!" she said and laughed at him.

"Listen," said Clay, throwing a quick arm about her. "This time we must make it a home, won't we?"

"What do you think I've been doing all these weeks?"

"Yes, I know. That's the house, though. I want it to be the sort of place we grow

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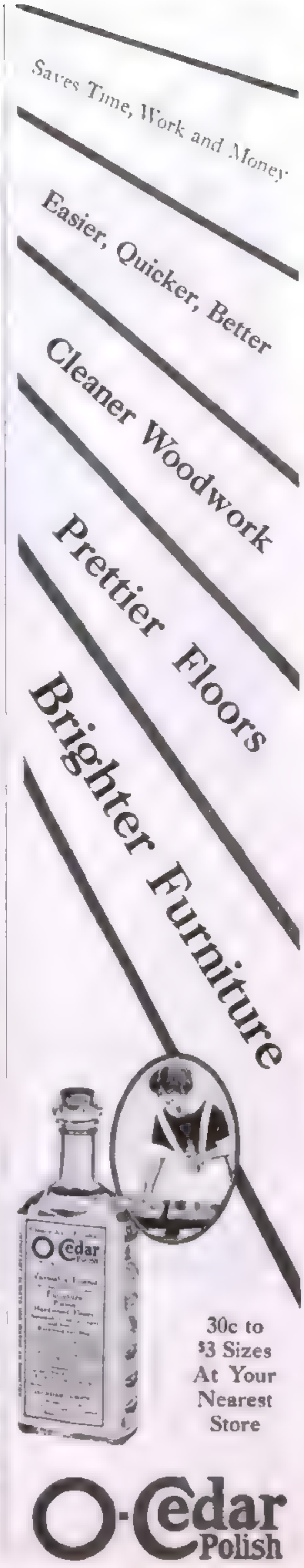

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(Continued from Page 83)

into. I want to accumulate memories of it. I want it to be a setting for you and to make us care for each other more. I want it to be a home, not just a place to live. We want it to be real for us and for our friends and for our children, if we have any."

She looked at him a little askance. "Yes," she said, "of course. Why shouldn't it be?"

No doubt it should have been, but Clay never felt, after his first six months of efforts and explanations and experiments, that it was. The Japanese and the cook and the laundress did their work and drew their wages, but there was a leakage and a slovenliness about the housekeeping that Clay hated. It was like living among stage scenery, dusty at the back. He tried to search out friends for them, but it was hard to find any business friends, and the wives of those men seemed to be fixed immovably in their own constellations. There accumulated around the Roydens another heap of acquaintances. Where Elsie picked them up, her husband was never quite sure. One of them seemed to lead to another. Occasionally someone important, either socially or financially, crossed the group, but they were, on the whole, a very expensive, second-rate lot. They thought in terms of parties, and sometimes listening to the lingo, Clay recalled Elsie's continual restless question when they were first married: "What will we do tonight?"

Clay looked around his disheveled drawing-room one night and wondered if the sort of thing they had around them now was any different from what they had known in the apartment, except that the price was higher. There was no background. These people came from nowhere and hoped to go nowhere. All they wanted was a good time to tide them over until the next good time. He looked at Elsie. She did not make him think of a birch tree any more. Rouge was being worn again and Elsie was wearing plenty of it. She was beautiful and provocative and as charmless as her own cosmetics. And Clay wondered once more if he could do anything about all this, and could think of nothing except that perhaps if he got more money and still more money he could at length leave these people behind, as he had the others.

By way of making more money he encouraged his firm to take up some new holdings. They bought the new mill cheap enough and had rather counted on retaining the general manager who had worked for the old holding company. It left Clay's firm rather worried when the former manager resigned to take another position.

"There's got to be someone in there who can put the thing on its feet," said the president, in consultation. "I've been out there. Clay's been out there too. We both know there's money in it if we can get the thing running right and somebody in there who knows how to sell lumber and won't have anything put over on him."

"We ought to be able to find someone on the ground," said Clay thoughtfully. "It's pretty important. More and more of our business is going to be done from that end."

"Sure it is. The trouble is to find men who'll go out there and grow up with it. You ought to go yourself, Clay. You could put that over."

Clay shook his head. "I'm pretty well tied up here."

He remembered the town they spoke of, its couple of main streets, its rows of little houses, the rain for months in the year, and smiled grimly to think what Elsie would say to that.

"Well, we'll have to keep a lookout for the right person. Bryan goes the first of next month. That gives us breathing space anyway," said the president. He called Clay back after the others had left. "You're young," he remarked persuasively. "Why don't you go out there? That's where the big money's going to be. And the fun. This end is going to be more and more just headquarters."

"It's a hard town to take a woman to," said Clay, "and I'm married."

"Big cities within a hundred miles in both directions," the older man argued, "and you have a good car. And I tell you those little towns have got something in them you don't get in the middle of the traffic."

"Sorry," said Clay. "You better count me out, Leffert."

"Sorry too," answered Leffert.

Clay went home that night very thoughtfully. It was out of the question for him, of course. He knew that all the more when he came within sight of his own extremely modern, excessively convenient house. It couldn't be done, and that crazy impulse he had had to say he'd take the job on was quite properly checked. But still it haunted him. He could somehow see himself getting older, standing on the edge of a group drinking cocktails, going three steps down into the living room and two steps up into the dining room, feeling after something he desired more than anything in the world and touching only failure.

It was after six o'clock. He looked into the dining room, but the walnut table had nothing on it but its silver daytime ornaments. So they were going out again in search of amusement. Was it amusement or was it destruction? The answer, coming so quickly and clearly to his mind, appalled him. He knew.

Elsie was in her dressing room—the modern one that it had amused the decorator to do. He had put two green panels adorned with out-of-drawing nudes on either side of her dressing table. There were dozens of extravagant and bizarre boxes and bottles before her and she found her way among them deftly, making up her face.

"Hello," she said. "We're going out for dinner. I don't know where we'll end up."

It was a brief but not unfriendly greeting. Elsie was nearly always friendly.

"You'd better dress," she added, "instead of sitting down."

"I want to tell you something."

She lifted one side of her face to the angle of the mirror, and as he watched her he caught a glimpse of neglected loveliness—the thing he must somehow save from what she was doing to it.

"We're going away," said Clay. "We're going to move out of the city, Elsie."

"Move? Where?" she exclaimed, turning on him. "New York?"

"To a little Western town. There's a mill there I have to manage. It's a little place—only a few thousand people—but it's near the ocean and it has its points. It's an honest little town."

She stared.

"You think I'd go to a place like that? Bury myself alive in some little one-horse town? Are you crazy?"

It was the tone which had always routed him before, but suddenly he found the one to meet it.

"But I don't see what else you can do," he said. "I've got to go, you see. I'm going to go. My mind's made up. You could stay here, of course, but you'd have to stay alone. And if you expect me to support you I suppose you'll have to come with me."

It was so simple when it was said. She argued, she flung herself headlong into a tempest of anger. Her face, her words were furious and bewildered, but under all that he could feel a kind of fear and yielding that must have been there all along, if he had only known it. She would come if she had to. He grew stronger, more quietly resolute, as she raged on. It would be hard, but it could be done. It was worth trying anyway.

"It's a trick," she cried, "to tie me down! To make an old woman of me!"

"No, darling," said Clay so gently that she probably did not hear him. "It's a hope, to make a woman of you."

And as she stood there, weeping, one arm flung across her face, he saw again that fugitive beauty.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF C. J. S. SMITH

(Continued from Page 17)

socks hung garterless on his ankles below white trousers. He spent his day in his garage, dressed in white, and came, lounging around, to swim in the Shillito pool, as spotless as if he were just out of his bedroom for breakfast.

"I don't see how you can muck about with cars all day, kid, and not get soiled."

"D'no. Hey, guy, d'you shave ev' day?"

"Every other day, Casimir."

"Yeh? I," said Casimir, "shave ev' day 'n' nothin' grows. Yeh. 'S sad 'bout m' whiskers. Yeh, 'n' I work on 'em, too." He put a cigarette in his mouth and rubbed his naked chin with a palm slowly. "M's Eustis comin' y' party, fella?"

"Of course, kid. And you are?"

"Yeh. Shil just told me to. Her ape don't want me," C. J. S. Smith remarked, "but she's gonna have me. Yeh, make him sore."

"Her ape?"

"Yeh. Weeper."

"What do you mean about his not wanting you? It's no business of his, is it?"

Casimir said, "Yeh. Gotta keep s'ciety all grand, huh? 'N' I'm all wrong, huh? Yeh. A ape—" he yawned—"is a ape."

"Shilly told you he asked her not to ask you to this circus?"

"Yeh. 'S a good girl. Dumb," the plebeian reflected, "but girls are. Fuzz on th' brain. Good girl, though. Y' gonna let her take 'at ape, guy?"

"Curt Weeper?"

"Yeh. Better not, fella."

"You don't think so much of him?"

"Apes," said C. J. S. Smith, "are apes. R'minds me of pop."

His drowsy voice tossed the word "pop" at Harmon John with a little more force than it gave to most words. Harmon saw sharply a curled, handsome man, in a pink shirt, bawling at the Diving Kid to keep his thumb out of his mouth when he went to take his bows at the end of his act. This seemed an awful comparison for Curtis Weeper, who did not get drunk and was not grammarless, loud and lewd.

"What's become of your father, kid?"

"'S in f' three years, guy."

"In where?"

"In," Casimir said placidly, selecting a fresh cigarette. "Yeh. 'S last dame had th' ape sent up. Phil'delphia—happened. Eight."

"What?"

Casimir said patiently: "He had eight of 'em, fella. Lived on 'em. Lived on mamma. Hel'na, Human Seal. Met her—Coney Island. 'N' lived on m' broth' Lanny. Lan useda sell papers—L's Ang'les. Yeh. 'N' lived on me. Yeh. 'N' dames kep' marryin' him. Curly, see? Blue eyes. Yeh. 'N' Lan 'n' me quit him. Yeh! D'luth. 1921. 'N' he kep' gettin' married. 'S funny. Dames are dumb. 'N' 'is one had him sent up. Threw a chair at her daught'. Three years. 'S lousy ape," C. J. S. Smith concluded; "yeh. Bad news."

"Look here, brother; don't tell people that!"

The brown philosopher grinned in his smoke. "Y' g' guy, fella. Told M's Eustis."

"Oh, that's all right. Kate won't say a word. But you mustn't tell people—people around here—that your father's in ——"

"Yeh. Honesty," Casimir said scornfully and clearly, "is the wors' policy when y' runnin' with nice folks, h'm? Yeh. 'S all right, guy. People are dumb."

It struck Harmon John that the Glendale Road might amuse this graduate from vaudeville and county fairs, who had been

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everywhere, eating chocolate and watching people—crowds in theaters, his father's wives, the noisy, loud folk of cheap theaters. Perhaps everything was a little funny to C. J. S. Smith—the child of Helena the Human Seal—who could eat bananas under water. Harmon John felt stirred to apologize for the Glendale Road:

"They—they don't understand, kid. They—they're rather limited."

"Yeh? Shilly's ape lives offa his grandmamma, h'm?"

"That's rather different. I don't think much of Weeper myself. But his grandmother has tons of money. He did have a job once. He was engineering out in Minnesota, after he came back from France."

"Yeh? Saw'm engineerin'. S'nt Paul, 1920. . . . 'N' here he comes. Enter ape on horseback," said the plebeian; "music, please!"

"I never suspected you of being a satirist, Casimir." Casimir was alarmed. He put his thumb in his mouth at once and looked at Harmon John uncomfortably, his thick lashes flickering. "That isn't an insult, kid. Just means you've a sense of humor."

"Oh," the brown philosopher murmured, getting his thumb out; "yeh."

He became the image of a pleasant young man in a white shirt and trousers, sitting in a smart little motor, enjoying a cigarette. His lashes fell over his eyes. Mr. Curtis Weeper now glowed on a polished sorrel mare twenty feet behind him. This patrician advanced in a general glow of ordered yellow curls, of red boots, of a banded English pipe with a long stem, of a correct flat watch in a silver chain on his left wrist, of spurs and eyes and stirrups. He twinkled, without vulgarity, on his sedate mare and was noble to see.

"Anything I can do before your circus starts, Harmon?"

"Don't think so, Curt, thanks. Shilly's organized the massacre. It was going to be a little tea, and then it got to be a big tea; and now there's a dance orchestra from Albany and the servants are almost insane."

Mr. Weeper pleasantly laughed. "I say, you've turned out an awf'ly good talker, Harmon."

"Vaudeville," Harmon said; "it develops your conversation."

"Rather an experience for you, wasn't it? But wasn't it," Mr. Weeper asked, playing with his pipe, "rather tiresome in the long run?"

"Deadly. Spent most of my time readin' in public libraries. It was fun for a couple of years just after the war."

"I dare say. You were a kid then. Exciting and all that." Mr. Weeper's deliberately English voice let his sentences fall toward their ends. "But the people were rather monotonous, weren't they?"

"Yes and no. You run into funny types. I knew an Irishman—he had a trained-seal act—who'd taken up Oriental history to kill his time. Knew all about Kublai Khan an' King Asoka and Buddhism. Died of pneumonia in Minneapolis in 1924. Said he was going to Nirvana. Some of us went and saw him in the hospital. One of his seals wouldn't eat anything afterward and starved to death. Her name was Priscilla. . . . Why, vaudeville people, if they're not just the kind of junk that doesn't think of anything except gettin' a big hand at the end of their act—they're all right. Pretty philosophical, some of them. They know a lot about human nature. You were out in St. Paul?"

"Yes. . . . How well your place looks, doesn't it?"

Big sunshades, red and white, stood over grouped chairs and tea tables. Nonsensical gaudy rubber animals floated amiably in the long swimming pool, which Casimir's uncle had built for Mr. Shillito in 1920, and the lawn was brilliant, tended everywhere by a zealous pair of Scotch gardeners.

"It does look all right. . . . See you later."

"Right," said Mr. Weeper, touching the mare's neck.

He glowed away. After another hundred yards he turned between red gateposts of his grandmother's house and his eminence was finally quenched among lilacs and syringas.

"Yeh," said Casimir Smith; "God made him an' said 'There!'"

"You mustn't question the ways of Providence, kid. We have to have a model. And you must remember that his mother's people were authentic patroons. They owned most of this county until 1800. Try to deserve such a fine example. We're a couple of low brutes out of vaudeville."

"A ape," said C. J. S. Smith, "'s a ape. M' brother 'n' m' uncle nev' went to school 'n' they're gentlemen. 'At thing's just 'n ape. Keep Shil offa him. Bad news. . . . S'long, fella."

The green car trundled off. C. J. S. Smith drove into the gates of his self-made uncle's house, insolently planted just opposite from the Van Dralen place, and Shilly's machine disappeared around the white shapely building. The girl had probably told Casimir to repair its digestion. She treated him as one of her minor properties. He was a thing in trousers, along with Tony Johnstone or Dennison Hobart or the Eustis twins. Harmon John looked up his driveway and saw that Shilly was telling Dennison Hobart something on the front steps of the gray house. Her green frock heaved about in gestures and she kept slashing a monstrous hat against a knee. Dennison, he thought, was being abused—yes! The long sophomore spun sharply and came down the gravel. Harmon John leaned on the gatepost and observed his condition thoughtfully. Probably he had himself made faces of that kind when Maida Gurk, of Gurk and Hazzard, eccentric dancers, told him, between two shots of chocolate soda, so casually that Sunday in Chicago that she had married her dancing partner the night before. Mr. Hobart was suffering.

"She's just a playful girl, Denny."

"Of course," said the martyred soul, "a man of my age is just a joke! But it strikes me that ——"

"Yes?"

"Strikes me that a fellow thirty-one years old that never had a job except once an' couldn't hold it down when he had it, an' ——"

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Oh, don't be so funny, Harmon John! . . . Of course, if she likes a man that—that —— An' dad got him his job out there, an' they fired him in one week an' ——" Young Hobart stopped his wavering barytone short and began kicking up gravel. He said soon, "Here! Dad told me not to mention that. He's Mrs. Van Dralen's lawyer."

"Oh, Colonel Hobart got Curt his engineering job out in St. Paul?"

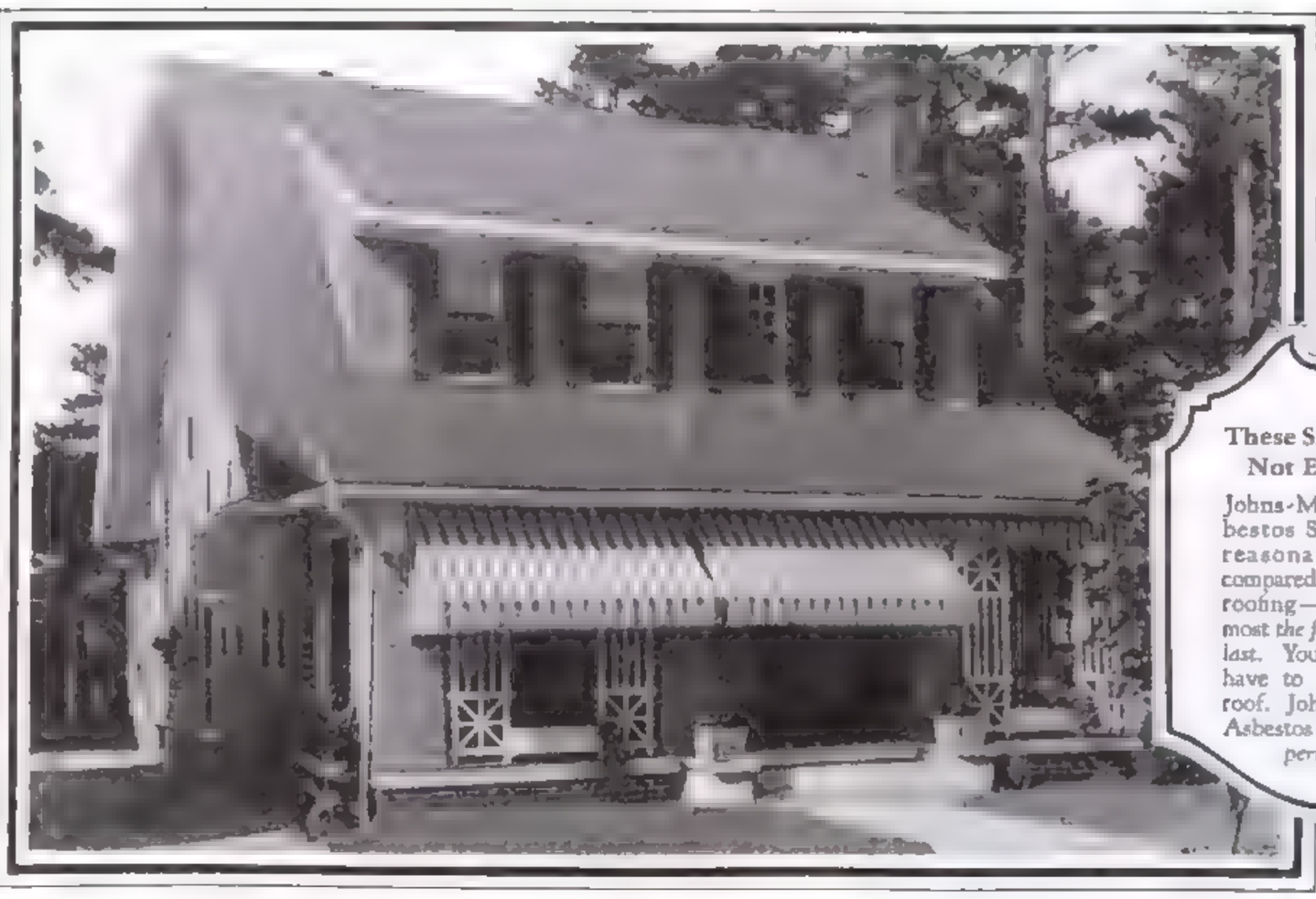
"Yes. Curt was makin' a fool of himself about a woman in New York. Mrs. Van Dralen wanted him somewhere safe. Guess he wanted to marry this girl. She danced in vaudeville. He met her in France. She was over entertaining the Army. So dad got him a job in St. Paul. His grandmother kept him out there after they fired him. Gave him an allowance. . . . This is all confidential. People knew why Mrs. V. D. wanted him away, but they don't know he was no good, engineering. Dad told me to keep shut up about that."

"I never heard that Curt had been so reckless as to fall in love."

"Oh," said the sophomore, "that was all over town. Her name was Jane something. He brought her up to see Mrs. V. D. Dad and mother were there. . . . Of course I suppose older men have a kind of—of attraction for girls. They're—they're older. It's like my kid brother going over to see Kate Eustis all the time. And she must be twenty-five or six."

"Yes," said Harmon, "Kate and I are totterin' down the slope into old age together. She's twenty-four and I'm twenty-six. . . . Don't take Shilly so hard, Denny. I've taken several of them pretty hard. You feel flat afterward. . . . See you later."

(Continued on Page 88)



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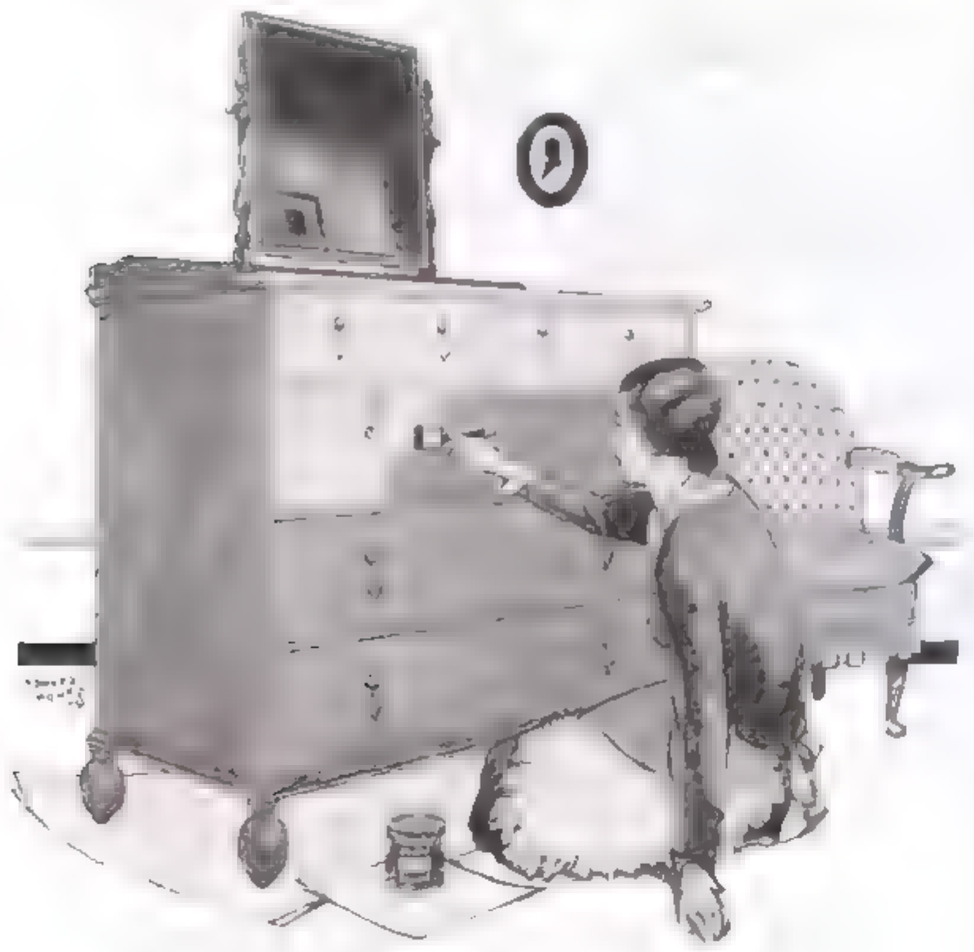

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(Continued from Page 86)

But you could do nothing for the things in trousers. They went stamping down the drive, and then they came back. It was the terrible destiny of things in trousers, unless they were philosophers like the Diving Kid, to go stamping out of houses with tears in their eyes, and then to come back for tea. He looked at his ward practicing a dance step down the floor of the huge white drawing-room and was sorry for the things in trousers. Everything about her tall being flashed and fluttered, and she had so far corrupted the maidens of Glendale Road that now only a few of them wore stockings. Miss Shillito Watson was stockingless and her idiotic silver sandals blazed on the floor. She must think she was a nautch girl. She swayed, foot by foot, down the planks, and her hands were agitations at the level of her hips. Harmon stood in the octagonal hall of his house and observed this pastime safely until Shilly turned.

"Oh, Har, I've got the loveliest red flower for your coat! And you've got to wear all-white flannels. I told Suki to be sure and clean your shoes—and you're looking perfectly wonderful today! And ——"

"Shut it off," said Harmon John; "I never wear flowers. Give it to the cook. And go get dressed. It's half-past four."

"It won't take me three minutes to dress. Please, Harmon John! One dash of red in your coat and ——"

"Shilly, I keep tryin' to tell you that I won't be decorated."

Miss Watson coiled a warm arm around his neck and said urgently, "You simply won't take advantage of your hair, Harmon John, and I think that's criminal."

"You take enough advantage of your legs for one family. Don't suppose there's any chance you'll wear some stockings. No. Why waste lung power on it? Go and get dressed. An' the next time I hear of you cuttin' a man's name out of an invitation list because Curtis William Weeper tells you to, I'll spank you."

Shilly sat down on the floor and looked at her legs.

"Of course Curt's simply cold-blooded when he doesn't like people. Runs in the family. He's awf'ly prejudiced about Casimir. He's frightfully conservative. And the Smiths aren't anybody—I mean, from his point of view. And he is jealous."

"Does that flatter you a lot, Shilly?"

"Well, yes." She was speaking as though it were a case of asparagus against endive for a bowl of salad. "Rather does—I mean, he is thirty-one. And he's been in love before, and it is rather flattering. But it'd be simply dim to marry a man who got jealous just because you said another person had beautiful legs. I think I'll just be engaged to him experimentally. If he's nasty about Casimir coming here this afternoon, I shan't like it. He seems positively scared of C. J. S. And Casimir's so young, you know—only twenty-two."

"How d'you mean—scared of Casimir?"

"Oh, he won't be introduced to him. Kate Eustis did introduce them once. Curt just froze him. Casimir said something about having seen him in St. Paul, and Curt just said 'Really?' and walked off. Kate was angry about it."

"Kate," said Harmon John, "has beautiful manners, Shilly. Listen, young woman; I don't want to run this business of bein' your guardian into the ground. But Curt Weeper hasn't a job. It's no job—goin' to dinners and arranging amateur theatricals and ——"

"He's simply invaluable at the country-club shows," the girl said, too quickly, her butter-colored hair flashing as her head went back. "He knows all about lights and curtains and things. . . . You're going to say I've all this money and he hasn't any. He says so himself. He's going down to New York next week to see about getting the agency, or whatever you call it, for those awf'ly smart French cars—the Beaufort-Remy's—and ——"

"He's a sweet, cool opportunity of selling a Beaufort-Remy in this town! His grandmother an' Colonel Hobart and I are about the only people who could pay for one. I didn't mean that, Shilly. You're a nice kid and damn good-looking. I dare say it isn't your money," Harmon John lied courageously; "but he hasn't done a thing for years. . . . Go slow, sister—and go get some clothes on."

"Harmon, you'll be the loveliest father!"

"You go get dressed!" said Harmon John Shillito. "Hurry!"

"Then you think I'd better not announce the engagement this afternoon?"

"Has he happened to ask you to be his?"

"Oh, yes, last night," she said, getting up. "You were so busy writing, when I came in, that I didn't want to bother you about it, and I'm not sure, anyhow, you see."

Harmon John folded his thumbs inside his fists and said slowly: "I think you're pretty sensible, Shilly. No, don't announce it until you're sure you really want this—ah—this fellow. Might change your mind, you know. This is only August. Better think it over. . . . Go and get dressed."

"And do wet your hair a good deal," she ordered, "so it'll stay flat on top, Harmon John, and remember to be nice to Sally Dimant. Had a boil on her nose last week, and it still shows a little, and she's sensitive."

Eight fat women of carved wood carried the ceiling of this hall on their heads and smiled constantly at the center of the cool floor. As Shilly's feet pattered up the steps of dull oak, past mounting windows of leaded glass, her guardian toppled against the nearest wooden goddess and said "Holy mackerel!" to a bowl filled with white roses. A grim mist surged from the floor and the white roses multiplied. He saw roses everywhere; he heard an orchestra declaiming the wedding march; he observed that Curtis Weeper had come to be married in riding boots with spurs. . . . It might happen! It could happen! It mustn't happen!

"Don't roar so," said Kate Eustis in the telephone. "And what's happened now?"

"K-Kate, that ape's proposed to her an'—and she's thinking about it! You've got to come and stop this!"

"Yes, Harmon John," Kate said. "Now don't lose your temper."

"Well, what'll you do, Katie?"

"Don't call me Katie, Harmon! . . . Let me think a minute. . . . What time is it?"

"Ten of five. . . . Kate, I can't stand that fellow!"

"Let me think. . . . Harmon, I'm going to bring Casimir Smith to your ——"

"He's comin', anyhow."

"Good! Harmon," the cool voice asked, "you aren't just imagining this?"

"No!"

"All right, dear; I'll think about something. . . . Go and get dressed."

He had to get dressed, and the men of the little orchestra from Albany were already piling out of the omnibus at the front steps. He thought in the shower bath, "It's flattery. He's thirty-one and she's a kid." In the middle of getting a shirt over his boiling head, he thought, "I mustn't lose my temper or she'll get obstinate about it." He put on newly cleaned white shoes, and wondered what Kate could do for him this time. He stumbled downstairs and thought, "I must look two-thirds crazy!" It was going to be like playing the piano in Comesky's Navy Boys that time in Memphis when he had the abscessed tooth. . . . And Curt Weeper was sitting on a green bench beside the pool, with Mrs. Sidney Hobart and his grandmother, and a halo seemed to play around them. A spotlight, handled by archangels, was aimed at the manifestation. It was now twenty minutes after five. The party had begun.

At half-past five Dixon Van Dralen invented a pastime of throwing old tennis balls at the rubber animals in the pool, and Curt Weeper put his arm around Shilly's silver frock when she swayed over the edge. At twenty-five minutes to six Mr. Hobart Eustis fell in the pool and went home. At twenty minutes to six Harmon saw Kate Eustis revolving in the arms of a limber

person who wore extraordinary white flannels in the muddle of the drawing-room. There she was, anyhow, ready to help him when she could. And as her face whirled away from him he saw that the man in flannels was C. J. S. Smith, with his hair smoothed flat and his expression duly decorous. He beamed tranquilly at Harmon John and vanished behind hats and heads. At a quarter to six a strange girl, from Albany, lowered a cup of punch from her lips and asked intensely, "Who's that Italian dancing with Miss Watson? I didn't get his name. He told me he hated dances, but he dances exquisitely."

"His name's Casimir John Sobieski Smith. His mother was a seal—I mean a Pole. He's a great friend of mine."

"And who's that frantic old woman who roars so, in purple?"

"That's Mrs. Van Dralen. . . . Will you excuse me? I think she wants me."

Mrs. Van Dralen had planted her thin body in a corner of the drawing-room, and her bony face reached up to Harmon, with the carnations of her formal rouge startling on each cheek. Five gray curls lay regularly as a geometric frieze, on her forehead.

"Why the devil did you ask that Smith boy here, Harmon John? It will not do! It will not do! Can't have that sort of thing!"

"I've known him for years," Harmon bawled in her ear.

"Can't help it! Can't help it! We can't have that sort of thing! Tell me he eats nothing but chocolate and oranges. Hate an eccentric. Hate funny people. I hear his mother was a Polish circus rider. Can't have it!"

Harmon thought of slapping her, and said, "He's a nice boy, Mrs. Van Dralen," helplessly hoping that only one-tenth of the dancers heard those barks.

"Town's going to the devil. Must draw the line somewhere. Must draw the line. Too many people. Don't ask him again."

He got out into the hall and encountered Kate Eustis standing beside Curtis Weeper under the knees of a wooden lady near the big fireplace filled with roses. Kate, in a frail white gown, was telling the ape something gently cool about her father's cellar, which had been flooded in the spring and would not dry out. Mr. Weeper listened with correct attention and smiled at every other sentence.

"Is it six yet, Harmon John?"

"Ten of."

"Let's go up in the library," Kate said. "Is it unlocked? I wanted to show Curtis a book."

The paneled cumbrous library was square and dark. Its shelves were stuffed with books bound in the best tooled leather, in some of which Harmon's grandfather had left faint evidences of use. Kate's father had collected the volumes for the old Englishman, who wanted a library because one ought to have such a thing when one was rich.

"This is it," Kate said. "Dad brought it from London. It's a history of Scotch architecture. Aren't the old steel plates amusing? Let's take it over by the window." She looked sidelong at Harmon John, past Curt Weeper's white coat.

"Awf'ly interesting. You know," said Mr. Weeper, "I've always fancied, with some training, I could have been a very decent architect. I've rather a mania for staircases."

His curls bent over the wide book, in the light from two windows. He murmured, glancing at the plates. He said "Jolly!" And "That's interesting, isn't it?" And "I say, that's good. Should like to see Scotland one day." And Harmon John hated the Glendale Road because the crown prince of its society was such an ape. His grandmother must be out in the hall, downstairs, because her barks were audible against the wailing and pattering music. Anyhow, she was better than her descendant. She had real opinions and yelled them.

"Awf'ly interesting," Mr. Weeper said, closing the book. "Mind a pipe in here, Harmon John? . . . Thanks."

He took his correct purse of striped silk from his pocket and stood stuffing tobacco into his long pipe, with the two silver bands on the stem. The purse seemed to give him some trouble in shutting its silver clasp, but he did not look at it while he was shutting it. He stared brightly over a couch of blue velvet as if something beyond its fat outlines was awf'ly interesting, and Harmon John turned to find out what brought the man's eyes that way.

"You've met Casimir Smith, of course, Curt," Mrs. Eustis drawled.

"Of course—yes," Mr. Weeper said.

Casimir took his thumb out of his mouth and murmured "Yeh—S'nt Paul. Yeh," and politely beamed at Mr. Weeper. His murmur swelled in the room without interruption because he had shut the door and was leaning on it, with his ankles, in their red socks, crossed.

Harmon John thought rapidly that the boy always wore white and red. His bathing suits, in vaudeville, were scarlet and his bathrobes were white. Then he saw that it was six o'clock on the gilded dial at the fireplace and his palms chilled. Something was going to happen. Kate Eustis had ordered an event at six o'clock in this quiet room. This was the awful scene in the millionaire's library; the end of the second act in the melodrama. Music offstage.

But nothing happened. Several million years passed tranquilly while Casimir J. S. Smith beamed at Mr. Weeper and Mr. Weeper hunted a match for his pipe. Only something was going to happen, because, when there was a terrific splash from the pool and a yell of polite laughter, nobody in the room turned to the windows. Kate Eustis still stood fooling with her wedding ring and Mr. Weeper correctly went on lighting his pipe.

"Curt," said Kate, "the point of this—this interview—is—is just that Mr. Smith and I are Shilly's friends, and Harmon John's her guardian. I must ask you to give her up—to let the matter drop."

"Oh?"

"Yes," said the slim widow, "that's it."

And then nothing happened at all. Harmon looked through the windows, hating this silence. Numbers of people were watching Mr. Dennison Hobart shake water from a blue coat. As he shook it drops dashed every which way from the rest of his clothes. Shilly was much less embarrassed. They had both fallen into the pool. Her silver clothes were tightened to her body and her hair was brown with water. She was very lovely, with her young men laughing around her.

"And just what is all this?" Curtis Weeper asked. "I suppose this is—is the sad story of my little adventure out West, eh? Well ——"

"Curtis," Kate said, "nobody in Carmelsville knows that you're a divorced man. Nobody even knows that you've been married."

"I beg pardon. Colonel Hobart's my lawyer. He ——"

"Your lawyer, of course. But nobody else," Kate said, finding a thread on her white gown, "knows it. Not your own family."

"I've never seen any reason to upset my grandmother. She's superstitious about divorce, Kate, as you know."

"I know. But you've been posing as a bachelor ever since you got home from Out West in 1922."

People in Carmelsville spoke of anything beyond Ohio as though it were a mysterious planet named Out West. Harmon John thought he ought to argue this attitude with Kate sometime, and then looked at Curtis Weeper for the next speech of the scene. The windows supplied a spotlight on the man's hair and his banded pipe.

"Very well, call it posing if you like, Kate. It seems very simple to me. I married Miss Summers in St. Paul in the autumn of 1920. My grand —— My people had resented it when I told them I was engaged to her in 1919, and I didn't see any reason to—to have any unpleasantness. She

(Continued on Page 92)

You can candle an *egg*-but not a *battery*

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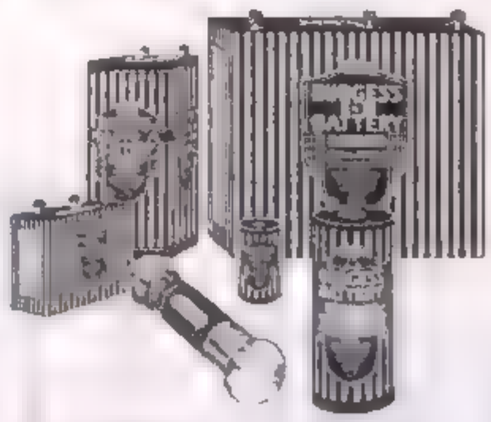

RADIO IS *BETTER* WITH BATTERY POWER

A session of the New Devices Committee of General Motors. Thousands of inventions and suggestions are submitted to the careful consideration of this Committee every year. They come from every state in the Union and every country in the world.

GENERAL

AN OPEN MIND TO NEW IDEAS

THERE are more than 1,000 engineers in General Motors; and more than twenty years of specialized experience lie behind the engineering staffs responsible for Cadillac, LaSalle, Buick, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Chevrolet and Fisher Bodies. It is natural that important inventions and improvements are developed inside the organization itself.

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(Continued from Page 89)

was playing in St. Paul and we were quietly married. She got a decree in California in 1922 and I came home. My people wanted me to come home and —— We hadn't been happy."

"Yeh," said Casimir Smith, his voice louder than Harmon had ever heard it; "'nif y' say an'thin' mean 'bout Jane, y' gonna get y' nose mashed, ape!"

This was horribly rude. Harmon John blushed. But C. J. S. Smith's eyes had become yellow between his lashes, and his soft hair was shaken down over his forehead in a black fringe.

"I've nothing whatever to say against Jane Summers, Smith. She's an admirable woman. I've said nothing against her. Our temperaments simply didn't happen to—to match. The thing was a mistake. We—we belong to different worlds."

That certainly was the stalest bunch of words in the scene so far. Harmon John sat down on a low velvet chair and scratched a mosquito bite on his left ankle. But —— Golly, it was funny! Curtis Weeper had married Jane Summers, the comic song-and-dance act, on the same bill with Comesky's Navy Boys in Chicago in 1924. She must be forty. Pleasant woman. Harmon had talked to her in the wings about laundries and pet cats once while she was waiting to go on in an outrageous spotted dress and a hat made of sardine boxes. She had a song about groceries.

"Harmon," said Kate, "the point is this: Curt married Miss Summers in St. Paul in 1920. And—and she supported him. Casimir acted—swam—in the same theater in St. Paul and in St. Louis that winter. Curt can't deny it. And that's all."

"Yeh," C. J. S. Smith murmured, "'at's all."

And then nothing happened. The stage wait was terrible. Someone had forgotten their lines. Harmon John wondered if the old trick of having the prompter under the boards, with his head through a black box down close to the footlights, wasn't pretty sensible. They still did that in some theaters in Europe. It was a convention, and the audience would not notice the black box, really, as soon as the play got going. Casimir John Sobieski Smith was trying to fill in by lighting a cigarette.

"Of course, if you choose to put it in that—that rather ugly way, Kate, I've nothing to say."

Casimir John was rude again. He said: "Yeh! Nothin'. . . . A ape is a ape. . . . Yeh, 'n' this ape is just like m' father. Curly. Cries on 'em. 'S not his fault he's broke. Can't getta job. Yeh, 's tough world. 'N' y' just gotta get me some decent clothes. Yeh. . . . 'N' this hotel's simply 'bominable. Yeh. . . . 'N' a ape is a ape. Pop married 'em too. Yeh. . . . Apes gotta be kep' comf'table. 'S tough. . . . 'N' a ape is a ape."

Mr. Weeper caught his next lines rapidly. He said "Thanks!"

"Yeh," said the Diving Kid, "yeh! Y' grand! Y' gonna say y' was lookin' f' work alla time y'was trailin' wi' Jane round Denver, S' Frisco 'n' ev'where. 'N' Jane quit you, ape. Yeh! Wrote her. She quit you! The girl gave y' the coin to come home on. Yeh, 'n' you're a ——"

"Kid!"

"—— a ape," said Casimir in a hurt tone. "Wasn't gonna be coarse. 'S lady present, fella. 'N' this ape says t' me, down on Union Street, 1922, 'Y' say a word 'bout me 'n' I'll tell the world y' old man was locked up S'nt Louis for beatin' up a bellhop wouldn't fetch him some whisky.' Yeh! Yeh! Me 'n' my brother quit pop in D'luth 'n' come on here to Uncle Hughie, 'cause we was tired of pop. . . . Lousy ape! 'N' apes have nice fam'lies. 'N' pop's folks was honest, 'n' 'is ape's folks are good folks. 'N' a good guy don't make trouble for nice folks. 'N' there y' are. G' on outa here, ape. Harmon's gettin' sore."

A hot feeling had come in Harmon's temples. He noted that his hands were clenched on his knees. Kate's white frock came between himself and Mr. Weeper's flannels. But he was going to keep his temper, and the way to do that was to shut his eyes and keep his mouth shut. He did these sanitary things. Then the door opened and shut. He opened his eyes.

"You behaved beautifully, Harmon John!"

"Yeh," said Casimir approvingly. "'S awful young t' lose y' temp', fella. Y' acted grand."

"You mean that that cad has had the nerve to come here and make lo——"

"Now, Har, don't spoil it. You behaved very well, and it's all over. . . . He's putting his grandmother in her car. I've been aching to tell you this. Casimir told me last Christmas, when ——"

"Ain't gonna see m' friends 'posed on by no lousy ape," Casimir said, pulling up a red sock. "Yeh. . . . 'N' 'at ape's like pop."

Harmon John stopped losing his temper and said "You're a useful friend, kid!"

"Yeh," C. J. S. Smith agreed, "kinda. 'Redity."

"What?"

"He means heredity, Harmon. Casimir, I'll have to begin on your grammar. It's appalling, dear."

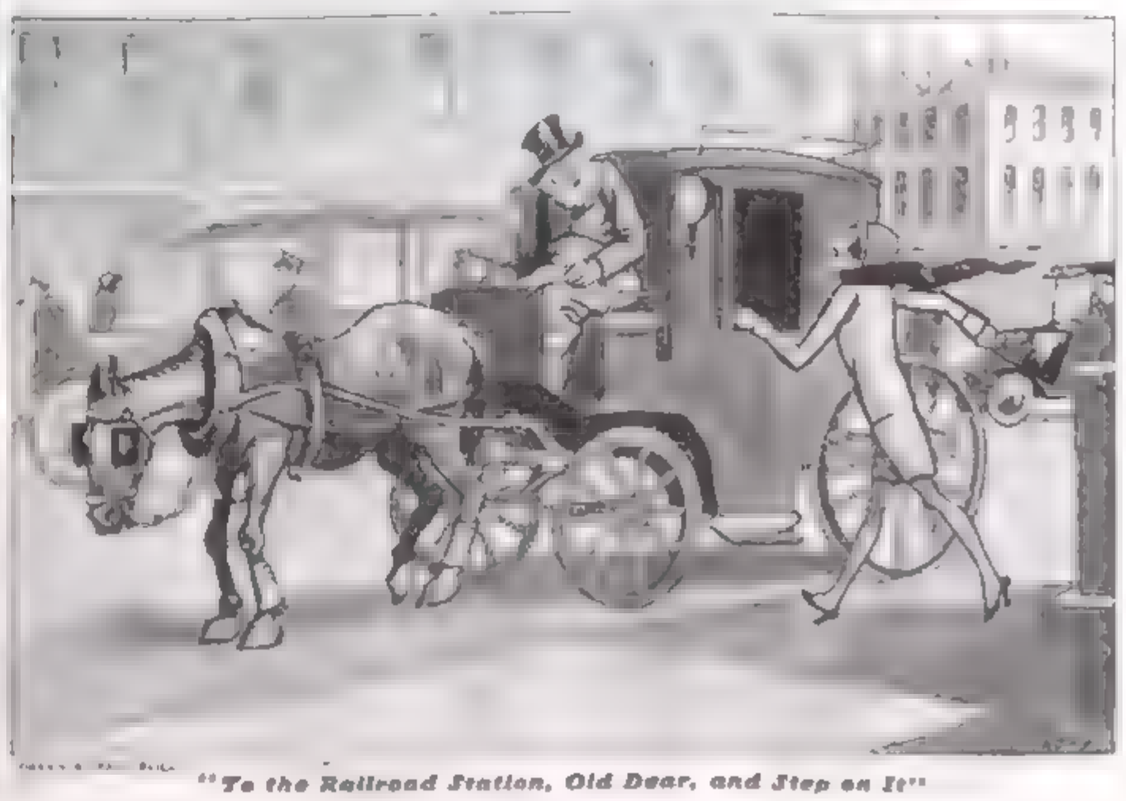
"'S no good in the g'rage business," Casimir yawned. "But I'll let y' try, girl. Sumpn to do till y' get married again. Yeh."

"What do you mean about heredity, kid?"

"Oh, yeh. Mamma," said Casimir; "Hel'na th' Human Seal. Good dame. Couldn't read or write. Polack. Useful. If y' ain't useful y' ain't nothin'. Yeh?"

"You're a graduate philosopher, Casimir," Kate told him.

"Yeh," said C. J. S. Smith; "but I gotta go swim now 'n' I'm tired of talkin'. 'S too much work. 'By."



"To the Railroad Station, Old Dear, and Step on It"

THE AIR INDUSTRY—HOT

Continued from Page 33.

are brought over here to lecture to Americans and if a great many of them—owing to lack of acquaintance with the language—think this means "to lecture Americans," nobody seems to mind. Americans have been lectured by foreigners for generations and have taken the lecturing with a meekness unsuspected in our national character. But so far as is known no lecture manager requires his speakers to give Americans lessons in deportment or to set an example, in action, of how superior people behave. The American public seems to be all the more grateful.

One thing has to be said about the business of going to hear someone else talk—the Americans brought it on themselves. They practically invented it. It began a century ago as one of the manifestations of the New England mania for self-improvement, when one Josiah Holbrook founded Branch Number 1 of the American Lyceum in the village of Millbury, Massachusetts; and no less a person than Daniel Webster was the first president of the Boston Lyceum.

In those simple days local talent was considered sufficient and the emergence of one great lecturer, Ralph Waldo Emerson, gave promise that lecturing would remain an entirely American activity. Emerson, incidentally, received fifteen dollars a lecture at a time when no one else got more than ten; and Thomas Wentworth Higginson records that the fee was considered satisfactory, but that the Sage of Concord thought four quarts of oats for his horse ought to be thrown in. In Emerson's lifetime two men systematized and consolidated the lecturing business—James Redpath and James B. Pond. A few years after Emerson's death, Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, received $110,000 for 110 successive lectures.

It would, of course, be wrong to imply that these enormous fees attracted Europeans. At the present time a speaker with a European reputation, delivering four or five lectures a week, can clear $25,000 or $30,000 in a six-month season here—but nearly everyone knows that the money doesn't count. They come here to explain their philosophy or the art of their native land or the politics in which they believe and want Americans to believe. The money that is forced on them by Americans is often an acute embarrassment, and several of them, after returning to their homes, have written despairingly of the way Americans measure all things by money.

Measured by a Statesman's Eye

Only the other day a genuine prince came to this country to lead an orchestra in a benefit performance. While he was on the high seas his manager fell into a quarrel of some sort; people got the impression that the charitable purpose of the concert was either not important or nonexistent. And when the prince arrived here he announced that since Americans did not understand doing anything except for money, he was going to bow to the custom of the country—much against his will, it was understood—and give the concert on a regular paying basis. He added that after all the expenses were paid the profits would go to charity. Understanding how Europeans feel about this question, I inquired of several lecture managements whether any of them had insisted upon lecturing for less than they could get or for nothing at all. One manager told me this:

An American manager had contracted with a well-known British statesman to give a series of lectures in America at a flat rate—and a good one—per lecture. For the first twenty-one appearances of the tour the lecturer did not draw; bad weather and opposition attractions ruined business; and the manager took in about three-quarters of the lecturer's fee, making up the loss from his own pocket, which was already drained by fares, rentals and publicity. The twenty-second night brought an overflowing crowd and at 8:25 in the evening the lecturer, peeking from the wings and rapidly calculating the value of the house, declared that he would not go on unless his fee was raised.

According to a conservative estimate made by a central agency, 25,000,000 people in the United States pay to hear lectures each year. The passion for listening is, however, only feebly expressed by this figure, for it fails to include luncheon clubs, conventions, university clubs and thousands of other gatherings where people listen to unpaid guest speakers. Some 27,000 paid speeches are made each year—perhaps a hundred million words are poured out. Fees range from $50—extremely domestic products—to $2000 or so a night—titled imported goods. I asked one manager what it was all for. His answer was illuminating:

"Stop the individual members of the audience at the door," he suggested, "and ask each one what the subject of tonight's speech is going to be. Ninety out of a hundred will not know and will not care."

Face to Face With Celebrity

"Then why do they go?"

"To see someone they've heard about."

He elaborated; but the full meaning of his answer did not impress me until I had inquired of another manager whether radio broadcasting had cut into the lecture business. This second authority was less cynical; he believed that Americans seriously wanted to hear authoritative statements on serious subjects and that most of the authorities on everything came from abroad. Yet he said that radio had not hurt straight lecturing at all. It had, perhaps, hurt concerts, and on gala nights on the air people certainly stayed at home and everything from the movies to lectures on Kant's philosophy suffered.

"But radio can't really hurt lecturing, because people want to see the lecturer; they want to verify the impressions they have got of the man's personality. Sometimes perfectly good lecturers sound terrible over the air; often a speaker with a bad voice and a shaky delivery is tremendously impressive because his personality goes over when he faces an audience. Roosevelt's voice was uncontrolled and ought to have been ineffective, but when he spoke his whole personality affected the audience. And radio can never do this."

Lecture-going is, in short, a kind of lion hunting. And this explains, to an extent, the mildness of Americans when speakers from abroad imply that this country is pretty terrible, without manners, without ideals—and with only just enough intelligence to appeal to the Europeans to come over and tell them about everything. The audience goes to see the speaker and to hear his voice, not to hear what he says. As the first of the managers I have quoted said:

"If they want to know what the lecturer has to say, in five cases out of six the books are available. Novelists, dramatists, essayists, scientists, receivers of communications from the dead, explorers—they've all put their records into their books. But that doesn't satisfy. The people want to see the great man."

This is true to such an extent that enormous crowds will gather to hear a speaker they do not understand. When the interest in the Montessori method of educating children was at its height, Madame Montessori came to this country and spoke before some of the largest audiences ever gathered in lecture halls. She spoke a few sentences in Italian—sometimes merely outlined a thought. Then the interpreter explained what she said or meant. Then she spoke another sentence. And these lectures were enormously popular. Many years earlier, Matthew Arnold, the apostle of culture to the heathen American, spoke 100 times and, according to his manager "No one ever heard a word he said—not

(Continued on Page 96)

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The American Automobile Association is made up of individual automobile owners belonging to state associations and local automobile clubs. In 25 years it has grown to include over 1,000 clubs in every section of the United States as well as the leading clubs in Canada and Europe. Part of this growth may be attributed to the important work we have done and are doing in the way of highway improvement, safety advancement and the furtherance of legislation beneficial to all motorists. But by far the largest impetus to expansion has been due to the fact that the motor clubs affiliated with the A.A.A. offer to automobilists a variety of personal service otherwise unobtainable and for which there exists a tremendous demand. All this is based on the fact that when you join your local automobile club, you are automatically entitled to all the benefits of membership of all the clubs in the association, whether it is located in the adjoining county or 3,000 miles away.

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At national headquarters of A.A.A. is maintained the largest touring information bureau of its kind in the world. It draws on member motor clubs for local road information and has dozens of official drivers constantly on the road. Detours, recently opened highways, impassable bridges—the news of all is flashed to headquarters where it is compiled and redistributed to member clubs. Thus, at all times, member clubs have complete, up-to-the-minute information regarding the principal highways of America which is supplied to members free of charge. And if you have ever started on a long tour and encountered road conditions different from those shown on your map, you can well appreciate the value of this accurate and timely service.

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* * *

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Continued from Page 93

even those who sat in the first row." It made no difference.

The classic example is that of Maurice Maeterlinck, who came to this country and cheerfully told the newspapers: "I am announced to speak in English, but of course I can't speak a word of it." The fact, according to one who ought to know, is that Maeterlinck could speak English so as to make himself perfectly intelligible, but had been advised by personal friends to plead ignorance of the language. The audience assembled was large enough to fill Carnegie Hall in New York.

Monsieur Maeterlinck began his lecture amid cries of "Louder!" At the end of half a minute the audience realized that whatever he was speaking, it was not English.

At the end of three minutes a woman rose and said, "Monsieur Maeterlinck, will you please speak in French?"

From the balcony an angry voice cried out, "No, you don't! I paid to hear you in English, and you'll speak in English!"

The chairman and the speaker held a little embarrassed conference on the stage and it was decided that the chairman should read the speech. He took up the manuscript.

Then he turned to Maeterlinck and said, "I am supposed to be a linguist, but I can't read this. What is it—Chinese?"

It then developed that an officious friend had taken the English translation of Maeterlinck's speech and had written it out for him phonetically. Thus the first two words were "I understand." They appeared in the manuscript "Aille ondr stanne," which, read in French, approximates the sound of the English words. Unfortunately Maeterlinck knew more than enough English to become confused by this odd language; he uttered sounds without meaning. In the end a messenger was dispatched to his hotel, brought the straight English manuscript and the chairman read it.

What are the important messages which these skillful speakers bring to America? The majority of them, it ought to be said, are travelers and explorers and celebrities of one sort or another; they tell what they have done and how they did it; their tendency to lecture Americans is not marked. There are a number, too, who come bringing the honey of praise. But all in all, in the hundreds of lectures foreigners deliver to Americans, a good deal is said of the natural superiority of other lands; and what is equally interesting, Americans are appealed to for sympathy with every class, in every country.

A Super Book Agent

For a nation that has officially taken itself out of the world system we are counted on amazingly to be concerned with the troubles of everyone else. Starving grand dukes and busy Bolshevists indicate the line we ought to take toward Russia; pacifists from various nations prove that our isolation is the cause of Europe's heading toward war; labor leaders would like us to stop financing capitalists in their countries; opponents and defenders of Mussolini tell us what our attitude ought to be to the new Italy; Indians attack the British Empire.

Most notorious are the exponents of European culture. An English novelist with awfully swanky connections abroad selects two or three American writers—sympathetic to himself, or imitators—and praises them, damning all the others, delicately suggesting that our fiction is only a bypath of the great English road—on which, by the by, his own work is at least a milestone. His latest novel—which, by a coincidence, comes out the day he begins his tour—makes the list of best sellers and he goes home with inflated royalties in addition to his fees. If he doesn't expect to return he writes a book for English consumption, telling "the truth" about America; if he has a return engagement he either delays the book or mingles the sweet with the sour.

Critics of the arts arrive, and after the customary praise of the American sky line, rake America's arts fore and aft. Sometimes, by a coincidence, a foreign painter or sculptor is praised just to show what is really good, and an enterprising gallery picks up a few commissions.

A lecturer who can count on 200 listeners in Vienna gets 2000 here. For the purposes of lecturing, a second-rate reputation is as good as a first if it is attended with enough publicity. If the lecturer has no great personal reputation one can be made overnight by starting a controversy—on the marriage relation, on politics or economics; it hardly matters. The arriving lecturer makes a statement which is hostile to the accepted morality of America, the newspapers feature it, and the tour is a success. If it flags midway the lecturer denounces somebody in the public eye or somehow makes what publicity men call a tie-up with something in the news.

Essentially the lecturers are not saying anything about America which is not being expressed in a hundred other ways abroad. The interest for the audience is that the lecturers are on the spot, can be seen and, after the lecture, shaken by the hand. Thereafter every member of the audience has a personal interest in the speaker, and this personal interest carries enormously.

A Slight Shock to Begin With

Speeches delivered at morning or afternoon meetings are almost all for women, many of whom find the critical attitude of the speaker a reflection of their own dissatisfactions. Women chiefly manage the delicate business of entertaining the speaker—a business so elaborate that one mild Englishman used to set his fee at $200 if he was allowed to rest quietly at his hotel, but at $250 if entertained. Not content with knowing from his books what a speaker is going to say, people seem to like to hear it before the lecture in a more personal way while the celebrity dines and after the lecture at a party. The result is rather racking to the speaker's nerves.

A defender of the lecture system told me that Americans are too busy to read all a man's works, and that his lecture, which sums up all his thoughts, is a short cut. A critic of the system replied that his invariable experience is that a man who really thinks will always state his case badly from the platform. Either he will be terrified of the audience and understate his message or he will get acute platformitis, and desiring to impress and excite the audience, will exaggerate his ideas.

The usual method, as every speaker knows, is to pick two people in the audience, one the dullest looking and the other the most intelligent. As soon as the intelligent one begins to show lively signs of interest, the speaker knows that he is talking above the heads of the audience and shifts his attention to the dull one. When the dull one is interested in the proceedings all is well. The best way, naturally, is to shock. For a speaker to say "Europe and America have different traditions and naturally their civilizations differ" may impress an intelligent person; but to get the little mob which makes up an audience it is necessary to make broad statements, such as "America lacks culture." Then they sit up.

One result of the constant criticism, implied or expressed, which has come from foreign lecturers is that Americans themselves have taken up the attitude. Looking over James B. Pond's record of his life work, called Eccentricities of Genius, I was struck by the preponderance of American speakers, and particularly noted the popularity of native humorists in the nineteenth century. The typical lecturer of the time might have been Mark Twain, who rejoiced his audiences for years with his caustic account of his trips abroad.

Nowadays that type of thing is almost dead. Once in a while an impudent youth speaks jocularly of his adventures in Europe and shows a lack of reverence; but

Continued on Page 98

The Cabriolet
Body by Fisher

Making Automotive History again in 1928

Once again the Pontiac Six is making automotive history. Once again this lowest-priced General Motors Six is surpassing its own sales records, which, in 1926 and 1927, electrified the motor-buying world.

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2-Door Sedan, $745; Coupe, $745; Sport Roadster, $745; Phaeton, $775; Cabriolet, $795; 4-Door Sedan, $825; Sport Landau Sedan, $875. Oakland All-American Six, $1045 to $1265. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

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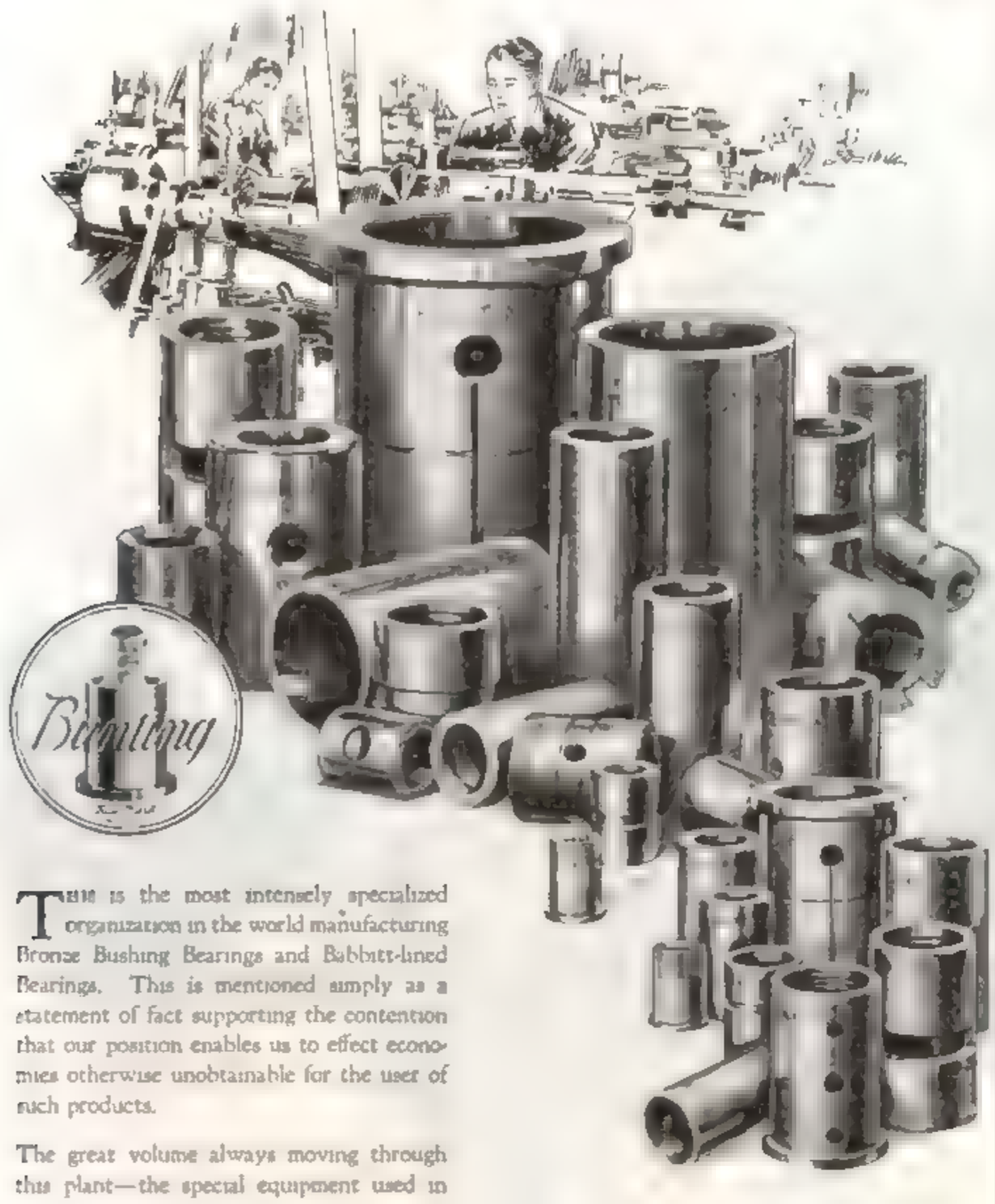

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(Continued from Page 96)

generally reports on Europe carry over the European attitude toward America—the critical assumption that not much good can come out of this country. Only in one respect is this not followed. Speakers on the industry and finance of Europe may find conditions improving or not, but none of them ever imply that we are the ones with everything to learn. The reason is clear. In these fields there is no tradition of European superiority, and if there were, the facts would shatter it at once. In the arts, tradition lingers.

What Mark Twain and hundreds of others did was an expression of the average American man's attitude toward everything. The lecture platform in his time expressed America; in our time it expresses criticism of America—usually not a criticism from within which may be helpful, but one from without.

The peculiarity of lecturing is that it is, as psychologists say, a form of exhibitionism, a way of indicating one's superiority; the lecturer always talks down, and the audience wants him to. The classic opening remark of the chairman is "The distinguished speaker this evening needs no introduction." It is usually true—if he needed an introduction he might be there, but the audience would not. Yet the speaker gets the introduction largely because the chairman and the speaker and the audience want it. The chairman associates himself with the speaker's eminence, the speaker basks in warm praise, and the audience is pleased to hear all over again the reasons why the speaker is eminent and why, by implication, the audience has shown such good judgment in coming to hear him. Then the audience sits back and lets the steam roller of speech pass over it, in a sort of ecstasy of self-abasement to which is added the pride of being in the presence of fame.

A Becoming Reticence

Naturally we turn to foreigners. Whether they are authorities or not, they come heralded by announcements of their greatness. They are strange, exotic, different from ourselves; they speak in strange accents, have standards unknown to us; they are famous and yet they are foreign—an ideal combination. We pay two or three dollars a seat and value every word accordingly; and the speaker, unless he has an exceptionally active conscience, feels the need of giving us our money's worth. He has, in any case, been taught to consider Americans as children in pursuit of culture, so it is not necessary for him to prove anything. No matter what he says, women will flutter around him at the end of the lecture and ask him to come to tea.

I recall one lecturer who had written dozens of articles in which he insisted on a new way of explaining to children the facts concerning sex. I went to hear him twice, both times at women's clubs, and each time he brought his speech directly to this important topic—and ran from it without even giving it a passing mention. He was a believer in frankness, yet he would not be frank with his audiences, and his audiences seemed not to care.

The lecturers on the arts whom I have heard always allow questions when the audience is not too large, and have a ready patronizing laugh for the ideas the audience brings forth. All these things, ranging from the attack direct to the covert sneer, the audience adores, because all of them are so many more proofs of the infinite, ineffable superiority of the speaker.

"Wherever more than two people are gathered," said a manager, "a lecture is in progress."

The appetite for lecturing in America is enormous. One agency receives about 3000 requests for dates each season—requests from people who want to speak, not from those who need the services of a speaker. Except for a few timid souls, nearly everyone capable of speaking the language has at one time or another an impulse to exercise that capacity publicly; even the principal in the most notorious murder case of the present generation tried to get on the lecture platform.

The rewards, as I have suggested, are not to be despised. A former President of the United States delivered 168 lectures in one year—about one every two days—and cleared $65,000; a popular humorist spoke seven times a week for seventeen consecutive weeks and in that brief time netted $40,000.

What Did He Say?

The moment a man achieves fame he is captured by an agency. For example, there is a college professor who was known one year to perhaps a thousand serious students of his subject. He wrote a book which became famous and immediately was called on to lecture eight times a week for four months, his income in that period probably equaling his professorial income in the past sixteen years.

Nor is it to be omitted that in almost every case the lecture tour keeps alive interest in the book or work which originally made the man known. The total benefit far exceeds the actual fees paid; and there is one other point which makes lecturing such a delightful occupation. That is the opportunity for repeating oneself. Most lecturers have one favorite speech—they may deliver it forty consecutive times. Once they have committed it to paper or to memory, they have nothing to do twenty-one hours a day, and they get about a week's pay for the hours which the lecture consumes.

These are the prizes America gives its lecturers and it listens to them with alert ears, whether the subject is the Anvil of Life or Do American Men Understand Love? I say "listen," but there isn't any real proof of it.

A gentleman of some experience on the platform heard the suggestion that the audience be questioned as they entered the hall on the subject of the lecture. He snorted.

"Ask them when they go out!" he cried. "I'll bet you 90 per cent will still not know what it was all about. They look in tomorrow's paper." Then he grew a little violent, and when he subsided he added: "Going to lectures must be the national vice. It is a great way of not thinking, of avoiding the strain. I don't think anyone ever says anything important from a lecture platform."

I asked him then to account for the popularity of foreigners who so obviously condescended to America.

"That's easy," he said. "Everyone listening to them thinks himself an exception."

So that if we pay a couple of million dollars each year to learn that we are superior to most of our fellow countrymen, it can't be the foreigners' fault.

Wholesome refreshment

Drink
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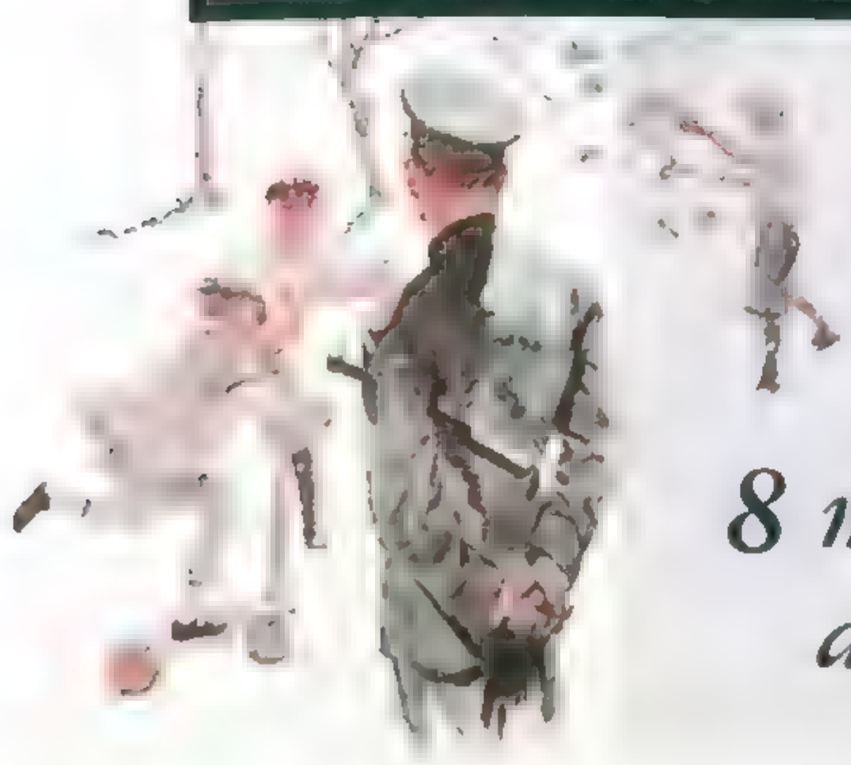
Delicious and Refreshing



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Boy, it's keen! Refresh yourself is right. You can feel the bubbles all the way down, and the taste is great. You get your nickel's worth when you buy an ice-cold Coca-Cola. Around the corner from anywhere.

The Best Served Drink in the World

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the Coca-Cola bottle you can identify even in the dark. Every bottle sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

HAS THE MONEY-CREDIT SYSTEM A MIND?

(Continued from Page 16)

else. They have the experience, even if they have still to digest it for themselves and others. They control the contacts.

No doubt their science and methods, like all special sciences, can benefit greatly by the suggestions, observations and irruptions of outsiders, but it is up to the inside man to do the bulk of the work. No doubt outside criticism, amounting in many cases to hostile propaganda, will be stimulating. But if the banking world chooses to organize the elucidation of its own processes and make that elucidation reasonably clear to the world of intelligent people outside, nobody is going to wrest or dream of wresting the money-credit system out of its hands. If, however, it should remain—as it is at present—very largely aloof, secretive about its thoughts and purposes, and generally inexplicable, many disagreeable things may happen to the money-credit organization of the world.

The general disposition is to blame the bankers for hard times, phases of unemployment, and the like. These disagreeable things may be due to restrictive tariffs, military expenditure, adverse climatic phases, or many other causes, but the banker gets the blame—for want of foresight, for failure to alleviate. There may be a certain rough justice in putting the blame on him. In practice it will do him little good to plead that he is not responsible. That will be like a bad chauffeur, whose tires are too tight and whose springs are rusty, pleading that a road he ought to have inquired about is a bad road and responsible for breakage and breakdown.

The past century has seen some formidable agitations for popular amateurish currency experiments, and there is always a muttering agitation for nationalization—which means, in effect, the introduction of the harsh and needy claw of the politician into every bank directorate. Better far, I suggest, for the good of the world quite as much as for the good of banking, to put the house in order from within.

But only in the most general terms can we outsiders say how the house can be put in order.

Three main things the world requires from its money-credit organization. The first is trustworthy wages. By that is meant a payment for a day's work, or a week's work, or a month's work, that will surely keep its promise to the worker. It must represent absolutely stable purchasing power. It must never evaporate. If the worker chooses to hold his wages for a time and then buy, he must find that they can still buy what he reckoned to get when he earned them. When money will give that full assurance, the worker will work his best. So far as it fails to do that, his irritation and demoralization will develop.

A Periodic Fever

Some will be disposed to tell me with a pitying smile that this is not so easy to contrive. Exactly. That is why I want them and not an outside horde of inspired faddists, politicians, agitators and adventurers to set about the business. It will be far better done in a research institution than at the street corner or in the popular press. But it has to be done. I accept that pitying smile for all the superiority it claims. But when the gentlemen have done smiling, will they inquire what percentage of the energy and ability of the people who really know is going into this problem of the adjustment of monetary conventions—and all money is convention—to this primary need for a happy productive world? I agree with William Clissold that it is a percentage that could be increased.

And next to this question of security of payment, in pursuit of this problem of a happy and productive humanity, is the question of security of employment. Why, we ask—we who are outside and ignorant—are there seasons of easy credit and ample employment, and seasons when hundreds of thousands of good and willing workers, through no fault of their own, find the days of their lives going to waste and themselves in need? You ought to know in there—in the centers of credit. You ought to have a diagnosis of this periodic fever and exhaustion, and a scheme of remedies. You ought to be telling the world clearly what it ought to do or not do to change that disagreeable and demoralizing rhythm. You ought not to be accepting these things as part of the necessary order of the universe.

The Science of Traditions

If you do not know, you ought to be most strenuously finding out. Are you finding out, or are you just drifting along—pretty comfortably—until a swarm of faddists, politicians, agitators—dreadful people of my sort—come storming in upon you, worked up to a state of intellectual desperation that at any price they will mend or end this unsatisfactory machinery? Is the banker's gray matter bankrupt, or is he both willing and capable to handle these drastic reconstructions of the conventions and system by which he lives and exercises his influence? Or is there an element of truth in the communist argument that property makes men acquisitive, stagnant and obstructive in proportion to the amount they hold, and that only the stark proletarian can produce even the will for this urgent, this overdue, task? And if the banker has not the will, as the proletarian certainly has not the ability, what is to become of all this intricate social system this breaking web has held together?

All this, remember, I write under invitation. I am not setting myself up to lecture bankers and financiers and teach them their duty and show them how to do their job. I would as soon propose to tell Monsieur Voisin how to build an automobile. But I am perfectly justified in telling Monsieur Voisin of any difficulties I find in the practical use of his automobile. And also, I remark, that while I can get very little light, very few suggestions upon these riddles from this massive, very rich, very influential world of men who handle money and credit, while indeed they meet my curiosities with priestly aloofness and mystery, I find men whose practical abilities fill me with even greater awe than do bankers, setting about heretical schemes of credit and money with an air of hoping nothing and expecting nothing from the men who ought to know and direct.

No, I am not thinking of the Douglas Scheme. But I find a great man like Professor Soddy, of radium fame, writing with fury about money and credit, as though no established science existed in the matter. I find the creators of vast industrial systems, like Mr. Ford and M. Citroën, propounding schemes of credit that are wildly unorthodox.

And I do not find anything that can reveal to me the philosophy, the world policy of the banking community, so that I shall understand the unreasonableness of these insubordinations. I do not find that the banking community sustains either research or a literature to which I can be referred. I find nothing to which Professor Soddy can be referred. If a banker began to declare all the professors of physics rogues and fools, Professor Soddy could refer them to a voluminous, difficult, but ultimately lucid science of physics. Where is the corresponding science of money and credit?

What I do get in these inquiries from these great lights in the banking world are discourses which strike me—forgive me!—as intellectually feeble denunciations of Socialist experiments, cheap sneers at faddists and the like, and not a gleam of light upon the real and true methods the banker on the defensive would have us believe he keeps hidden up his sleeve. I do not believe, therefore, that he has very much hidden up his sleeve. I do not object to his not knowing—we are all born ignorant—but I do object to the fact that in this rapid and needy flow of events he does not seem to be exerting himself very much to find out and tell the world of better things.

No Head and No Heart

The third point which I think we common people may reasonably require of our world money-credit system and those in expert control of it is that it should work as a restraint upon war. For that, manifestly, it needs a consciousness of itself as a world factor and a common conception of its rôle in human life. If it had that, it could act as a most powerful brake upon war preparations. That indeed—that want of a consciousness of itself as a world factor—is what I am driving at in all this discourse.

The money-credit organization of the world is the center of power in human affairs and it is no good for bankers to go on pretending and imagining they are a lot of irresponsible, innocent, honorable, trustworthy gentlemen who just want to be let alone to take charge of other people's money and lend it on sound security. We have in the world a great desire for peace, and yet that desire is powerless to arrest the development of armaments which must inevitably crash sooner or later, and it is powerless because those who want to make and buy and sell and organize armaments seem to have not the slightest difficulty in getting credit for such expenditure. When the dictator of a European power threatens to darken the heavens with aeroplanes, he is manifestly talking like a homicidal fool, but if presently he sets about producing that cloud in the sky, there is no apparent obstacle in our incredible money-credit system to arrest that murderous and civilization-wrecking attempt. Apparently plenty of money lenders will be ready to back him in an experimental spirit. Apparently a lot of them are backing him now.

The "Old" Minute Man's Bridge at Concord, Massachusetts. This Concrete Bridge is an Exact Replica of the Old Wooden Bridge

The Sins of Banking

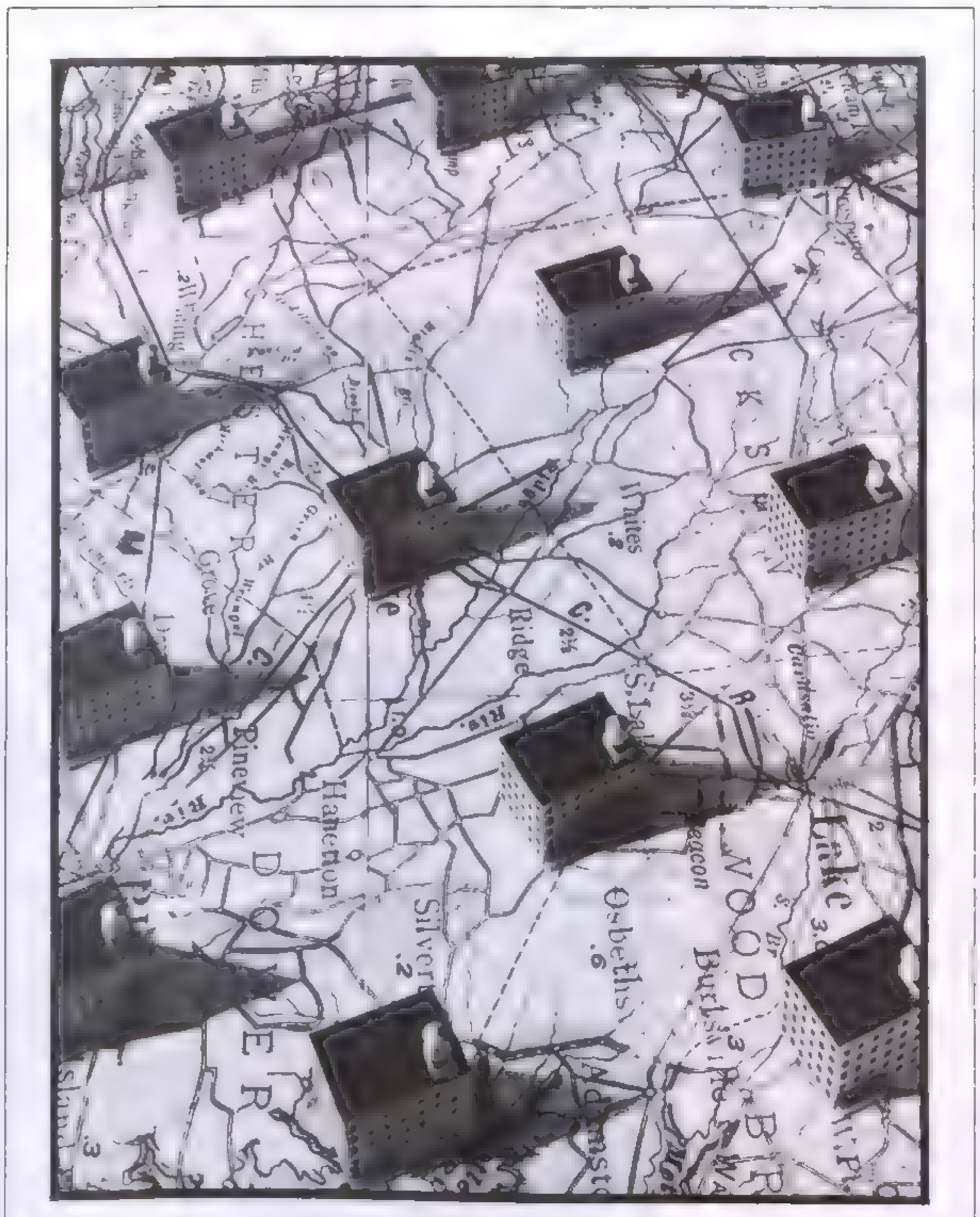
It is no sort of reply to criticisms such as these I am making to retort, "What would you do? Pretty mess you would make if you took control! Tell us your plan and we will end this unpleasant discussion in derisive laughter." Because, you see, I admit that my knowledge of money is quite slight and transitory, and I concede from the outset and reiterate and acknowledge continually my complete inferiority in finance to the very least of the charwomen who ever swilled the floor of a bank. The money-credit system is *par excellence* not my business. I have no scheme: I do not dream of any control.

But it has been my business to watch human character and general social development, and I do see the very rapid onset of a possible world system in which men will be called upon to do their utmost for the general good and where there will be small excuse, and maybe short shrift, for inadequate and irrelevant activities. Not only wrong-doing and dishonesty are sin. There is the sin of not understanding your world to your utmost. There is the sin of not making your way plain to your fellow creatures so that they can judge and help you. There is the supreme sin of finding power in your hands and letting the occasion pass you by. And since you ask me about it, these are the sins that I lay at the door of the banking community of the world today.

And yet I do even that with diffidence. I have, under invitation, given my outside impression—a very general impression of a great and complex and continually changing system of organizations and institutions—and it is quite possible that my sweeping and necessarily superficial judgments may miss many things that are, let us say, either embryonic or unconsolidated. The growth of a world system of correlated and coöperating central banks may be, as people put it, a "natural development," but also it would be a necessary phase in the creation of a really effective money-credit world organization adequate to the threefold task I have stated, and there may be much more deliberate intention and lucid understanding in that process than appears upon the surface.

But if so, it is plain that at present these creative purposes are not in touch with kindred impulses in other fields, and it is worth while to tell those who are concerned in this synthetic thrust how little their intentions are apprehended and what danger they incur of complete misunderstanding. Is it not high time this money-credit system of ours, this world nervous system, developed something like a brain and began to use speech?

In the application of big business and world finance to the creation of one organized world community lies the possibility of a world philosophy by which a great number of energetic and influential men may direct their lives and work in harmony. But their work has to be done with open eyes. A world philosophy that never gets beyond annual addresses to stockholders, after-dinner talks, vague allusions and private meditations will not stand the strain of this adventure.



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MILLIONS of well-fed city people are absolutely helpless as far as the production of foodstuffs is concerned. . . . Where would these metropolitan masses get their steaks, chops and roasts if their retail meat dealers were suddenly cut off from their supply?

For years Morris & Company have been contributing their share in the distribution of fresh meat to the people of America. By maintaining one hundred and fifty branch houses in the leading city areas of the country, they regularly deliver the meat requirements of millions of people. And so perfectly organized is the service between the great packing plants and the Morris & Company branch houses, that an unfailing supply is constantly assured.

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Heat furnishes the power to work a physical change that literally MAKES COLD

IT was bound to come . . . . an automatic refrigerator that makes no sound . . . as simple as a vacuum bottle . . . as durable as a steel safe.

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Then came an amazing discovery, made in the laboratories of the University of Stockholm. A revolutionary new freezing principle, entirely different from any in use. A principle that today gives the world just the kind of refrigerator that women wanted . . . silent, simple, economical, free from trouble, lasting.

Ice from heat . . . Incredible as it sounds, the new principle of the Electrolux Refrigerator uses heat to make ice. This heat, supplied by a tiny gas flame or an electric element, does all the work.

It acts upon a liquid, changing it to vapor. The vapor passes through coils, condenses back to a liquid, and the entire cycle is then repeated, over and over again. The physical change produces intense cold. Ice cubes are quickly made in the Electrolux, and food is kept at a constant low temperature.

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Almost perpetual motion . . . Once you light the little gas flame the chilling action keeps up automatically. There are no moving parts to worry about—no motor, no fan, no compressor, pump, belt or pulleys. In fact, there is nothing about this refrigerator to wear out, unless it be the inexpensive gas burner or electric heating element after years of use.

You can go away from home for a day or a week if you wish, yet the Electrolux goes right on working without attention. Should the gas supply be interrupted for any reason, no harm is done. The freezing action simply stops and an automatic device shuts off the gas until you turn it on again.

Noiseless—not merely quiet . . . The Electrolux isn't merely quiet. It is absolutely silent—as silent as the pilot light in your gas range. You can't tell it is working unless you open the door and feel the crisp dry cold of the food shelves.

Lasts a lifetime . . . With no moving parts to wear out, there is no reason why Electrolux should not last your lifetime. We designed and built it to do just that. Look at the cabinet! Look at the sturdy refrigerating unit!

The steel walls are finished with durable lacquer in white or a variety of beautiful and unusual color effects, obtained by an exclusive Servel process. Hinges and door handles are extra high grade. Solid sheets of heavy cork insulation are used—three inches in the larger boxes; two and a half inches in the smaller sizes. This is far more insulation than you will find in most refrigerators.

The inside is white porcelain fused on Armco Ingot Iron, without seams, crevices or rivet holes. Think how easily you can keep it clean!

Below—the Kitchenette Model Electrolux, shown here in Ivory tan finish, contains 4 cu. ft. of storage space. Outside dimensions are width 24 in., depth 21 3-4 in., height, with legs, 52 1-2 in. Price $225.

••FREEZES BY HEAT

Who makes the Electrolux? . . . Back of the Electrolux Refrigerator is Servel, a well-known, old-established company that is already famous as a pioneer in the field of mechanical refrigeration, and that now gives the world this simpler, more efficient freezing principle as its most remarkable achievement.

Tested and proved for six years . . . While new to America, the principle of the Electrolux is well known in Europe. Invented by scientists at the University of Stockholm, Sweden, in 1922, this principle has been thoroughly tested and proved for six years. Thousands of Electrolux Refrigerators are now operating in this country.

Approved by leading gas and electric companies . . . One of the finest testimonials to the engineering excellence of the Electrolux is the number of public utility companies that sell it.

Hundreds of the largest of these companies, after painstaking investigation, have given it the stamp of their approval and are actively pushing its sale.

Colors to match your kitchen . . . In addition to white, any Electrolux Model can be furnished in your choice of these four lovely color effects, obtained by an exclusive new "veiling" process: Crystal Green, Biscay Blue, Silver Gray, Ivory Tan. Prices, depending upon size, range from $225 to $550, f. o. b. Evansville, Ind.

Free demonstrations . . . You can't really appreciate this unusual refrigerator until you see it in action. For that reason we suggest that you visit the display rooms of our nearest distributor for a free demonstration. If you do not know where he is located or if you first want to read complete descriptive literature before looking, return the coupon below.

NOTICE TO DEALERS

You can easily see the sales future of this wonderful new refrigerator, with its distinctive features, and with the backing of a big, long-established, nationally known company. We invite inquiries from responsible dealers.

MADE BY SERVEL

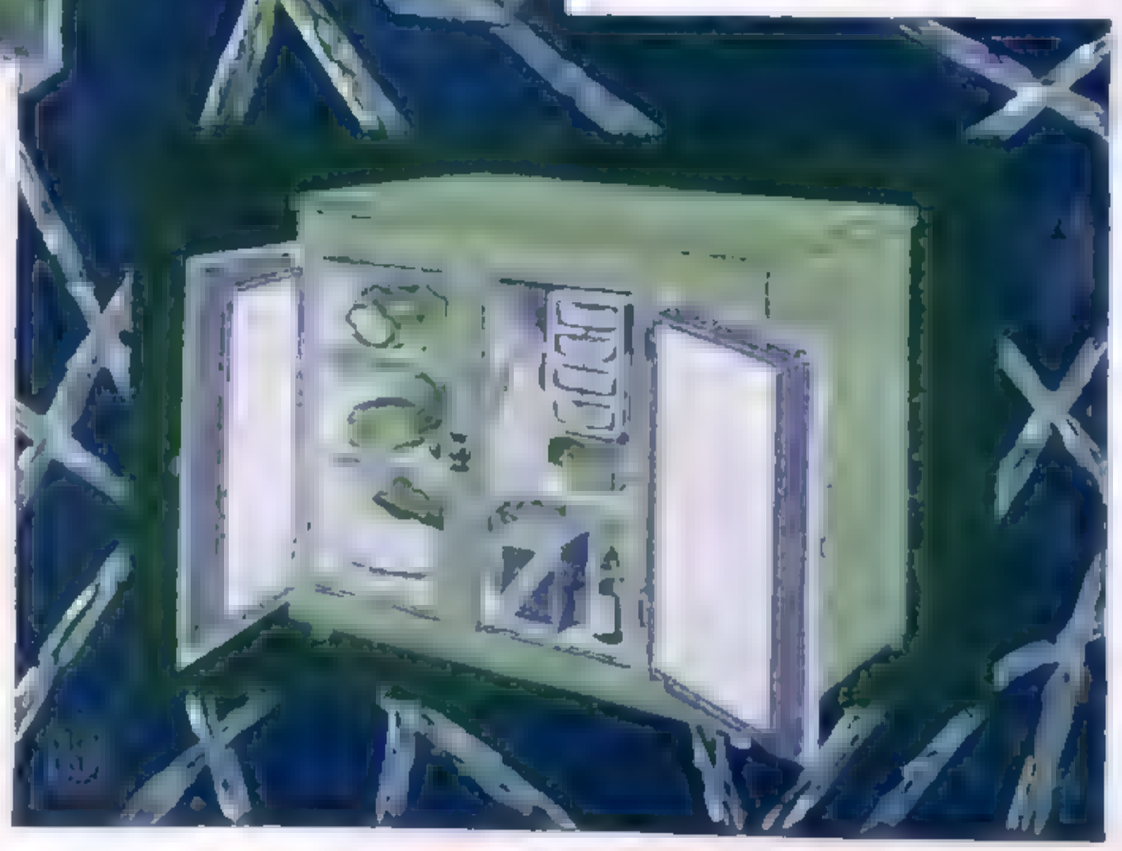
ELECTROLUX REFRIGERATOR

Above—the Chef Size Electrolux shown here contains 7 cu. ft. of storage space. Outside dimensions: 33 in. wide, 26 in. deep, 60 in. high. Price $345.

At right—This is the Double Duty Electrolux. It can be supplied with a beautiful white enameled table top or fitted to serve as the base for an automatic heat control gas stove. Refrigerator contains 5 cu. ft. of storage space. Outside dimensions: 37 3-8 in. wide, 25 9-16 in. deep, 29 1-4 in. high. Price $275.

* * *

Inexpensive to operate . . . Despite its many wonderful features, you pay no more for the Electrolux Refrigerator than for other makes. And the operating cost is amazingly low—usually less than with any other type of refrigerator.



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We will send you complete information—a 16-page illustrated booklet entitled "Heat that Freezes," and an 8-page folder giving new color ideas for modern kitchen decoration. Servel Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

Servel Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

Gentlemen: Without obligating myself, please send me a free copy of your 16-page illustrated booklet, "Heat that Freezes," and 8-page folder about color in the kitchen.

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State _____

A SAGA OF THE SEA

(Continued from Page 29)

of gold and women. Fair beyond other maids, men say, are those of these Saxons. Thinkst thou that here we make landing?"

"I know not, brother," replied Sigurd. "Never yet have I come to this coast." From the crowd of warriors he called to him old Snorri Whitebeard, him who as a boy had raided with Ragnor Lodbrok and to whom every shore was familiar in a long career of piracy and murderous inroad. "Knowst thou this place, Snorri?"

The evil-looking old ruffian laughed. "Surely, chief!" he said. "Thorgest leads us well. Of old I know this landfall. A little way up a river is a garth with many folk within its walls, and great houses and much gear. On a trading voyage came I hither once and much I marveled that never in a man's lifetime had it been raided." He pointed. "See! Thorgest sets course now for the river mouth—there where the tower is!"

They could just discern a small, round watchtower, a tiny stub above the glint of sand. Toward it Thorgest's dragon ship was now changing course. Sigurd shouted an order. Snorri ran forward to help in altering the set of the great red-and-white woolen sail, in putting out forward of the mast the heavy *beiti-áss*—the tacking boom—which enabled them to get the wind more abeam. As the *snekkja* heeled over, the men scrambled eagerly to open the weapon chests under each rowing bench. In joyous anticipation, they donned *brynja* and helmet, made choice of sword and spear and battle-ax.

A wisp of smoke went up from the tower. The alarm had been given among the shore folk.

From those many ships, vivid hued in sail and hull upon the sparkling blue water, each racing slantingly, with a curl of white at her bows and a streak of foam behind, came a confusedly multiplied fierce shout.

Intoxicated with the blood lust, with the ferocious frenzy that was a collective madness in that horde of swarming, yelling vikings, Sigurd climbed with the first over the sharpened upright logs of the stockade around the town, dropped with spear and shield among the similarly yelling burgesses frantically hurling their darts and shooting their arrows from the bank of earth behind the palisades. Instantly he was in fierce combat, hand to hand, with men fair-bearded like themselves. Deftly interposing his round shield against the blows at once hammered upon it, he drove his spear under the upswing of a battle-ax, wrenched it free and drove again in another death wound, another scream that mingled with his own exultant shout. Instantly also Einar was at his side, smiting hard with the rune-engraved sword that was his favorite weapon, vociferating the battle cry. In a deafening clamor, a metallic din suddenly loud amid the human exclamations of agony or triumph, the Northmen poured everywhere over the stockade, their faces maniacal with battle fury, slaying mercilessly amid the confused throng of panic-stricken defenders.

"Thor! Thor!" cried Sigurd as with his spear he drove and drove again.

He glanced up from the corpse of a man who had absurdly gone on his knees to him, saw a young Saxon evidently a thane from the comparative richness of his hem-embroidered tunic—who stubbornly stood at bay in an angle of the stockade and with mighty strokes of his battle-ax felled every viking that came near him. Even as Sigurd looked, one of his own men reeled backward with only half a head.

"Christus! Christus!" yelled the young Saxon triumphantly.

"Thor! Thor!" shouted Sigurd as he ran at him, hurled his spear.

The Saxon dodged the streaking weapon, dashed at him ere he could draw his sword. Even as the great ax gleamed in descent, Einar had leaped between, had thrust home. The battle-ax came heavily but nervelessly upon Sigurd's shield while the young man crumpled upon his knees, fell dead. He had a conspicuous thick bracelet of wrought gold upon his arm.

"I thank thee, Einar!" cried Sigurd. "Thine is the spoil!" He wrenched off the bracelet, proffered it to his friend.

"For me the ax!" laughed Einar, picking up the formidable weapon, silver-ringed around its haft. "Keep thou the bracelet, brother, in memory of that lucky blow!"

Sigurd put it upon his own arm. "Never shall I forget it, brother," he said gratefully. "And such a blow will I ever strike for thee."

He retrieved his spear and, with Einar, ran again into the fight that was now but a massacre, a chase into the streets of the town whence already came shriek after shriek.

Together, leading the men of their own ship, they raced along a narrow thoroughfare between reed-thatched hovels. Away ahead a few women fled with an amazing fleetness of foot. Here and there at the doorways gasping fugitives turned and stood, weapon in hand, in a last despairing defense of their homes, were instantly in conflict with half a dozen.

On all sides commenced the pillage. From every one of the close-packed streets and alleys came a horrid clamor of screams and imprecations, of fierce-throated yells, of blood-curdling, long-continued screechings from some tortured wretch whose hoard could not be found or perhaps was nonexistent, of maniac shrieks from women laughingly held back while their babies were tossed from spear point to spear point.

Amid those horrors Sigurd and Einar plundered like the rest, breaking into houses, slaying whom they found, seizing whatever was most portable of the precious objects that attracted their eager greed, laughing like madmen in the diabolical pitilessness which possessed them, which made prayers for mercy seem but a joke. A whelm of smoke from buildings recklessly set on fire became everywhere thick, seemed to increase that intoxication.

Old Snorri Whitebeard found them as they were persuading an aged, comically weeping, violently trembling Saxon to show them where he had buried his store of gold and silver coins.

He waited impatiently while they unearthed it, exclaimed angrily at its disappointing meagerness, stabbed the old miser so that he fell into the hole. Then he clutched Sigurd by the arm.

"Come, chief!" he cried. "In the temple of this garth is great treasure, as I myself once saw, and therein now have the maiden priestesses of the Christ God, together with many other women, taken refuge. Already Thorgest and those with him are beating at the doors. Haste thee or thou wilt be too late for thy share!"

Stuffing the coins into their wallets, Sigurd and Einar dashed eagerly after him into the street that had a runlet of blood coursing down its worn center channel. The word had been passed that the attack on the church had been begun, and from other houses other ensanguined vikings rushed out, ran in the same direction, yelling like fiends.

Avid for that choicest of plunder, they hurried through the open market place, where screaming, struggling women were being dragged to join the great throng of women and children already herded together among the cattle pens, where piles of the heavier articles of loot were being added to by joyously industrious raiders. In close vicinity they perceived the comparatively tall stone-built abbey church. A shouting mob of weapon-brandishing warriors was already surging about its main doorway. From the tower a crazy monk screamed imprecations to them, threatening them with his fist while those below shot ineffectual arrows at him. The mob parted in a lane. Under the vociferous direction of Thorgest himself—huge bodied, grotesquely hideous in a great bronze boar's head that was half mask, half helmet, his battle-ax still redly wet, his evil features convulsed with fury—a dozen men ran with a heavy balk of timber at the door under the squat-arched portal. A moment later, in a splintering crash, a deafening shout, the door fell inward.

Sigurd and Einar entered with the yelling, jostling inrush. At first, after the bright sunshine outside, the interior of the church seemed bafflingly dark, despite a number of yellow-glimmering candles at the farther end. They hesitated, unable clearly to distinguish what awaited them therein, heard a chorused chant oddly impressive in its unquavering solemnity. Then, their eyes become accustomed to the gloom, they saw that the candles were held by a number of monks, singing under their cowls. At the other side of the building could dimly be discerned a crowd of women, some white-coifed nuns, others merely townsfolk.

Conspicuously alone on the altar steps, a venerable white-bearded priest, garbed in a rich vestment, stood and faced them, held aloft a large crucifix in a gesture that forbade their advance. In an involuntary superstitious awe they bunched at the threshold. Who knew, indeed, whether the God worshiped in these often-pillaged temples was not perhaps, after all, the equal—even, some weak-nerved cravens asserted, particularly when some subsequent misfortune had befallen them, the superior—of Odin and Thor?

That recoil lasted for but a moment. With a cry of "Thor! Thor! Odin! Odin!" Thorgest pushed himself through them, ran at the priest, swung his two-handed battle-ax aloft, brought it down in a sweep that sent a headless body rolling to the foot of the altar steps. From the monks and the women came a poignant exclamation of horror at this sacrilege, more dreadful even than their own danger.

That deed broke the spell. With a wild shout the pirates rushed forward, weapons lifted. That solemn chant, still desperately continued by one or two voices, ceased in a sudden outbreak of shrieks and screams, of ferocious mirth as the nonresisting monks were slaughtered like cattle, of anguished appeals from women seized by brutally strong hands.

Dashing forward with the rest, Sigurd caught a glimpse of a girl's face that gave him a queer little shock, so unusually, so startlingly beautiful was it under the white nun's coif. In an instant eager covetousness he fought his way through the confusion to reach her before she was another's prey. He succeeded, snatched at her arm as in terror her face jerked away from him, as she shrieked, wrenched herself vainly in his grasp. Simultaneously he perceived that she was being tugged at from the other side, that he had a rival. It was Thorgest Boar-helm formidably huge, his evil hairy face demoniac with fury under the tusked jaws of his helmet.

"Loose thy hold, stripling!" he yelled. "This maid is mine! Loose her or I slay thee!"

An equal anger leaped up in Sigurd, a recklessly violent hostility, an overpowering lust for possession of this beautiful creature. "Loose her thyself, Thorgest! First did I claim her! Mine is she!"

The girl shrieked in physical pain as they pulled her opposite ways. Maintaining his grasp, Sigurd was himself dragged a little distance by Thorgest's giant strength toward a freer space near the altar where lay the decapitated priest. Suddenly Thorgest released his hold. The next instant, with both hands he had swung his battle-ax above Sigurd's head. As he brought it down, his foot slipped in the pool of blood, and with the impetus of his own blow he lurched headlong. Sigurd saw him sprawling at his feet and instantly, instinctively, he leaped upon him, plunged his sword into the bearded throat. There was a sudden wild outcry from the Northmen, temporarily suspending the massacre at this death of their leader, an angrily vengeful rush led by three or four of Thorgest's kinsmen.

Einar sprang forward, shouted in a voice that echoed through the church: "Sigurd has slain Thorgest, and to all entitled the full blood fine offers he! The leader is Sigurd! The leader is Sigurd!"

The upraised weapons were lowered. The rush stopped. Einar's ready wit had metamorphosed the situation. In exact fulfillment of the meticulous Scandinavian code, the manslaughter had been proclaimed on behalf of the slayer and the blood atonement had been offered; moreover, by the right of duel, Sigurd legitimately succeeded to Thorgest's leadership. It was unanswerable, sanctioned by immutably ancient custom. There was a tumultuous acclamation. Sigurd laughed gratefully to Einar.

"Again, brother, do I owe thee much thanks. Ever am I bound to thee, and thou hast but to ask for me to give." He took the girl by the wrist, shouted exultantly to the throng: "I make the gift that is fitting! The chief's part of today's spoil give I to the host—save only that this maid is mine!"

They acclaimed him again enthusiastically.

They were once more on the ship—a dejected and much-reduced company who bandaged one another's wounds. For Sigurd's new leadership, unquestioningly accepted as the soon picturesquely embellished story of his slaying of Thorgest had spread among the host, had been unfortunate. King Alfred's recently improved military organization had come into play. Promptly collected under the headship of the neighboring thanes, the local fyrd had been rapidly marched against the invaders and, though too late to save the town, had in overwhelming numbers intercepted them as, loaded with spoil and encumbered with their captives, they returned toward the ships.

Desperate had been the fight. Almost all the booty had been lost. Scarcely had a half of them hacked their way to the refuge of the fleet. Now, while a full moon rose serenely in the sky, the vessels lay anchored out in the estuary, where the furious enemy could not reach them. Every now and then horrible shrieks came through the night as some viking, luckless enough to be made prisoner, was flayed alive for his skin to be nailed to the church door in expiation of his sacrilege; there perhaps to remain for a thousand years, as the fragments of several such, shrunken and leatherlike, still remain.

Sigurd and Einar stood together on the *lypting* platform at the stern of the ship, where for the past hour they had been in earnest counsel with a succession of the perturbed commanders of other ships. Grim with defeat but sturdily confident in his novel authority, Sigurd had given curtly decisive instructions. For this night would they remain in the river, but with the dawn must they be ready to sail and possibly to fight, since none knew whether the warships of the Saxon King might not be in the vicinity. Now the most lingering of those vikings had departed and the two friends were alone. (Continued on Page 108)

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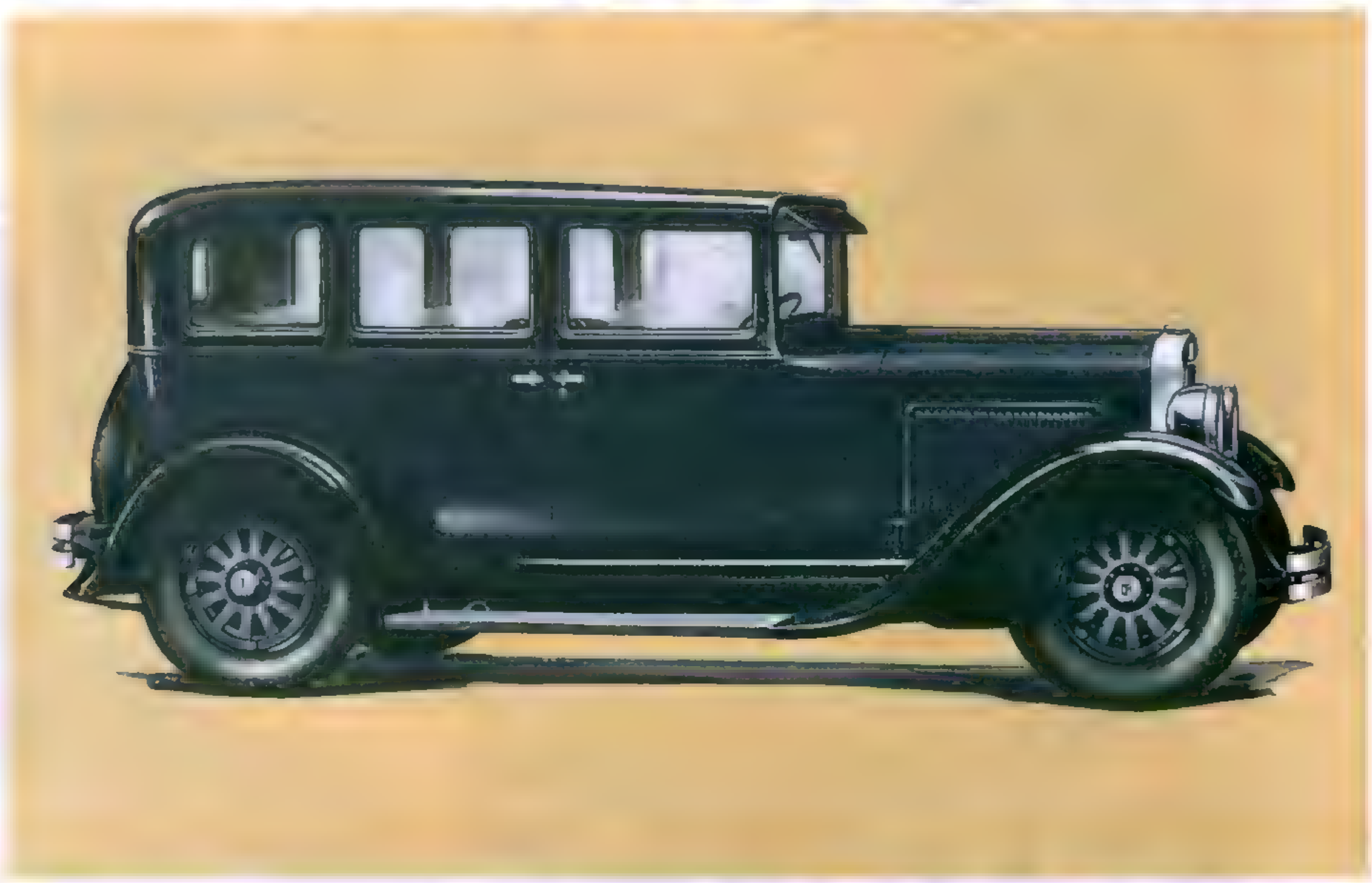

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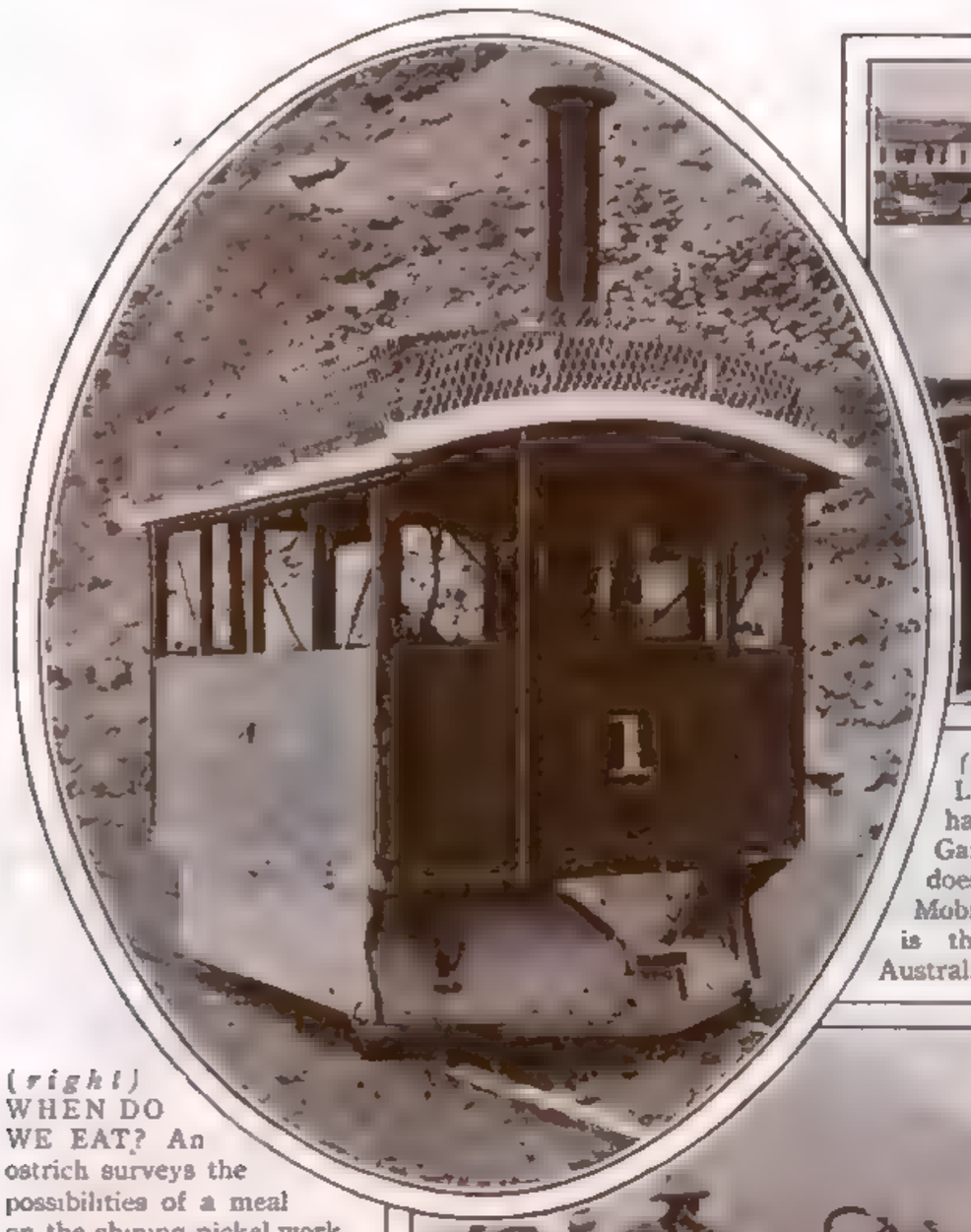

(right) WHEN DO WE EAT? An ostrich surveys the possibilities of a meal on the shining nickel work of the 5 Mobiloil-lubricated cars in the first Citröen expedition—the first automobiles to cross the Sahara. Since then two other Mobiloil-lubricated expeditions have crossed the desert.

(left) THIS "TOONERVILLE TROLLEY" at Christchurch, New Zealand, has been lubricated for 48 years with Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W, which does for steam engines what Gargoyle Mobiloil does for automobiles. Mobiloil is the favorite in New Zealand and Australia.

(right) THE FASTEST LINER AFLOAT. Gargoyle D.T.E. oil protects the Mauretania's high-speed engines just as its sister lubricant, Gargoyle Mobiloil, protects the new, high-speed automobile engines. The world's quality automobile oil is sold in every port of the Mauretania's Mediterranean cruises. *(Publishers Photo Service)*

(left) THE OLD GRAY MARE of India has just backed her load of Mobiloil up to a storehouse in Karachi. The Gargoyle trade-mark on barrel heads is a sure sign of quality to the people in faraway lands where the printed English word would be so much gibberish. The Mobiloil Chart—familiar to millions of American motorists—is printed in many languages as a guide to correct lubrication.

(above) THE TOWER OF LONDON looks down on this truckload of Mobiloil as it passes over Tower Bridge. Mobiloil is widely used throughout the British Isles. As with the British flag, the sun never sets on the world's quality oil.

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ds of the earth

MING UP TRADE in the Orient is easy
modity is Mobiloil. These Malay boatmen
drums of Mobiloil at Singapore after
m in from the Mobiloil steamer. The
y oil is favored in all the hot countries.

(above) "GARGOYLE IS GOOD JOSS," says Hung Bing when his 27 years' service wins him a pension with the Vacuum Oil Company. Hung has delivered nearly 150,000 barrels of Mobiloil from ship to shore in Hong Kong harbor.

(above) THEY HAVE THEIR UPS and downs in Bolivia. These South American llamas, loaded with Mobiloil, are getting their second wind at the Mobiloil agency in Oruro. Andes Mountain traffic signs give two directions—*up* and *down*. The world's quality oil gets first choice in countries where steep grades make lubrication doubly important.

(above) A SOLEMN OCCASION. These two Shinto priests have just officiated at the dedication of the Vacuum Oil Company building in Dairi, Japan. The world's quality oil is as much a part of Japanese life as it is in every other country of the world.

(right) SAILS THAT NEED LUBRICATION. Gargoyle Marine Oil, a sister lubricant to Gargoyle Mobiloil, lubricated the rotors of the wind-propelled "Baden-Baden," the first rotor ship to cross the Atlantic. The skill of the men who make Mobiloil is always in demand when new inventions are launched.

(Keystone view)

MILLIONS
of motorists, the world over, get long life from their engines by using the world's quality oil.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

L COMPANY

e lubricating oils for all types of machinery

(Continued from Page 104)

Sigurd shouted to old Snorri Whitebeard, down with the men who were already getting out the leather sleeping bags, spreading them on the rowing benches of this moonlit ship. Since possibly they might have to repel a night attack, it had been forbidden to raise the great tent covering usual when at an anchorage they slept on shipboard.

"Ho, Snorri!" he cried, his voice eager. "Bring hither the maid I gave into thy care!"

Much ado had he had to bring safely through the fight this prize he was determined should not be reft from him. Fair women in plenty had he snatched in brutal violence during his life of rapine, but never had he seen one who seemed to him so desirable, who gave him so peculiarly intimate a thrill whenever he but thought of her vivid beauty. Not yet had he had opportunity to speak with her.

Einar put his hand affectionately on his friend's shoulder. "Never comes good hap from meddling with the priestesses of the Christ God, brother," he said. "My counsel is that thou sendest her ashore ere more evil befalls us, and so say the warriors. Many there are in the host who in their voyagings have been prime-signed to this new religion, and they talk together that our ill luck this day comes from slaying that whitebeard priest in the temple. Sooth is it that Thorgest was himself slain there where he slew the old sorcerer, and soon thereafter came the alarm of the Saxons marching upon us." Evident in his own tone was a superstitious half belief in this supernatural sequence of cause and effect.

Sigurd laughed. Staunch in the grim old Odin faith, he had nothing but contempt for those now numerous Northmen who, cynically or meekly and often many times over, had allowed themselves to be prime-signed to Christianity; a rite preliminary to baptism which entitled the neophyte to a new white robe and a valuable license to trade in Christian communities; all the privileges that he himself coveted would he take, as a viking should, with his own spear and sword.

"Never fear, brother! Not yet has the Christ God conquered Thor! And this maid I will keep against all the gods in Asaheim!"

As he spoke she came stumblingly, roughly pushed by old Snorri, to the three or four steps up to the *lypting*, mounted them at the old ruffian's gruff command. Her robe torn—as was frequent with high-born Saxon maidens remaining in the convent school until a husband was found for them, it was that of a novice—her uncoiffed fair hair loose about the young and beautiful face clearly illumined by the moonlight, she stood with a high-headed dignity on the platform.

Almost for a moment Sigurd felt awkwardly abashed, so disdainful was she. He shook off that absurd constraint. Was she not his captive, to do with as he would? He smiled at her.

"Hast need of aught, fair one?" he asked, in a voice he tried to make pleasant. "I bade Snorri give thee food and drink."

Differentiated though their languages had become, Saxon and Northman could yet understand each other. She remained haughtily high-headed.

"Of nothing have I need," she answered coldly, "save only deliverance from thee and the other hounds of hell with thee."

He laughed; many maid captives had spoken thus unamiably at the beginning of their acquaintance—had, nevertheless, wept bitterly when at last he had sold them to the slave dealer.

"Not soon will that be, swan bird!" he said, in coarse cheerfulness. "Many moons shall we fare fondly together over the salt sea. Glad shall be thy heart at the gold and rich raiment that shall be thine, and happy in this ship shalt thou be with me, thy lover. Therefore smile now upon me that we begin our friendship."

She stood silent, biting her lip, the radiance of the moonlight touching her lovely profile as she turned it from him. The allurement of that closely near beauty became overmastering in him. In an explosion of primitive impulse, he flung his arms round her, strained for her mouth.

She averted her head, wrenched herself half free from him. "Touch me not!" she cried. "Soon will come those with rich ransom for me—and self-slain shall I profit thee little!"

So vehemently genuine was her tone that he released her. All too often, indeed, did such as she cheat their captors by a self-inflicted death. Plainly not prudent was it to press this proudly sensitive creature to desperation.

Einar laughed.

"Starve her for a day or two, foster brother," he advised. "Then will she soon be meek enough! But assuredly would it be better to take ransom for her untouched, if such is offered. No women need we on the ships in this strait, for lucky shall we be if we escape without weapon stroke with the Saxon warships."

Sigurd looked grim. "If they come, then shall we repay them our mischance this day," he said. "Glad would it gar me to meet these Frisians who take the Saxon gold to teach them wave craft."

He glanced round to see his captive staring intently—peculiarly—her eyes wide in a sudden horror—at his arm. He looked down to it himself, saw gleaming in the moonlight that conspicuously large finely wrought bracelet he newly wore. Quite evidently she recognized it—must have known that young thane from whose dead body it had been wrenched; an annoying circumstance, for now surely would he have to contend with a nuisance of feminine tears. She took a deep breath, raised her eyes until they met his—strangely, fixedly—in a dreadful question. For a moment he thought she was about to speak. She did not. Only she continued to stare into his face—strangely—her expression changing to a look that baffled his divination.

That awkward tension was suddenly relieved. A hail came across the water. He heard parleyings from a distant ship, from one that was nearer, from the *raum*—the bow platform—of his own craft.

Old Snorri Whitebeard came clambering over the rowing benches toward him. "One comes claiming safe conduct and offering ransom for the maid Eadgitha, chief."

He and Einar looked inquiringly round to the captive.

"Eadgitha am I called," she said, in a peculiar voice, her lips trembling.

Old Snorri grinned. "The man bids thee name thy price," he chuckled. "A little something should there be for all, chief."

Sigurd set his jaw. "Tell him I take no ransom!" Angrily he cut short Snorri's expostulation; unthinkable, against all custom, subversive of the most profitable part of the trade of piracy, was it to refuse the redemption of prisoners. "Tell him I keep the maid!" More than ever, in that suddenly presented possibility of parting with her, was he defiantly determined to retain this disdainful lovely creature for whom he had fought Thorgest, who seemed to his primitively predatory desire the most alluringly covetable woman he had ever seized as prey.

Grumblingly old Snorri Whitebeard obeyed, shouted his chief's bidding to a small boat that drifted near them on the milkily white moonlit water.

A voice came from it in answer: "Who is this viking who keeps not the customs of war? Not fitting is it to refuse sufficient ransom. For his daughter taken from the sanctuary of the Christ God my lord Ceordic bids thy chief name his own price in gold!"

Sigurd went himself to the rail of the *lypting*. "Begone!" he shouted in a sudden passion. "No gold is there that is sufficient. The maid Eadgitha fares with me, and thy Christ God Himself shall not take her from me! Begone, lest I bid seize thee!"

The captive came quickly to his side at the rail. Before he could interpose she cried across to the man in the boat: "Ho, Leoftic! Go tell my father Ceordic that I refuse ransom!" He stared at her, astounded. "By my own will and for a vow stay I on this ship!" There was a silence, and then a splash of oars on the river.

Sigurd caught her eagerly in his arms. "Swan bird!"

She turned to him an utterly incomprehensible face as she writhed in his embrace. "I hate thee!"

He laughed brutally, held her tight, enforced a kiss upon her.

Gloomily Sigurd and Einar looked from the rampart of their hastily thrown-up earthwork on the shore of an estuary some distance to the westward of the river mouth where a month previously they had met their first disaster. Still anchored between them and the sea was the squadron of Saxon long ships which for a week had been blockading them. A water burg, after the manner of the vikings when hard pressed, was this fortification: a series of shallow intercommunicating docks, dug by terrorized prisoners and by the Northmen themselves, laboring in fierce urgency; the whole inclosed by the strong circumvallation which had already resisted several assaults of the Saxon land hosts, savagely determined to exterminate them.

All too few were the defenders, for on the morning when—fortunately meeting no Saxon warships—they had slipped out to sea from that other river mouth, many had sailed straightway for Frankland, abandoning this unprofitable enterprise. Since then, moreover, they had had bad luck and much hard fighting in the cut-and-run raids they had made. Barely a score of viking craft were in the *naust* basins, and among the thousand fighting men who survived, few were there who were not wounded.

His own head bandaged from yesterday's desperate battle, his fair-bearded face haggard with fatigue and strain, Sigurd turned to his friend. "What is thy counsel, brother?" he asked. "Shall we fare forth against those ships, or shall we wait yet another day for some favor of Odin to free us from them?"

Einar frowned. "Tomorrow shall we go hungry into the fight," he said harshly. "This morning, as thou knowest, the last horse has been killed and the last meal bag emptied. Whether we stay or go, one is it, and little can Odin do! Alike is our doom upon us. Here within the work shall we surely starve and the Saxon spearmen at last make sport with our weakness. Upon the water, their ships are twice as many and twice as great. Make thy choice!"

Sigurd glanced at him, struck by that unusual harshness in his friend's tone. But then for a week past Einar's manner had been unusual—ever since, in fact, he himself had returned from that last luckless raid, with vengeful Saxons hot in pursuit, to the ships and the encampment he had left under his foster brother's guard. Oddly changed from his old warm-heartedly affectionate gayety had he found him; short of speech, sitting gloomily apart, brooding almost as a man that is fey, that feels his death upon him. Perhaps, indeed, was that the explanation. His heart was gripped at the thought; more than brothers had he and Einar been together. Though no man might resist his doom when the Valkyrie choosers of the slain summoned him to the hall of Odin, yet had he always hoped they might pass thither in company at the crisis of some hard-fought battle. Now, however, for all their desperate strait, he himself was robustly immune from any premonition of death. Bitter would it be to lose Einar from this bright world.

He spoke kindly in that apprehension: "Let us go back to my tent, brother, and there with Hjallti and Bjórn and Hvin Wolf-face will we hold council. For brave men is there ever a way." Einar laughed shortly, ill-omenedly.

They walked together through the encampment crowded with gaunt diversely wounded vikings sitting around their little temporary tents, here repairing their armor or their weapons, there wrangling together as was their wont, wretched-looking Saxon women prompt to their beck and call. As they passed the *naust* basins where the ships were under shed, they saw Eadgitha coming toward them, some white rags in her hand. Her fair hair now neatly braided in two long plaits, her robe clean and decent, still startlingly beautiful was she, still was there a disdainful high-headed dignity in her gait. Sigurd called to her as she turned away through the throng. She answered him with calm simplicity that she was going to tend a poor Saxon woman hurt by an arrow in yesterday's battle. He shouted a familiar jest after her, bade her be not long away; almost had he tamed that vixen, he thought to himself with satisfaction.

Einar stood for a moment looking fixedly where she had disappeared. Then he swung round to his friend, his eyes surely the eyes of a man who was fey. "I will go fetch Hjallti and the others to thy tent," he said abruptly, strode off.

Sigurd went on his way, his thoughts confusedly between the strangeness of Einar and the still undiminished allurement of that Saxon girl. Of a sooth had he done well in refusing ransom for her! Never had he had so beautiful, so fascinating a creature in his arms. Strange and elusive was she even when most violently he forced her to his embrace, seeming always privately to mock his primitive passion, his words of love for her. She made no pretense of returning that love. On the contrary, sitting on the heap of skins within his tent, she would stare at him with a peculiarly intent gaze of her large blue eyes, would assure him vehemently that she hated him.

Sometimes, disconcertingly, would she laugh softly to herself as she thus looked at him, laugh as though she had a secret for his bane. Once he had asked why she had refused ransom for herself since she hated him. She had laughed again, mockingly. "That I might see thy death!" she had said, in a tone that had stirred anger and almost fear in him, and he had beaten her until she wept childishly, like the young girl she was. Thenceforward had he prudently kept his weapons from her reach.

Scornfully she had refused the rich gifts he pressed upon her. Only, when once he had offered her—having drunk deeply at the ale feast—any of his own ornaments at her choice, she had asked for the curiously wrought gold bracelet on his arm—the bracelet that had certainly belonged to someone she knew, brother or lover; he had cautiously refrained from ascertaining, from raising that trouble between them. He had refused curtly, saying that Einar had put it there. And she had laughed again, that laugh which made him uncomfortable.

Pondering her, he arrived at his little ridgepole tent, seated himself. Certainly more docile was she of late, had once involuntarily almost responded to his kiss, though she had then pushed him fiercely away in a violent revulsion and had wept. Soon would she be entirely tamed, would be the most delightful of companions for his further wanderings. Whatever else he left behind, assuredly would he take her with him on his *snekkja* when they forced their way out through the Saxon long ships, would put her under old Snorri's guard so that no harm came to her in the fight. Very precious was she to him; to none but the inviolably faithful Einar would he have intrusted her when he had fared forth on those last raids—to Einar, who was fey! He sighed and shuddered.

He heard his friend's voice, approaching with Hjallti Ironside, with Bjórn One-eye, with Hvin Wolf-face. Flosi, the Icelander, known admiratively as Skullsplitter, was with them, was arguing violently for an immediate putting forth in the ships. The bearded fierce-visaged chieftains, each war-dight in mail shirt and variously fantastic helmets, came into the tent, gave him salutation, seated themselves with grim

(Continued on Page 112)

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gravity. Desperate in either case was the decision they must take.

The council was brief. Only Björn One-eye was for remaining to face certain starvation in the water burg, and him Flosi shouted down, challenged to *holmganga* in a mutual interchange of insults. Sigurd quieted them authoritatively. Not a time was it for duels. Every man and every ship would they need against the Saxon vessels, if that were the decision. He put it to the vote. Björn One-eye sulkily put up his hand in unanimity with the rest. Straightway would they attempt to force a passage to the sea. Einar laughed aloud, harshly, unpleasantly. The others looked at him in awe and pity—plainly, indeed, was he fey.

The other chieftains hurried off to make their preparations, to give the order to get the ships out of the *nausts*. An immediate fierce clamor awoke on their passage across the camp.

Einar stood up in the tent, turned to Sigurd. "Brother," he said, "once didst thou say that I had but to ask, for thee to give."

Sigurd glanced up to him, baffled by the strange expression on his friend's face. "Even so, brother," he answered. "Ask freely." What, indeed, could be too much to give this plainly doomed friend for whom his heart was wrenched?

Still strange was the expression on Einar's face. "I ask thee then," he said, "for the maid Eadgitha."

Sigurd sprang to his feet. Not this had Einar right to ask of him! Yet had he pledged his word—the word that could only be inviolable between them. For a moment he could scarcely speak.

"What wouldst thou do with her?" he asked thickly, staring at his friend in a dawning, a dreadful, suspicion. Einar—Einar of all men to break faith! With his life would he have trusted Einar!

"To her own folk would I send her," replied Einar, "ere we fare forth to this battle."

There was a strained tense silence between them for a moment. Sigurd looked him in the eyes. "Brother, hast thou no secret to avow to me? Dead men are we perhaps both ere the sun sets, ghosts in the hall of Odin."

There was an agony in Einar's face. "Not in the hall of Odin with thee shall I be, brother." He checked in the difficulty of that avowal. "To a greater than Odin shall I go—even to the forgiveness of the Christ God in His heaven."

Sigurd was almost speechless in incredulity. "To the Christ God!" he gasped.

"Water-signed was I yesterday by a Saxon priest wounded to death in the battle. The maid Eadgitha brought me to him."

"Eadgitha!"

"When thou wast away raiding she spoke with me—persuaded me to the faith of the Christ God."

"To that only?" His blue eyes blazed in that sudden flaring jealousy which scorched him, which was an agony. Never before had he used such a tone to his friend.

"To that only!" Einar was harshly curt. "Yet will I say this, brother, since soon forever shall we part: I love the maid as never have I loved woman, and had she not been thine ——"

"Thou liest!" The words leaped from him in spontaneous vehemence; automatically his hand had whipped his sword from its scabbard.

Outside there was a blaring of war horns, a mighty tumultuous shout as the vikings rushed to the ships.

Einar's own hand had gone instinctively to the hilt of his weapon. He kept it there, mastering himself. "Sigurd," he said, "thou art the leader of this host, and no time is this for private quarrels. If we break through the Saxons, then will I meet thee at *holmganga* when and where thou wilt, and thy god and mine shall contend with us and prove which is the stronger. Now I ask thee to keep thy plighted word. Give me the maid Eadgitha!"

At that moment she appeared at the tent. Her eyes lit up strangely as she saw the two men facing each other in that evident fierce hostility. Sigurd looked at her, took a deep breath. Einar made an instinctive movement to interpose himself should, as seemed imminent, his foster brother spring upon her with that drawn sword. With an immense effort, Sigurd controlled himself.

"Take thy leman!" he said in bitter scorn.

Eadgitha uttered a peculiar little cry as she turned to Einar. "What means this?" she asked, bewilderment in her face.

Einar's grimness relaxed, almost he smiled at her. "I send thee back to thy own folk ere we fare forth to the battle," he said. "Pray for me to the Christ God!"

She drew back from him, looked from one to the other of them, her face strangely troubled. "No!" Her voice was choked. "I thank thee, Einar"—there was a touch of affectionate intimacy in her tone that pierced Sigurd like a sword thrust—"but I cannot go. I stay with Sigurd."

"Eadgitha!" Poignantly pleading was the cry, desperately appealing the gesture, which came from Einar. "A fey man am I! Soon shall I be in that heaven thou didst tell me of, and I cannot leave thee thus among these haters of thy meek Christ God! Go to thy own folk now, as thou mayest, and happy will be my last thought of thee!"

There were sudden tears in her great blue eyes, but she stood stubbornly resolute. "No, Einar. In the Christ God as a soul that I saved shall I always love thee, and for thee will I pray, but I cannot do thy bidding. A vow have I made. With Sigurd do I stay, now as on the ship I stayed when ransom I refused."

A jealous exultation leaped up in Sigurd—ill-omened though he well knew was that vow she spoke of, maddening though it had been to hear the gentleness of their voices to each other; yet humiliatingly Einar had failed to take her from him! "Enough!" he cried harshly. "I kept my word to thee, Einar. Do as thou wilt with this woman thou didst try to steal from me. And now between me and thee is our brotherhood at end. I break the bond!"

Outside, the war horns blared in insistent reiteration amid the tumult of women's cries, of fierce vociferations from warriors savagely eager for the imminent fight.

Hvin Wolf-face's voice hailed him impatiently from beyond the tent: "Sigurd! Sigurd! Sigurd Gunnarsson! Haste thee! They wait to haul out the ships! The host waits for thy standard!"

He sheathed his sword, snatched up shield and spears and battle-ax. At the doorway he turned to them. "I go to the *snekkja!* Come or bide here as ye will, both of ye!"

As he ran toward the *nausts*, where already the shouting throng of warriors was congregated, he heard them following him, heard Einar's voice still in some half-pleading expostulation, heard her answer: "Though it mean death, I keep my vow!"

The ships had been drawn out into the estuary brimming with a full tide, had been manned with warriors eagerly splashing through the water to clamber into them. Ranging themselves in order, they had waited in an impressive silence, oars poised, for Sigurd's signal. He had made certain that all were ready, properly aligned, each bulwarked with ranged shields, and then had he bade hoist his dragon-embroidered standard, sound the war horn, had himself shouted the first orders to the rowers of his own ship: "*Ljósta árum í sjó!*"—Smite oars into the water! "*Ára-tog!*"—Pull! With a simultaneous splash and swirl, the oars had dipped and bent. To a great many-voiced shout loud above the screamed curses of the Saxon women upon the shore—the ships had slid forward, thud and jerk henceforth steadily rhythmic.

Away out toward the sea, the much larger and doubly more numerous Saxon long ships had pulled up their anchors, were now moving in preliminary maneuvers, glinting with weapons, bright-colored standards fluttering above them in the trifling breeze.

Sigurd stood at the *lypting* tiller of his ship, steered her directly toward the enemy, slightly in advance of the host he led. On the *rausn* the prow dwellers stood arranging their darts ready to their hand. Just below him, in front of the *lypting*, stood that other group of specially chosen foemen who at need formed the *skjald-borg*, the shield burg which protected the commander of the ship. Among them was Einar, at his usual post. Not now did Sigurd shout his usual battle-joyous words to him. They exchanged no glance. On the *lypting* itself, just behind him, where the ship narrowed to the sternpost, and out of the way of the warriors, sat Eadgitha. He ignored her, though an ugly memory of her taunt came to him: "That I might see thy death!" Bah! No man died till Odin's daughters called him!

The two fleets approached—were within half a mile of each other. Already could they hear the shouts of the Saxon spearmen and of the Frisian sailors whom King Alfred had hired to teach his folk shipcraft. Almost twice as long as those of the vikings were these ships built upon a new model, and plainly were they crowded with fighting men. Very swiftly they came, under the urge of their many rowers, racing to attack these hated enemies whose ships numbered less than half their own.

Again Sigurd shouted an order and the war horn sounded a familiar signal blast. The viking ships bunched together in a close line, each drawing in its oars as the gunwales touched. Instantly ropes and grappling irons were thrown from one to the other, were made fast, so that—as the viking custom was—they were securely lashed together in a solid single-fronted mass.

Confident in their overwhelming superiority, the Saxon vessels disdained to imitate that formation. They came on in three separate squadrons of independent ships, their greatest strength in the center, those on the wings now swerving out to take the motionless viking mass upon the flanks. There was a deafening clamor of antagonistic shouts and yells, a wild blaring of war horns, a final vociferation of grimly purposeful orders, an instant of suspense—and then, simultaneous with two oppositely speeding flights of arrows and darts, a violent shock, a crash and grind as the Saxon ships met them prow to prow. Immediately the men on the forecastles were in furiously yelling hand-to-hand combat. Sigurd picked up the bow he had put near him, with deadly aim shot arrow after arrow.

Murderously ferocious was that fight at once raging on the prow of every one of those lashed ships and, a moment or two later, as the other Saxon ships attacked upon the flanks, at the gunwales of the outer ones. With wild shouts of "*Upp-ganga! Upp-ganga!*" the vikings endeavored to board the enemy vessels, hurling themselves in frenziedly reckless fury against the swords and spears and battle-axes of their foes, shield against shield and weapon striking weapon, striking into flesh and bone for another man to fall between the grinding hulls, for another shriek to be added to the pandemonium of shrieks and screams, fierce shouts and exultant battle cries.

Everywhere outnumbered, they were themselves boarded, in ship after ship were forced back in desperate struggle among the rowing benches, where those who had been oarsmen, fully armed in *brynja* and helmet, fought for their lives with a ferocity equal to that of the overwhelmed prow dwellers, while, from behind, those who were not yet directly engaged—the final reserve of picked warriors—shot their arrows and hurled their darts wherever they had opportunity. In ship after ship, to right and left, the Saxon foemen came scrambling, vociferating triumphantly, over gunwale after gunwale, their weapons red from the

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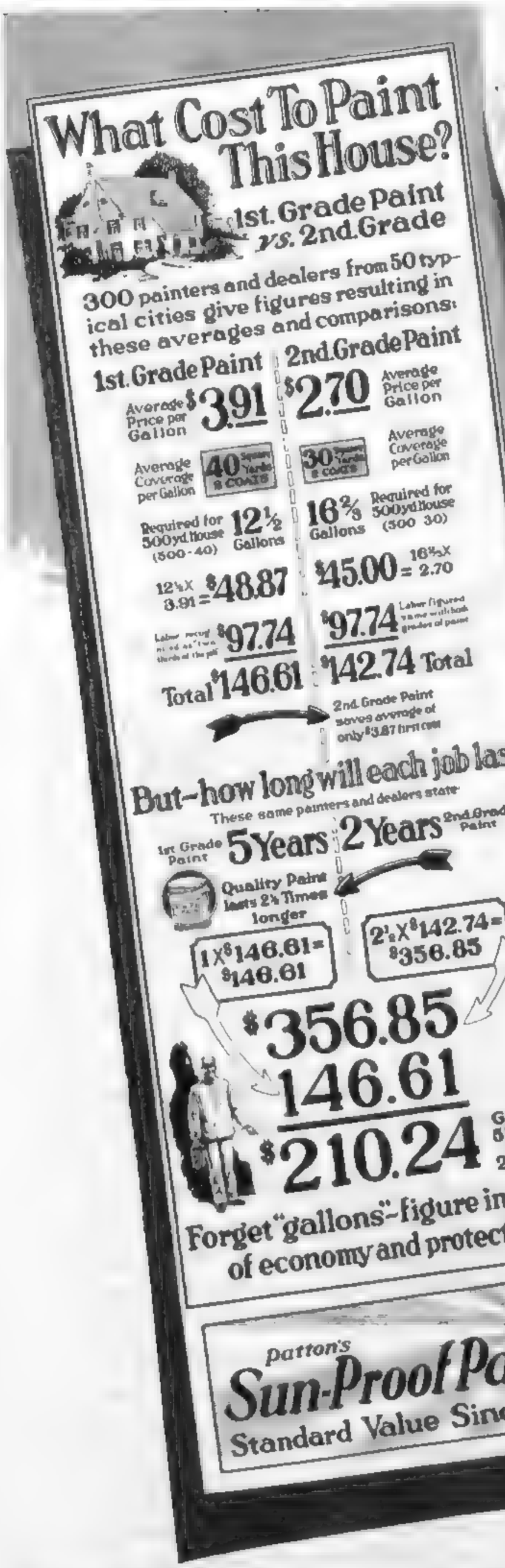
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Required for 500 yd. House (500 - 40) 12½ Gallons
12½ X 3.91 = $48.87
Labor $97.74
Total $146.61
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$2.70 Average Price per Gallon
30 Square Yards 2 coats Average Coverage per Gallon
16⅔ Gallons Required for 500 yd. House (500 30)
$45.00 16⅔ X = 2.70
$97.74 Labor figured same with both grades of paint
$142.74 Total
2nd. Grade Paint saves average of only $3.87 first cost
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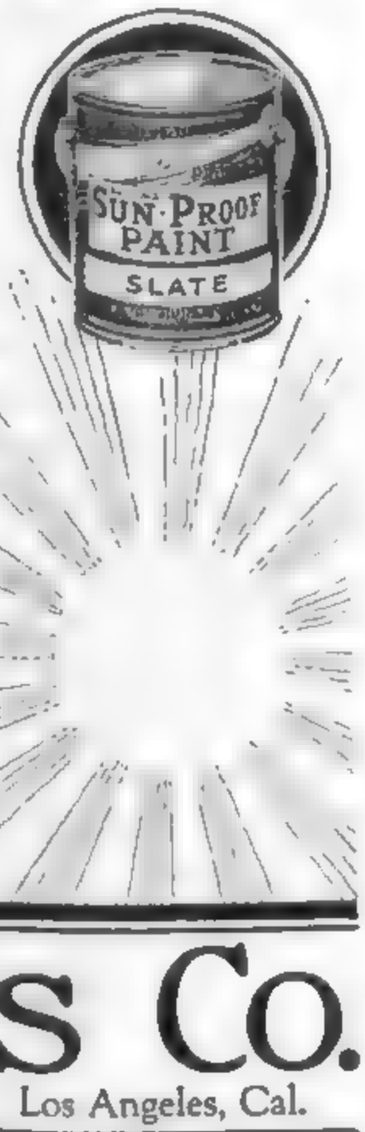

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leaped slaughter they left behind, rushed to take in flank the Northmen furiously striving with those who had boarded them from the bows. Viking ship after viking ship cut the lashings which bound it to its neighbors, found itself nevertheless firmly held by the grappling irons from the Saxon vessels. No hope of escape was there in that battle of extermination.

From the *lypting* Sigurd saw his own men overborne, saw that the fight was now more than midway along the ship. Whipping out his sword, he jumped down to the *fyrir-rim*—the open space in front where stood the great common weapon chest yelled an order.

Time was it to form the *skjald-borg*. The half dozen chosen warriors, Einar among them, closed around him, linked their round shields with his, shouted a fierce defiance. He himself laughed in a berserk frenzy, drunk with the madness of battle, screamed an invitation to come on to the Saxons swarming over the thwarts, climbing over from the ships to right and left of him. He slashed the first one to the chin as the man leaped at him, cried exultantly "Thor! Thor!"

Einar was next to him. He turned to him a grimly set face—the face of a man who was fey shouted significantly "Christus! Christus!" In that brief moment of respite Sigurd heard him with an odd little pang, a resentful bitter anger. Doubly faithless was this man who had been more than brother.

The onslaught burst upon them, other face-contorted, savagely hacking Saxons leaping to take the place of those who reeled back smitten from the wall of shields, while swords clashed, spears stabbed and axes came down like those of men felling trees. For a moment or two that successful resistance continued in an extreme physical effort of rapid blows which left them too breathless to shout, where they gasped like sick men as they contended, body against body, shield against shield.

And then suddenly the shield burg was broken. The Saxons were in among them. Sigurd saw Einar thrust home into the throat of a Saxon—saw simultaneously another Saxon swing his ax above him. He himself would just have time to strike at that exposed chest, forestalling the deadly blow upon Einar's head. Instinctively he raised his weapon—and then, in a remembrance of that new bitter hatred, withheld it. The opportunity came and was refused in the fraction of an instant. Even as he hesitated, the Saxon ax came down, and Einar pitched forward, his skull split to the neck.

A moment later he found himself assailed by two other Saxons. As he cut at one of them he saw the other's weapon come straight for his side, too swift for parry. "If only Einar were here!" The thought flashed illogically through him in that timeless spasm of apprehension, was not completed. He found himself hurtling endlessly downward, blindly, amid a great roaring.

He opened his eyes bewilderedly. Someone was tugging at his arm. His sight cleared. It was Eadgitha, wrenching off that curiously wrought bracelet. He heard her words: "Brother! Brother! At last art thou avenged!" He made no resistance, was impotent to do so, only he muttered, relishing a last grim humor: "Not I, but Einar killed him!" She sat staring into his face strangely, like someone who hears a ghost.

Near him, among the groans, he heard weak protesting screams. The Saxons were finishing off the wounded. One stood over him, laughed as he pointed a sword downward at his throat. This was the end, and not in Valhalla would he meet Einar—odd thought, but bitter! The sword came down, was arrested, dashed away. Eadgitha had sprung up, was between him and that menace.

"No, no!" she cried, wrestling with the slayer. "My prisoner is he! He shall not be killed! He shall not be killed! Prisoner is he to me, Eadgitha, daughter of Ceordic, the King's shire reeve!"

The slayer laughed, left her, turned to another victim. She threw herself down beside him, kisses passionate upon his face. He gasped in the intensity of that surprise.

"Sigurd! Sigurd!" she cried again. "Thou shalt not die! Thou shalt not die! I will not let thee die!"

Conveniently converted to a necessary Christianity, and lord of broad lands that were the rich dowry of Eadgitha, Sigurd dwelt happily with his wife in a southern shire of the land of the West Saxons. Anything but a fervent worshiper was he, but nevertheless, on a certain day of the year, never failed he to go, with Eadgitha riding pillion behind him, to the little stone-built church where masses were said for the soul of Einar. On occasion, when godless vikings appeared in the narrow seas, he went very joyously on shipboard—as did many other Northmen settled in the land—to assist the Frisian mercenaries in forming that first beginning of the English navy which at last, in a great sea fight, made an end of viking piracy for the remainder of King Alfred's reign and for many years after him.

Trainer: "Roscoe is Shy; He Can Do a Hundred in Ten Flat Any Time We Start a Co-ed After Him"

IN CHICAGO MEN WEAR

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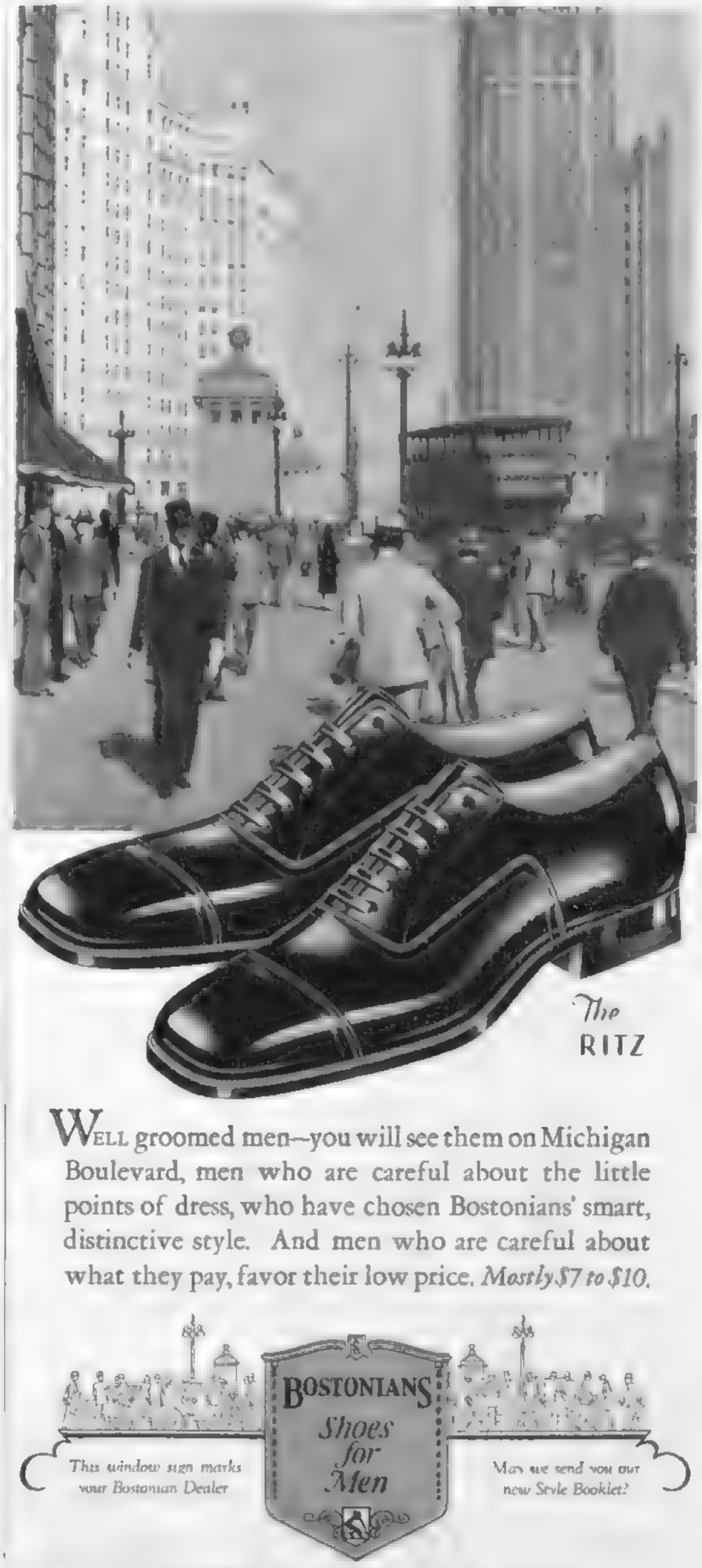
SHOES FOR MEN



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Not every lather will soften hair. It's what goes on in the lather that determines whether your face will emerge smooth, fresh, soft and fit.

When you shave with Mennen Shaving Cream the advantage is all in your favor for a swift, sweet shave. In Mennen and Mennen only do you get the benefit of *dermutation*. *Dermutation* isn't an accident. *Dermutation* is a process in Mennen lather—and put in there for a purpose. For unless your beard is properly softened, the razor is bound to run into trouble. Every hair in your beard offers a tiny obstacle to the razor—a tough, horny little shaft that must be thoroughly softened if the razor is to cut it easily and properly. Even the keenest blade will falter against a beard only half-softened. It either hurdles over the hairs, or else cuts only part-way through, tugging and yanking painfully at the hair roots instead of cutting square and close at the skin surface.

That is where Mennen *dermutation* gets in its work—the most important part of any shave! Water instantly releases into activity this special action in Mennen. *Dermutation* completely softens the beard without finger rubbing. It levels the tiny skin peaks around every hair, smoothing the skin so that the razor glides cleanly and evenly without nicking or scraping these minute mounds. No more rawness. No tight, hot, drawn feeling or smarting. No caustic to burn, either. A swift, sweet shave, with five soothing emollients in the heavy, luxuriant Mennen lather that leave the face fresh, soft and clean for hours to come. And equally good in any water—hot or cold, hard or soft!

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Regular

For those who like the brisk, tingling coolness of a dash of menthol in their lather; for those who like its reviving freshness, we now have good news. You can now get Mennen Shaving Cream *mentholized* as well as regular. Thus you may enjoy this special cooling feature in Mennen, the only shaving cream that softens your beard by the *dermutation* process. To get Mennen *mentholized*, ask your dealer for the tube with the red ball. He has it, or can get it for you. No wonder the hard-to-shave and the comfort-lovers use Mennen.

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You, too, will appreciate
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More and more men are using a light sprinkle of Mennen Talcum for Men on the shaved face. It is neutral tinted, does not show, tones down face shine—feels good to the face and protects it, too. Also made in stick form.

YOUTH

(Continued from Page 5)

temperament. I was preceded by a reputation of being restless, a fire eater, a radical, a revolutionist. Consider then the astonishment of the captain, the major and my colonels who were compelled to speak of me with praise! It was my opportunity to show serenity of spirit and strength of character.

Verona, where my regiment was garrisoned, was and always will remain a dear Venetian city, reverberating with the past, filled with suggestive beauties. It found in my own temperament an echo of infinite resonance. I enjoyed its aromas as a man, but also as a private soldier I entered with vim into all the drill and the most difficult exercises. I found an affectionate regard for the mass, for the whole, made up of individuals, for its maneuvers and the tactics, the practice of defense and attack.

My capacity was that of a simple soldier; but I used to weigh the character, abilities and individualities of those who commanded me. All Italian soldiers to a certain extent do this. I learned in that way how important it is for an officer to have a deep knowledge of military matters and to develop a fine sensitiveness to the ranks, and to appreciate in the masses of our men our stern Latin sense of discipline and to be susceptible to its enchantments.

I can say that in every regard I was an excellent soldier. I might have taken up the courses for noncommissioned officers. But destiny, which dragged me from my father's blacksmith shop to teaching and from teaching to exile and from exile to discipline, now decreed that I should not become a professional soldier.

I had to ask for leave.

At that time I swallowed the greatest sorrow of my life; it was the death of my mother.

One day my captain took me aside. He was so considerate that I felt in advance something impending. He asked me to read a telegram. It was from my father. My mother was dying! He urged my return.

I rushed to catch the first train.

I arrived too late.

My mother was in death's agony.

But from an almost imperceptible nod of her head I realized that she knew I had come. I saw her endeavor to smile. Then her head slowly dropped and she had gone.

Back to School

All the independent strength of my soul, all my intellectual or philosophical resources—even my deep religious beliefs—were helpless to comfort that great grief.

For many days I was lost.

From me had been taken the one dear and truly near living being, the one soul closest and eternally adherent to my own responses.

Words of condolence, letters from my friends, the attempt to comfort me by members of the family, filled not one tiny corner of that great void, nor opened even one fraction of an inch of the closed door.

My mother had suffered for me—so many ways. She had lived so many hours of anxiety for me because of my wandering and pugnacious life. She had predicted my ascent. She had toiled and hoped too much and died before she was yet forty-eight years old. She had, in her quiet manner, done superhuman labors.

She might be alive now. She might have lived and enjoyed, with the power of her maternal instinct, my political success. It was not to be. But to me it is a comfort to feel that she, even now, can see me and help me in my labors with her unequaled love.

I, alone, returned to the regiment. I finished my last months of military service. And then my life and my future were again beset with uncertainty.

I went to Opeglia as a teacher again, knowing all the time that teaching did not suit me. This time I was a master in a middle school. After a period, off I went with Cesare Battisti, then chief editor of the Popolo.

Later he was destined to become one of the greatest of our national heroes—he who gave his life, he who was executed by the enemy Austrians in the war, he who then was giving his thought and will to obtaining freedom of the province of Trento from the rule of Austria. His nobility and proud soul are always in my memory. His aspirations as a socialist-patriot called to me.

One day I wrote an article maintaining that the Italian border was not at Ala, the little town which in those days stood on the old frontier between our kingdom and the old Austria. Whereupon I was expelled from Austria by the Imperial and Royal Government of Vienna.

I was becoming used to expulsions. Once more a wanderer, I went back to Forli.

The End of Family Unity

The itch of journalism was in me. My opportunity was before me in the editorship of a local socialist newspaper. I understood now that the Gordian knot of Italian political life could only be undone by an act of violence.

Therefore I became the public crier of this basic partisan warlike conception. The time had come to shake the souls of men and fire their minds to thinking and acting. It was not long before I was proclaimed the mouthpiece of the intransigent revolutionary socialist faction. I was only twenty-nine years old when at Reggio Emilia at the congress in 1912, two years before the World War began, I was nominated as director of the Avanti. It was the only daily of the socialist cause and was published in Milan.

I lost my father just before I left for my new office. He was only fifty-seven. Nearly forty of those years had been spent in politics. His was a rectangular mind, a wise spirit, a generous heart. He had looked into the eyes of the first internationalist agitators and philosophers. He had been in prison for his ideas.

The Romagna—that part of Italy from which we all came—a spirited district with traditions of a struggle for freedom against foreign oppressions—knew my father's merit. He wrestled year in and year out with endless difficulties and he had lost the small family patrimony by helping friends who had gone beyond their depth in the political struggle.

Prestige he had among all those who came into contact with him. The best political men of his day liked him and respected him. He died poor. I believe his foremost desire was to live to see his sons correctly estimated by public opinion.

At the end he understood at last that the old eternal traditional forces such as capital could not be permanently overthrown by a political revolution. He turned his attention at the end toward bettering the souls of individuals. He wanted to make mankind true of heart and sensitive to fraternity. Many were the speeches and articles about him after his death; three thousand of the men and women he had known followed his body to the grave. My father's death marked the end of family unity for us—the family.

I plunged forward into big politics when I settled in Milan at the head of the Avanti. My brother Arnaldo went on with his technical studies, and my sister Edvige, having the offer of an excellent marriage, went to live with her husband in a little place in Romagna called Premilcuore. Each one of us took up for himself the torn threads of the family. We were separated, but in touch. We did not reunite again, however, until August, 1914, when we met to discuss politics and war. War had come—war—that female of dreads and fascinations.

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Millions of men buying millions of Suits have made it possible to give you the fine, durable weaves—the big, roomy garments—and that stylish, careful tailoring, which make DOLLAR Topkis the outstanding Underwear of the nation.

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Up till then I had worked hard to build up the circulation, the influence and the prestige of the Avanti. After some months the circulation had increased to more than one hundred thousand.

I then had a dominant situation in the party. But I can say that I did not yield an inch to demagoguery.

I have never flattered the crowd, nor wheedled anyone; I spoke always of the costs of victories—sacrifice and sweat and blood.

I was living most modestly with my family, with my wife Rachele, wise and excellent woman who has followed me with patience and devotion across all the wide vicissitudes of my life. My daughter Edda was then the joy of our home. We had nothing to want. I saw myself in the midst of fierce struggle, but my family did and always has represented to me an oasis of security and refreshing calm.

Those years before the World War were filled by political twists and turns. Italian life was not easy. Difficulties were many for the people. The conquest of Tripolitania had exacted its toll of lives and money in a measure far beyond our expectation. Our lack of political understanding brought at least one riot a week. During one ministry of Giolitti I remember thirty-three. They had their harvest of killed and wounded and of corroding bitterness of heart. Riots and upheavals among day laborers, among the peasants in the valley of the Po, riots in the south—even separatist movements in our islands. And in the meantime, above all this atrophy of normal life, there went on the tournament and joust of political parties struggling for power.

I thought then, as I think now, that only the common denominator of a great sacrifice of blood could have restored to all the Italian nation an equalization of rights and duties. The attempt at revolution—the Red Week—was not revolution as much as it was chaos. No leaders! No means to go on! The middle class and the bourgeoisie gave us another picture of their insipid spirit.

We were in June then, picking over our own affairs with a microscope.

Suddenly the murder of Serajevo came from the blue.

In July—the war.

Up till that event my progress had been somewhat diverse, my growth of capacity somewhat varied. In looking back one has to weigh the effect upon one of various influences commonly supposed powerful.

The One Big Book

It is a general conviction that good or bad friends can decisively alter the course of a personality. Perhaps it may be true for those fundamentally weak in spirit whose rudders are always in the hands of other steersmen. During my life, I believe, neither my school friends, my war friends nor my political friends ever had the slightest influence upon me. I have listened always with intense interest to their words, their suggestions and sometimes to their advice, but I am sure that whenever I took an extreme decision I have obeyed only the firm commandment of will and conscience which came from within.

I do not believe in the supposed influence of books. I do not believe in the influence which comes from perusing the books about the lives and characters of men.

For myself I have used only one big book.

For myself I have had only one great teacher.

The book is life—lived.

The teacher is day-by-day experience.

The reality of experience is far more eloquent than all the theories and philosophies on all the tongues and on all the shelves.

I have never, with closed eyes, accepted the thoughts of others when they were estimating events and realities either in the normal course of things or when the situation appeared exceptional. I have searched, to be sure, with a spirit of analysis the whole ancient and modern history of my country. I have drawn parallels because I wanted to explore to the depths on the basis of historical fact the profound sources of our national life and of our character, and to compare our capacities with those of other peoples.

For my supreme aim I have had the public interest. If I spoke of life I did not speak of a concept of my own life, my family life or that of my friends. I spoke and thought and conceived of the whole Italian life taken as a synthesis—as an expression of a whole people.

I do not wish to be misunderstood, for I give a definite value to friendship, but it is more for sentimental reasons than for any logical necessity either in the realm of politics or that of reasoning and logic. I, perhaps more than most men, remember my school friends. I have followed their various careers. I keep in my memory all my war friends, and teachers and superiors and assistants. It makes little difference whether these friendships were with commanding officers or with typical workers of our soil.

Friendship Conceived in Danger

On my soldier friends the life of trench warfare—hard and fascinating—has left, as it has upon me, a profound effect. Great friendships are not perfected on school benches, nor in political assemblies. Only in front of the magnitude and the suggestiveness of danger, only after having lived together in the anxieties and torments of war can one measure the soundness of a friendship or measure in advance how long it is destined to go on.

In politics Italian life has had a rather short panorama of men. All know one another. I have not forgotten those who in other days were my companions in the socialistic struggle. Their friendship remains, provided they on their part acknowledge the need to make amends for many errors, and provided they have been able to understand that my political evolution has been the product of a constant expansion, of a flow from springs always nearer to the realities of living life and always further away from the rigid structures of sociological theorists

My Fascisti friends live always in my thoughts. I believe the younger ones have a special place there. The organization of Fascismo was marked and stamped with youth. It has youth's spirit and it gathered youth, which, like a young orchard, has many years of productiveness for the future.

Though it appears that the obligations of governing increase around me every day, I never forget those who were with me—the generous and wise builders, the unselfish and faithful collaborators, the devoted soldiers of a new Fascist Italy. I follow step by step their personal and public fortunes.

Some minds appear curious as to what territories my reading has explored. I have never attached my name or my mind to a certain school and, as I have already said, I never believed that books were absolute and sure viaticums of life.

I have read the Italian authors, old and new—thinkers, politicians, artists. I have always been attracted by the study of our Renaissance in all its aspects. The nineteenth century, with its artistic and spiritual contrasts, classicism and romanticism and their contrasts, has held my attention. I have studied thoroughly the period of our history called *risorgimento* in its moral and political essence.

I have analyzed with great care all the development of our intellectual life from 1870 up to this moment.

These studies have occupied the most serene hours of my day.

Among foreign writers, I have meditated much upon the work of the German thinkers. I have admired the French. One of the books that interested me most was Gustave Le Bon's work on the psychology of the crowd. The intellectual life of the Anglo-Saxons interests me especially because of

(Continued on Page 131)

When Smiles Lose Their Gleam

Here's how to find it—

Keeping teeth white this new way is a new aid in modern beauty care

It's FILM that turns teeth dull, "off color," and fosters serious tooth and gum disorders. Here's the scientific way to lovely smiles.

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(*Above*) THE BIGGEST ONE is about to be landed. Miss Mary Hoffman's smile would indicate. Another Pepsodent-bright smile belonging to a very successful business woman

YOU will never know how gleaming white teeth can be, nor how healthy, until you have removed the film that clouds them. Ordinary brushing fails to remove film successfully. You must remove it scientifically according to dental opinion.

For this purpose specially, a new and different dentifrice is being advised by dentists, called Pepsodent. What it does to make teeth beautiful and keep them healthier by removing film seems magical.

Film is that slippery coating that forms on teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs the stains from food and smoking and gives that dull, tarnished look that you abhor. Germs by the millions breed in film. It fosters bacteria of decay and serious tooth and gum disorders.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar plus germs is an established cause of pyorrhea.

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It acts further to firm the gums. The alkalinity of saliva is multiplied to combat the acids of decay. It cleanses hygienically in a way nothing else does.

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(*Above*) TODAY DENTISTS URGE patients to keep teeth white and sparkling, for gleaming teeth are the best assurance science knows of healthy teeth and gums. Miss Lucile Herbert is advised to use the new-day dentifrice, Pepsodent

(*Left*) "THE GADABOUTS," as they sign their column in metropolitan papers, namely, Patricia Brown and Theodosia Willman, depart for Paris. The smiles Pepsodent makes possible are an asset in business, too

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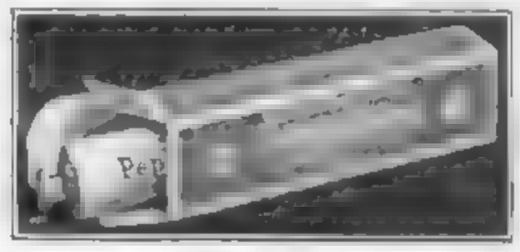

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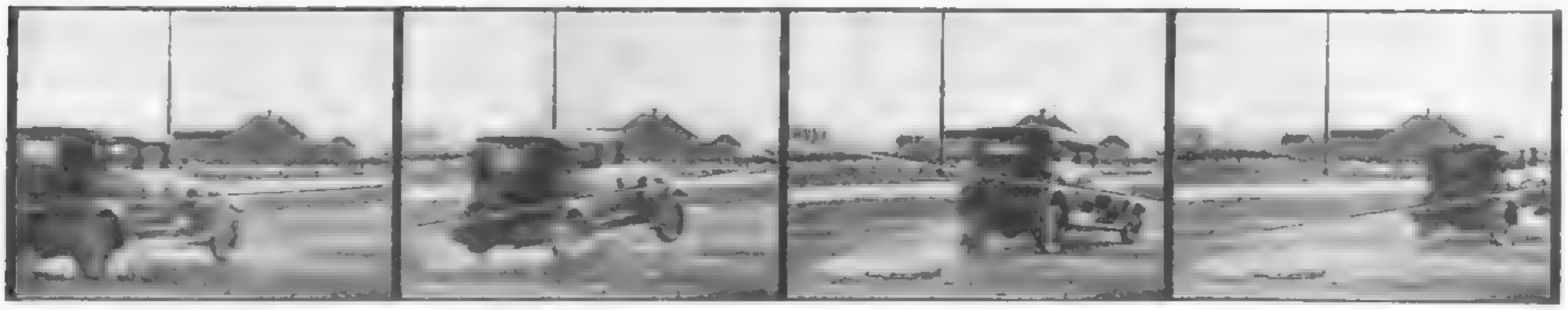

WITHOUT GABRIEL PROTECTION—
The rear wheels hit the bump . . . *and body crashes down, raising fronts completely off . .* *as the rear leaps in the air again, only to . . .* *come smashing back on the axle, rebounding again and again*

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Another gruelling test of *Gabriel Snubber* performance and stamina!

COMPARE these two strips of motion pictures. Here is faithfully recorded an actual test showing the effect of a terrific crash on a car with and without Gabriel Snubbers. The pictures are matched up in such a way as to show the direct contrast in performance at exactly the same spot in the test course.

The *same car* was driven over the *same course* at the *same rate of speed* in each case, and the camera was not moved.

In the first series, note the extreme rebound and the evident difficulty of car control. Note, too, the vicious body jerk that is plainly visible even after the car has struck the smoother going.

Then compare these pictures with those below them in which the car was equipped with Gabriel Snubbers! The story of spring rebound control tells itself in these comparative motion pictures more clearly than words could ever tell it.

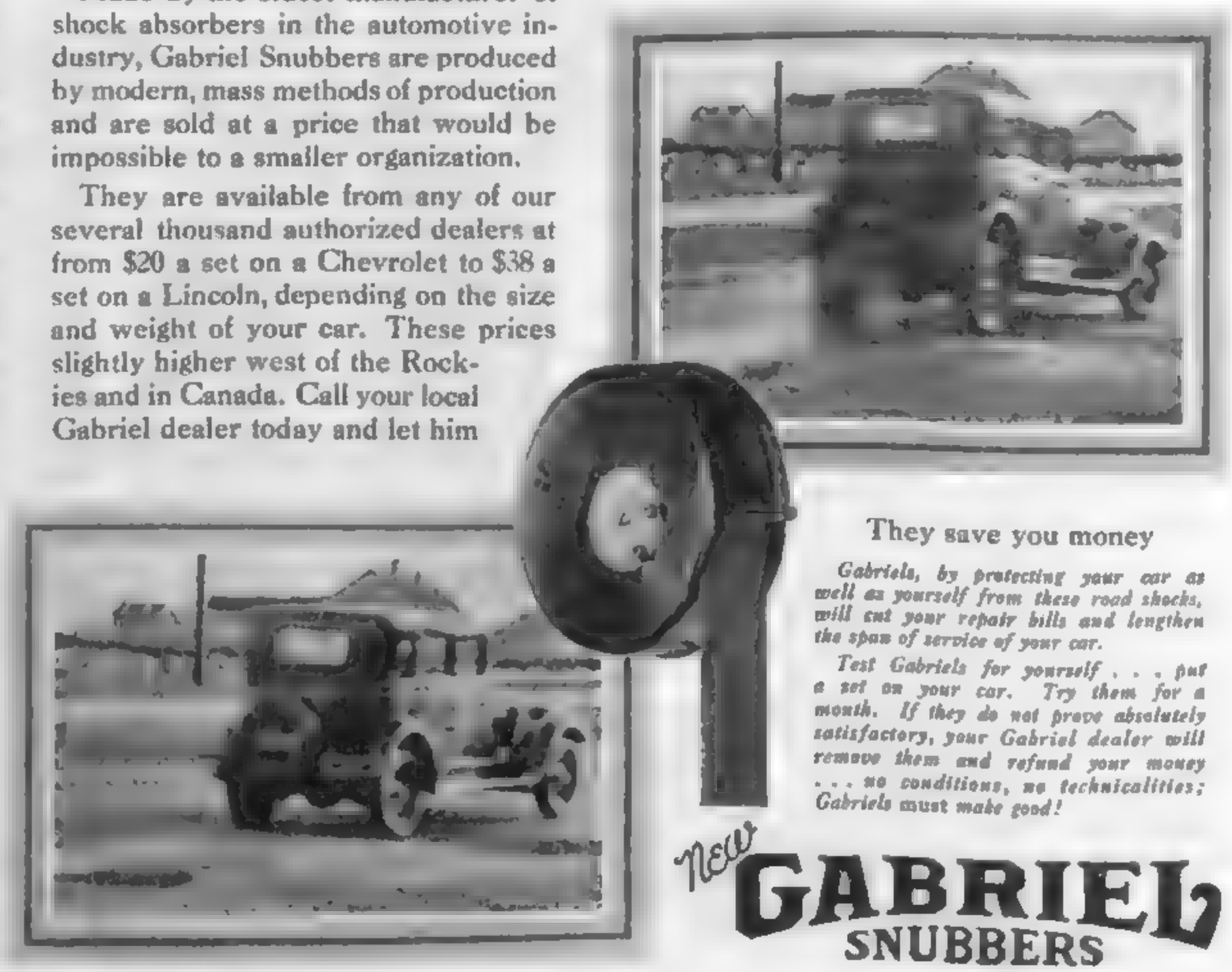
These conditions are not, of course, normal . . . but they *are* normal conditions *enlarged*. We have magnified the bump and increased the speed, but the snubbing action of the Gabriels is exactly the same here as in the smallest roughness of the road.

Riding-comfort can only be had by permitting the springs their unhampered action against the bump . . . and checking it the moment it becomes a *reaction* against the body. This Gabriel Snubbers do . . . and more than this you can't expect of *any* shock absorber.

It is this continuous, instantaneous checking of spring rebound, and the fact that Gabriel Snubbers do not interfere with the full, normal spring action against the road, that make them the most widely used shock absorber in the world.

Made by the oldest manufacturer of shock absorbers in the automotive industry, Gabriel Snubbers are produced by modern, mass methods of production and are sold at a price that would be impossible to a smaller organization.

They are available from any of our several thousand authorized dealers at from $20 a set on a Chevrolet to $38 a set on a Lincoln, depending on the size and weight of your car. These prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Call your local Gabriel dealer today and let him show you how they will revolutionize the riding qualities of your car and add thousands of comfortable miles to its life. Gabriels are a small investment in great comfort. You owe yourself and your car Gabriel protection. Gabriel Snubber Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio; Toronto, Ontario.



They save you money

Gabriels, by protecting your car as well as yourself from these road shocks, will cut your repair bills and lengthen the span of service of your car.

Test Gabriels for yourself . . . put a set on your car. Try them for a month. If they do not prove absolutely satisfactory, your Gabriel dealer will remove them and refund your money . . . no conditions, no technicalities; Gabriels must make good!

New GABRIEL SNUBBERS

(Continued from Page 118)

the organized character of its culture and its scholastic taste and flavor.

But all that I have read and am reading is only a picture that is unfolded before my eyes without giving me an impression strong enough to make an incision in me. I draw out only the cardinal points that give me above all and first of all the necessary elements for the comparison of the essence of the different nations.

I am desperately Italian. I believe in the function of Latinity.

I came to these conclusions after and through a critical study of the German, Anglo-Saxon and Slavonic history and that of the world: nor have I for obvious reasons neglected the history of the other continents.

The American people, by their sure and active creative lines of life, have touched, and touch, my sensibility. For I am a man of government and of party. I endlessly admire those who make out of creative work a law of life, those who win with the ability of their genius and not with the intrigue of their eloquence. I am for those who seek to make technic perfect in order to dominate elements and give to men more sure footings for the future.

The American nation is a creative nation, sane, with straight-lined ideas. When I talk with men of the United States it does not occur to me to use diplomacy for winning or persuading them. The American spirit is crystalline. One has to know how to take it and possibly win it over with a watchful responsiveness rather than with cunning words. As the reserves of wealth are gone now from the Continent to North America, it is right that a large part of the attention of the world should be concentrated upon the activity of this nation that has men of great value, economists of real wisdom and scholars that are outlining the basis of a new science and a new culture. I admire the discipline of the American people and their sense of organization. Certainly every nation has its periods. The United States is now in the golden age. It is necessary to study these tendencies and their results, and this is not only in the interest of America but in the interest of the world.

America, a land harboring so many of our emigrants, still calls to the spirit of new youth.

I look to her youth for her destinies and the preservation of her growing ideals, just as I look to the youth of Italy for the progress of the Fascist state.

It is not easy to remember always the importance of youth.

It is not easy to retain the spirit of youth.

It was fortunate for me that in the trenches of the Carso—one of the bloodiest and most terrible spots of all the Allied battle fronts—and in the vicissitudes of difficult experiences in the struggle with life, I did not leave my own youth behind.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of reminiscences by Premier Mussolini. The next will appear in the May nineteenth issue

THE WORLD DOES MOVE

(Continued from Page 27)

but critical and the denunciations somewhat abated, he still had much the general sensation of a person ridden out of town on a fence rail for saying the wrong thing. Tar and feathers had, indeed, been among the practical suggestions of reviewers from the larger county seats; and so, a little later, when another and much shorter serial was printed in the magazine and then as a book, there appeared to be, not in the flatlands but beyond the Atlantic, an area of probable sensitiveness where this story, too, might lead to similar practical suggestions. Wisdom gathered from bruises advised against its being printed there.

It was a romance in miniature, no longer than a long short story, written a few years before the novel that had just appeared, and even more in the fashion of its time; for the younger a writer is the more likely he is to write in the fashion of the time, even when he does not know he is doing it and believes that his writing is actually a revolt against the fashion. Romanticism was the fashion then; a romanticism somewhat sentimental, but more concerned with the continuous movement of incredible "characters" than with sentiment. What the action of my own small outright romance in the fashion required was that nearly all the secondary characters should be inimical to the principal figure; and I had happened to conceive this principal figure as a sympathetic French gentleman sojourning in England. Therefore the inimical characters were all English, and as the action was based upon snobbery, all the English depicted were shown to be virulent and ruthless snobs except one. And for consistency's sake it was explained that this exceptional gentleman had been improved by a French strain in his ancestry.

Altogether, here was a yarn to make any patriot British heart murderous—a Frenchman, symbolically beautiful in all respects, exploited at the expense of caitiff Englishmen. Even the English heroine was a snob; great English nobles were represented as worse than snobs; they were brutal, cowardly, fawning, treacherous, clumsy and impenetrably stupid. It was impossible to imagine allowing such a thing to be printed in England, or the play that had been made out of it for the American theater to be presented there. I wanted to go to England some day without simultaneously taking my departure therefrom upon a fence rail.

An English friend wrote me that I was mistaken to be apprehensive; and deciding that I could, after all, keep to the Continent when I went abroad, I nervously consented to make the experiment. The British reviews of the book were sent to me. They were blandly benevolent. Some of them mentioned the fact that all the English characters were extremely horrid; but went on to say that English memoirs of the period of the story easily justified the author in this usage, and for that matter there was undoubtedly still a great deal of snobbery in Britain.

When the play was produced it received a flawlessly cheerful approval; it had a thoroughly undeserved and inexplicable run of several years, and afterward was frequently revived. The King had a command performance of it at Windsor; nobody ever resented anything about it, not even its absurdity, and nobody ever inquired whether it was written by a foreigner or by somebody from home.

Thus it seemed to be astonishingly revealed by this small episode that the British wholly lacked our kind of sensitiveness, and as a matter of fact, they did lack it. They had good reason to lack sensitiveness. They knew their predominant place in the world; their confidence was perfect; they were sure of the power Britain possessed, and therefore instead of bragging of it they almost never mentioned it. This confidence, this warranted easy assurance on the national scale, seemed admirable; but here, on this side of the world, we were often irritated by it. We were irritated because we hadn't anything like it within ourselves—and that was so short a time ago that already we were in the twentieth century.

XIII

THE old outright antipathy between Republicans and Democrats that was the heritage of the Civil War still lingered in elderly hearts, not wholly extinct, though the newspapers no longer talked of the *fin de siècle*, and the twentieth century had arrived. Moreover, with this feeling there still existed among the best citizenry the habit of political activity. Most of the

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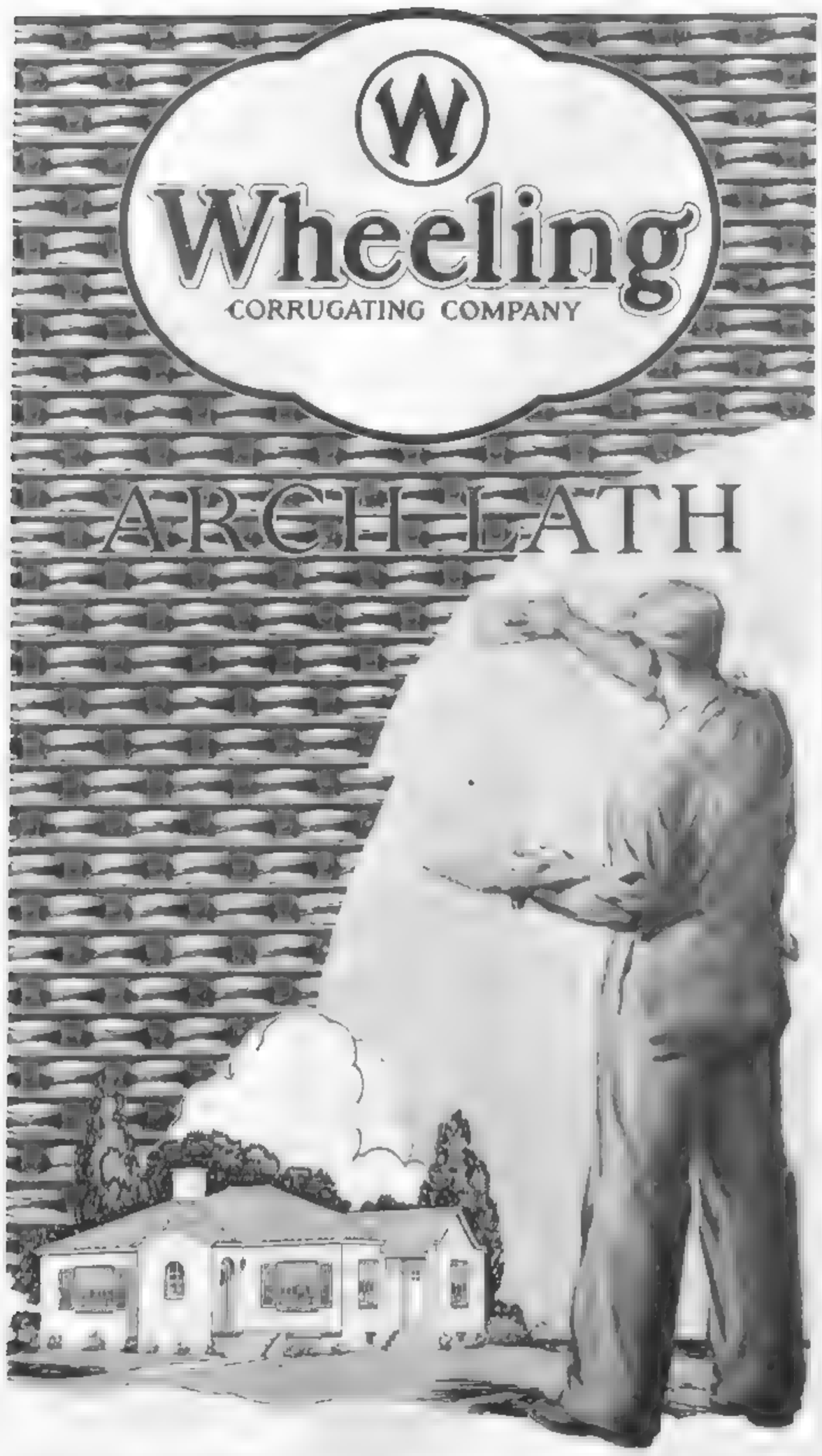

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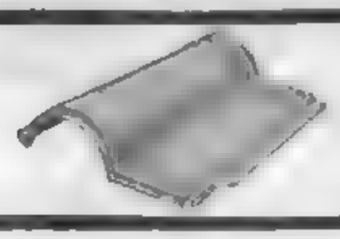

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elderly men whom I knew had been soldiers during the war for the Union; and most of them were, or had been, in politics. Having fought for their country and saved it from dismemberment, they naturally felt that they were the people to run it, or at least to see that it was run right. Their children, the youth of the next generation, had politics with every meal; a United States senator was a great man; and every little boy was told on his birthday that he might live to be President. By the time he reached college—if he went to college—he had usually given up that ambition as beyond him; but if he won some distinction in undergraduate oratory, it was still predicted for him that he might one day become a senator. Politics was the field for greatness.

During the *fin de siècle*, however, this feeling had begun to alter, and with the twentieth century the change was more decisively apparent. Nevertheless, in the midland country, at least, it was still true that to some extent everybody was in politics; and, for my own part, I found myself quite naturally, though not ambitiously, a member of the state legislature. The experience was lively, enlightening, and in one or two particulars infuriating—for there were operations that could not be viewed with humor—and when it was over I published as short stories some studies founded upon observation. Straightway I was in trouble again, this time with a powerful and authoritative critic.

He was at that time the President of the United States, and he sent for me to come to Washington.

"Do you understand what you're doing to politics?" he inquired.

"Why—why, no, sir. I haven't noticed anything. I've only been in the state legislature and nobody seemed to ——"

"I'm not referring to your membership in that assembly," he interrupted with some sharpness. "I'm speaking of the stories you're writing about politics and politicians. Do you understand their effect?"

"Well, I—I hadn't heard of any. One of my aunts told me she'd been reading them, but that's all I ——"

"Never mind," he said. "Everything published in that magazine has some effect and what you're publishing in it now is the darker side of politics. Do you deny it?"

"No, I ——"

"Certainly you don't. What's your object?"

"Well, I thought that perhaps if people could be made to realize some of the worst things that do go on they'd want to remedy them. I thought they'd ——"

"You're absolutely wrong!" he said with his well-known decisiveness. "It's precisely what they don't do. They say to themselves, 'Ah, I thought so! Politics is too dirty a business for any decent person to mix with; I'll keep out of it.' That's precisely what they say and that's what you're helping them to say. Too many people feel that way already. Too many fine gentlemen have begun to say they won't soil their white hands in muddy waters. They wouldn't mind accepting ambassadorships, but they despise knowing how to swing their own wards, and they wouldn't shake hands with a precinct committeeman to save the Union! You're feeding the satisfied conviction of such people that superiority to politics and politicians is the correct posture. You're helping to crystallize the feeling that politics is no business for a gentleman. You believe that's a dangerous and damaging feeling, don't you?"

"Yes; but I'd hoped to ——"

"It's infinitely worse than dangerous and damaging!" he went on with his accustomed vigor. "It's absolutely destructive, and what it may destroy is incalculable. Not only have people begun to say that politics is no business for a gentleman; they've begun to believe that politics is no business for a business man—except as his business may sometimes make it necessary and therefore excusable for him to be a dictator and corruptionist. The old ambitions of able young men are disappearing; the enormous fees awaiting adroitness in the professions and the disproportionally vast rewards obtainable in big business are changing all that. The best talents, the best minds are abandoning politics to the smaller professional politicians, and unless that is checked the country will some day see precisely that kind of politicians prevalent in the United States Senate itself.

"There are actually hundreds and even thousands of men in the country today who won't even take the trouble to vote! What you're writing now helps to make them say, 'Well, why should I vote? What difference will my vote make in all this boss-controlled turmoil?'

"Well, between the boss and the gentleman in the club window who won't even soil his gloves with a ballot, give me the boss every time! And if I have to choose between the reformer too dainty to know his own subject by experience—between the man who stands aside and yet criticizes and the man who takes his coat off and goes in to swing his ward, I'll take the one that sweats in his shirt sleeves!

"You're giving countenance to the gentleman in the club window; you're helping the stand-aside reformer to shout 'Dirty! Dirty!' at the best men in politics as well as at the worst, because the stand-aside reformer never knows the best from the worst. You're giving all the stand-aside people more chance to feel that they're right in holding aloof and feeling superior! Anything that encourages asses in their asininity is harmful; but it's infinitely more damaging to give able young men reason to say, 'Politics is too dirty; I'll go into the law or into business, and leave it to the swine to run my country!' That's precisely what your gloomy pictures of politics are doing—making people say 'Leave it to the swine!' Excellent! If it's left to the swine, how long do you think it will be before only swine come to the meal?"

He had a way of saying "swine" that gave the simple Jacobean word a damning powerfulness: the swine he had in mind seemed to be incomparably more swinish than the ordinary swine other people sometimes had in mind; and he was so severe with me that even though he was giving me an excellent luncheon while he scolded me, I had a fear that he might possibly suspect the presence of at least a few porcine bristles somewhere upon my person. On the contrary, he was entirely benevolent, and the scolding was only a manifestation of the colonel's great kindness to young people who were trying to write. Moreover, he had said some things to be remembered; it is possible to look back upon them now and believe that they were at least a little prophetic.

XIV

THERE were people at that time who thought the automobile might be developed until some day it would become a vehicle of common use. A friend of mine even thought it would displace horses altogether.

"You'll live to see the day when there won't be any horses in the street and the horseless carriages are as ordinary as surreys are now," he said.

But his prediction seemed to be fanciful. The machines were unreliable and the early enthusiasts who owned them led laborious and exasperated lives. They spent hours lying upon their backs in the street or in the mud or dust of country roads, striving with the inwards of perverse metals above them; they were never sure of arriving anywhere, or even of starting for anywhere.

They often found themselves helpless at critical moments, and all moments were critical. They were mired in mud and had to hire horses; they hired horses on gentle hill slopes; they hired horses ignominiously in crowded streets; they bore conspicuous derision and sometimes leaped for their lives from explosions, or from flames that encompassed them without warning.

The strange-shaped horseless grotesques were propelled by the action of steam or

(Continued on Page 125)

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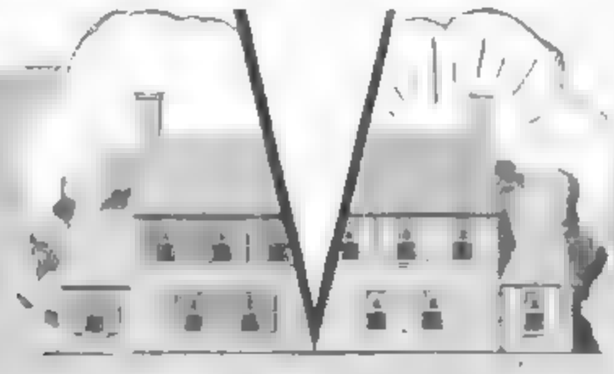

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(Continued from Page 122)

electricity or explosive gas; there was conflict and argument over which served best, and there was further argument over what name the things should bear—"horseless carriages," or the French term "automobiles," or "cars," or just "machines." And when an attendant mechanic was hired, there was other debate upon a title for him. Should he be called "mechanic" or "mechanician" or "driver" or "chauffeur"? Mark Twain, with the many horse power of the elephant in mind, suggested "mahout."

When the gas machines moved they did it with outrageous uproar, and the vibration of them shocked the spines of the hardy experimentalists who rode in them. In 1903, in the early spring, I was stricken with typhoid fever, which harried me until the summer; and to soften the noises that came into the open windows of the sick room, the street was covered with fine sand to the depth of two inches for the distance of half a block. In the daytime no automobile would enter the sanded area; but sometimes, after dark, one that had not wandered into that shrouded street before would come chugging and snorting into the sand and be caught there like a fly in soft glue. Then there would be blasphemous metallic roarings, accompanied by simple human cursings, for half an hour perhaps.

But the new locomotion improved from month to month; engineers in creative frenzy designed and experimented; stranger and stranger new shapes clattered, banged and spat fire upon our streets; more horses ran away every day; and the upset citizens wrote fiercely to the papers demanding ordinances excluding motor-driven vehicles from the public highways. Nevertheless, the improvements went on, and in that same year, having added a sea voyage to convalescence, I drove from Brussels to Waterloo and back in a device called—by the attendant Italian mechanic—an automobilly, and was only slightly prostrated by the journey.

This automobilly was very high and shaped like an English brake; the engine howled in a ponderous box at the rear, and the front seat was protected by a tremulous leather dashboard from which one missed the whip socket. The driver steered with a bent rod, and the brave passengers mounted to their seats by means of a little stepladder which was afterward stowed away under the rear seat. The large wooden wheels had solid rubber tires, and their passage over an ancient stone-paved road would have been stimulating to the spinal ganglia if the performance by the engine's two large cylinders had not already attended to that. The return to Brussels was safely accomplished by four in the afternoon; the passengers walked into the hotel unaided; but having reached their rooms retired instantly to bed and did not rise again until noon of the next day.

Thereafter, for a time, we forswore horseless vehicles, let use them who would; they were intended evidently for people with rubber backbones and no fretful imaginations. When you were driving a horse and ran into anything, the impact of collision was with the force of a single steed, not thirty or forty; if you ran over a pedestrian, he endured the passing weight of some hundreds of pounds, not of several tons; if you ran over a dog, he got up and went home, terrified but usually not ruined. Moreover, if things went wrong when you were driving a horse, you had somebody to blame; a horse could hear what you said to him and be brought to repentance. You could never reform an automobilly or get any relief by abusing it.

Europe was beginning to use the machine nevertheless, and more of them were seen there than in America; they were improving more rapidly there than in America too; and in France we found that everybody talked about them excitedly.

"It's going to be a craze—and more," an elderly American who lived in Paris predicted one night at dinner. "It's going to be a craze on this side of the water first and then in America. It will be a craze in Europe first because of the splendid military highways and the improved roads generally. No sane person would attempt to do any touring in such machines on the horrible American roads; but when the craze becomes furious over there it may do a good thing; it may improve the roads so that one can drive about the country with horses in some comfort. Outside of that, I regard the self-moving vehicle as one of the most terrific visitations our old earth will ever endure."

"You're sure that a craze for it is coming?"

"It's in the air," he said. "Just now, to operate one of those outrages is the distinguished thing to do. Every few days one or another of my friends informs me that he has made the great investment. 'Well, I'm in for it!' he says, and his eyes glisten with pride and adventurous excitement. 'I have bought one!' Then he proceeds to boast of its horse power and swears that he has already driven it from Versailles to the Louvre in twenty-eight minutes. He has one hand in a bandage, a torn ear and a bruise over his eye, and he is delighted with these injuries. The women will help make it a craze because of the special costumes the sport requires—the wonderful hats, the veils, the pongee coats and gauntlets. And for the vanity of men, already it is a greater distinction to show automobile goggles sticking out of your breast pocket than a ribbon on your lapel. With these symptoms evident, the diagnosis is simple—within a very few years nobody's life will be safe the moment he steps out-of-doors."

"You aren't serious?"

"Try to cross the Champs Élysées when the crowd is returning from the Grand Prix," he said. "You will find that little task sufficiently preoccupying now, when all but a few of the vehicles are drawn by horses. Imagine the horse traffic complicated by great numbers of these roaring, darting machines. Of course I'm serious! *Les autos* are man's most dangerous invention, and I am not forgetting that his inventions have brought him the blessing of gunpowder and nitroglycerin. So far, the automobilists have contrived principally to get only themselves killed, and usually when they have been racing their dreadful contraptions; but as the craze spreads there will be massacres of innocents on every city boulevard and country highway. The new machine is simply a locomotive; but remember this mortal difference: A locomotive runs only upon the rails provided for it. Send not a few but thousands of locomotives wandering irresponsibly over the face of Europe and America at a hundred kilometers an hour and you will have an idea of what this certainly coming contagion is going to do. And yet all the slaughter and destruction will be only a part of the curse that is to come upon the world."

The others at the table were amused by this prophesying, as preposterous as it was gloomy, and one of them asked, "What worse can a craze for horseless transport do than to massacre the innocents?"

"It can make a change in the life of the people," he said, not relaxing his gravity. "It will do more than mock the speed craze of the bicyclists; it will obliterate the accepted distances that are part of our daily lives. It will alter our daily relations to time, and that is to say it will alter our lives. Perhaps everybody doesn't comprehend how profoundly we are affected by such a change; but what alters our lives alters our thoughts; what alters our thoughts alters our characters; what alters our characters alters our ideals; and what alters our ideals alters our morals. When the horseless craze becomes universal it is not too much to say that the world will be inhabited by a new kind of people—and again I am serious."

"What kind of people will they be?"

"To themselves, they will of course represent an advance," he said. "They will look back upon us with a pitying contempt; but to us, as we are now, I think they would

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seem almost grotesque; they would appear to be machinery mad and strangely metallic. They will be unbelievably daring; they will be reckless of life—fast, materialistic and yet incredibly prompt and efficient; therefore they will be richer than we are. Everything will be changed, because when a man accepts a new idea that revolutionizes his daily life, his mind becomes hospitable to every other new revolutionary idea.

"We are just entering the period when most of what we have regarded as permanently crystalline will become shockingly fluid—that is to say, we are already in the transition period between two epochs. We have seen the one and most of you here tonight will see something of the other. Your point of view will shift with the universal change; and if you live, you will yourselves become strange inhabitants of the new world. A quarter of a century from tonight you will be taking as an accepted matter of course, and without a shiver, things that are simply unthinkable to you now.

"I cannot tell you what those things will be. I am only a reasoner and not an inspirational prophet, but I am sure that if you could have a vision of yourselves twenty-five years older you would be startled and incredulous. And in the meantime, within only two or three years, every one of you will have yielded to the horseless craze and be the boastful owner of a metal demon; you will talk nothing but machines, and as you are being removed to the hospital you will babble to the stretcher bearers of horse power and kilometers per hour. Restfulness will have entirely disappeared from your lives; the quiet of the world is ending forever."

The pessimist gave us two or three years to begin our transfiguration into strange inhabitants of the new epoch, but for my own part I did not need quite so long. The fair golden sunshine upon the boulevards became more and more shot with the blue vapors; the smell of burnt oil and gas grew tolerable to the nostrils and then actually enticing. Simultaneously, the trains to Paris from the country suburb where I had gone to live appeared to become more and more inconvenient, until at last the day came when I perceived that the contagion was irretrievably upon me. Exited by the discovery of my condition, I lost no time, but hurried to the office of an automobile agent on the Champs-Élysées and asked him to be my friend. He had various kinds of automobiles to sell, on commission; I left it to him to choose which one was best suited to my circumstances and my ambitions

When most of us who are elderly or middle-aged recall the purchase of our first automobile, in those early days of motoring, we feel the forget-me-not breath of an ancient pathos upon our hardened cheeks. There seems to have once been something touching about us.

XV

THE agent appeared to be a little puzzled by my request for his friendship; but after looking at me thoughtfully for some moments, he said that nothing would give him greater pleasure. And when I explained that Providence had entirely denied me any talent for comprehending machinery, and that all I could ever hope to know about an automobile, through my own study and observation, was what color it had been painted, he became enthusiastic.

"You ask for my friendship," he said. "You shall have it; already I feel myself drawn to you. You need disinterested advice. Excellent! I am your friend and I will advise you. I have precisely what you want. I have a superb automobile for you. It is not entirely new; but that makes it all the better, because a little usage imparts elasticity to the operating devices. It has been owned by a friend of mine who feels himself compelled to part with it, though he has grown so fond of it that he will not

(Continued on Page 128)

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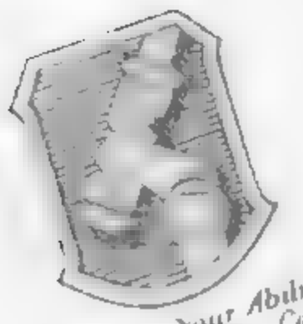

Doubles Your Ability To Handle Your Car Makes Steering Easier Reduces Road Shock

These Cars are Ross-Equipped

THE MANUFACTURERS of the cars listed below appreciate the *importance* of steering, and want you to have what they believe to be the *best*. Therefore, they supply Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear as standard equipment (as do also 115 manufacturers of trucks, 50 makers of buses and 9 makers of taxicabs):

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Body Style _____ *Year* _____

ROSS GEAR AND TOOL CO., Lafayette, Ind.

Please send facts about Ross Replacement Unit and free booklet on Steering. I have marked above the name and body-style of the car I drive.

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ROSS *Cam* AND *Lever* STEERING

The Alliance Agent immediately senses the seriousness of a "fire-trap". And his experience enables him to suggest feasible ways of reducing the hazard presented.

ALLIANCE
Insurance

THE ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 126)

give it up except to a person able to appreciate it. You will obtain a great deal of happiness from this superb vehicle. It is as fast as your heart could desire and the joy you will experience as you drive it at ninety or a hundred kilometers the hour ——"

I interrupted him, though I liked what he was saying: "No; I—I don't think I'd better try to drive it myself. I have tried patiently to learn what makes these machines move, and I believe that I have succeeded in mastering the fundamental principle. My understanding is that an explosion of gas within a rigid compartment makes a pressure on something that is obliged to go up or down, or both, and this motion is somehow converted into a turning of wheels. Friends have tried to teach me how the motion is converted; they have drawn diagrams for me and I have faithfully studied them, but without any result whatever. To every mind there are certain things that cannot be conveyed, and this is one of the things that cannot be conveyed to mine. And as it seems to be established that unless one knows what takes place beneath one when one pushes a lever operating certain machinery over which one is sitting, one isn't justified in pushing such a lever, I have concluded that it will be safer for myself, and for people generally, so to speak, if I refrain from pushing the levers of this superb vehicle you have been so kind as to select for me. I think I should employ a chauffeur."

"Excellent!" the agent said. "But let me advise you, as your friend—first complete the purchase of the automobile we have selected. If you engage the chauffeur before you own the automobile, you will be embarrassed, because he would immediately ask you, 'What species of automobile am I expected to drive?' You would be confused and perhaps mortified to reply that you have no automobile. A certain amount of pretentiousness may attach to a person who, lacking an automobile, possesses a chauffeur."

"I hadn't thought of such a thing," I said hurriedly. "Could I see the automobile this morning?"

"Perfectly! Naturally you should see the automobile before you purchase it; but I tell you confidently you are going to be delighted. We will go at once." He took me to a garage and there displayed to me a red car which he patted proudly and affectionately. "Behold it! This is what I have promised you. Have you ever seen anything more perfectly fitted to your special requirements? Think how you will look in it in the Bois de Boulogne! And observe, you will not need to buy any equipment or accessories except some tools. It already has a covering, which can be elevated in case of rain, and two splendid oil lamps with reflectors; you will not be annoyed by having to purchase a top and lamps, nor by the delay of getting them fitted to the machine; they are included in the price. Did I not tell you it is superb?"

Some workmen had joined us and I wished to appear intelligent. "What horse power has it?" I asked.

"Forty—forty horses would be needed to do what it will do."

"Ah—what kind of a car is it?"

"What kind? It is a touring car."

"I mean what make."

"It is Italian, a magnificent Lux."

"Is it, indeed?" I said, impressed. "A genuine Lux?"

"Genuine? It could not be more so. Observe it!"

I did. I went to it and looked at it carefully. There was a narrow door in the middle of the rear wall for the entrance of passengers, and when this door was closed a little seat could be swung down from it, thus allowing three people to sit in the tonneau. Moreover, a long wicker hamper was strapped to each side of the car, above the rear wheels, and these arrangements pleased me.

"It is very convenient," I said. "People can get in by the little door and these hampers seem to me a great improvement. Luncheon could be carried in them, or almost anything."

"Yes," the agent agreed; "luncheon, maps, an umbrella, a cane—anything you wish. I was sure you would be delighted with the baskets. Are they not charming? As you say, they are a great improvement, and only a few of the very finest automobiles are equipped with them. Every convenience you can imagine accompanies this superb Lux. Have I been correct? This is perfectly the car you wish to buy?"

"I—I think so. I believe ——"

One of the mechanics who stood by interrupted. "Don't you care to look at the engine?"

"Indeed, I do," I said. "Where is it?"

"It is in front," the agent explained. "All the most modern automobiles have the engine in front under a protecting hood nowadays." He opened the hood. "Observe it! Have you ever beheld a more perfect mechanism? Isn't it a masterpiece?"

"I'm sure it must be," I said. "Could we take a little drive?"

"A drive?" he repeated thoughtfully. "A drive? You would prefer to drive in it before completing the purchase? I will see if that can be arranged."

He spoke to two of the workmen and withdrew with them to a corner of the garage, where the three engaged in a long conversation, gesticulating earnestly, while I again examined the baskets and the little door, becoming more and more pleased with them. Finally the agent returned to me.

"You shall have your drive," he said benevolently. "First, we shall go to lunch: after that we shall come back and then you shall have your drive."

When we came back, we climbed into the car through the fascinating little door and sat in the tonneau, while a serious-looking mechanic occupied the driver's seat and another went to the crank in front of the car to start the engine. The agent chatted gayly, speaking often of the charming wicker hampers; but the seriousness of the workman who was to drive appeared to increase, and so did that of his companion, who was for some time violently engaged with the crank.

"Do not be discouraged," the agent said. "Often the best of automobiles—even a Lux—will require several turns of the crank before the engine ——"

He was interrupted by a shattering roar; the engine had gone into action and the mechanic leaped back from the crank, then climbed into the seat beside the driver.

"Do not be disturbed," the agent shouted in my ear. "The noise is rather loud because we are in an inclosure. In the open, you will almost not notice it at all. Also, there will be much less vibration as soon as we are in motion."

When we were out of doors I persuaded myself that he was correct. We sounded like an itinerant battle and we undeniably vibrated; but we moved with startling rapidity, the wind hard in our faces; and I found the experience so exciting, even so exhilarating, that when we returned I decided that this superb Lux must be mine. I had a final moment of hesitation.

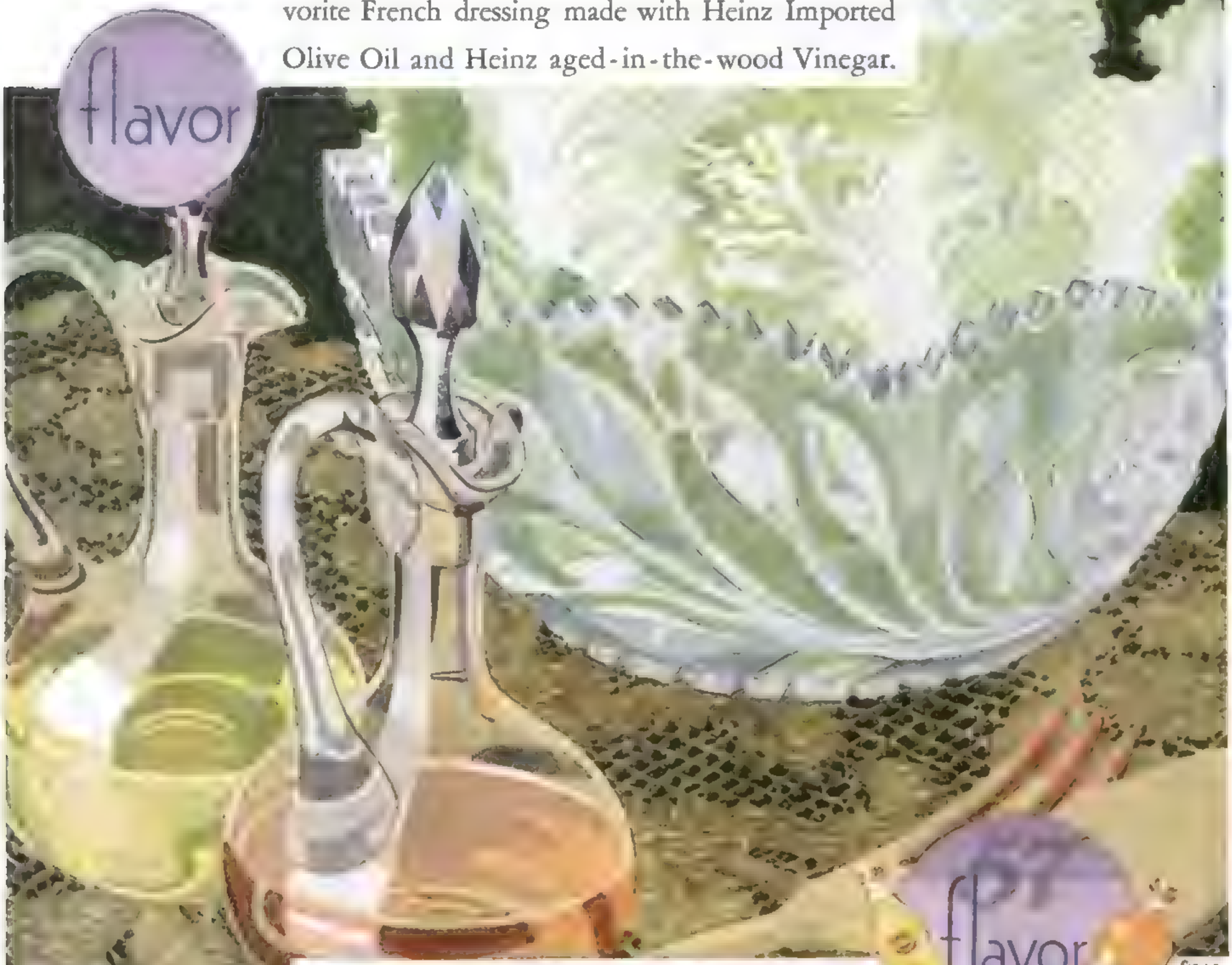
"You remember," I said to the agent, "you said you would act as my friend, my trusted adviser. I appeal to you now as you stand in that capacity. Do you sincerely advise me to buy this automobile from you?"

He looked me in the eye. "I will reassure you," he said earnestly and gently. "Listen well to what I am going to tell you. It is simply this: I give you my word of honor that I would sell this automobile to my own brother."

That settled it. I signed the purchase papers on the spot; but when I engaged a chauffeur and we attempted to take the superb Lux home, I began to comprehend that the agent's brother, at some time in their lives, had done him a horrible injury.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Tarkington. The next will appear in the issue for May nineteenth.

Cool, crisp leaves of lettuce, or romaine, or endive . . . dressed in a smooth, flavory blend of mild and mellow vinegar, with its tempting, aromatic bouquet—and this pure olive oil pressed from ripe olives in old Spain. How the tender green leaves sparkle and glisten—freshened and flavored and made altogether delicious with your favorite French dressing made with Heinz Imported Olive Oil and Heinz aged-in-the-wood Vinegar.



We always agree with people who insist that only a real imported olive oil has the true olive flavor . . . You see, Heinz Olive Oil *is* really imported. In sunny old Spain near Seville is the Heinz Olive Oil establishment. There from the choicest of the purple fruit that ripens on the olive trees we press Heinz Olive Oil . . .

No olive oil can be finer or more delicately flavored, for none is made with greater care or from choicer olives.

Then there's the true *vinegar* flavor.

Take Heinz Cider Vinegar. Do you wonder why again we use only the juice of whole, sound apples—and age it in wood from one to two years?

It's the only way you can get that mellowness, that aroma, that absence of raw sharpness—that *flavor*—that you find in Heinz Vinegar.

For Heinz quality must be maintained. No distance is too great; no method is too troublesome; no time is too long for Heinz in the search for flavor . . Heinz Salad Booklet sent free on request . . *H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.*

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Here is that lovely new lacquer that makes the amateur decorator's work look like a professional's.

Egyptian! That is its name. It is made by a company that has made lacquer for 50 years.

As a special introductory offer we will send a full-sized 40c can, enough for a chair or table or other odd treasure, for only 25c. Also an entertaining little book of instructions and suggestions. Use coupon.

18 beautiful colors. Tell us which color to send. Please don't ask for more than one can, as this is a special introductory offer.

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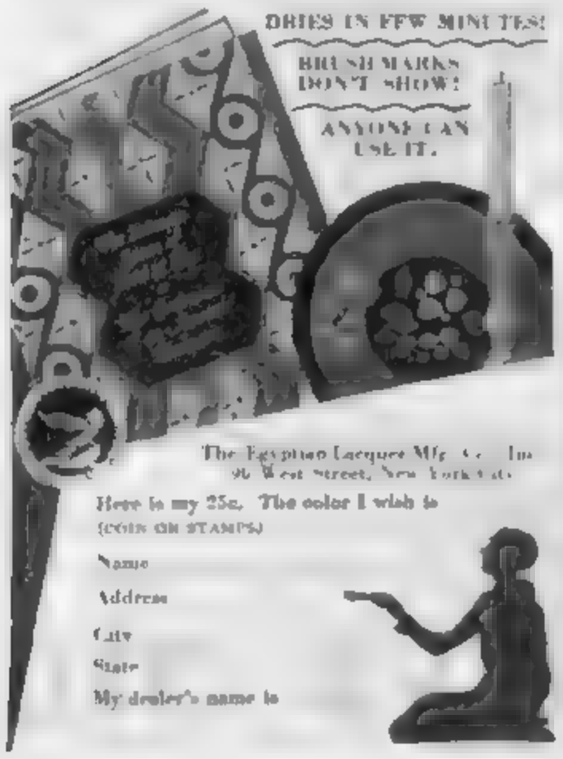

HITCH-HIKERS BY NIGHT LIGHT

(Continued from Page 23

"Ayuh," said Lusill. The girls looked at her curiously. Evidently she had meant to say "Uh-huh."

"What your names?" Lusill inquired.

Zula contented herself with the statement, "I'm Zula Mayers," but Elise became gracious.

"How-do-you-do, Lucile," she smiled. "I'm Miss Brenner—Elise Brenner."

"Are you?" Lusill said calmly. "H'lo." She opened the door. "Wish you'd come in here, Mrs. Jarboe," she said to the older woman. "Stovepipe needs fixing. Can't wait till Edwin gets home, and Leotas don't know how."

With heavy ease Mrs. Jarboe followed her into the house, leaving the girls in a state of wonderment over Mr. Freeman's romance. They sat down on the steps to solve the problem.

Apparently they had become more or less informally acquainted with the entire ménage, with the exception of Edwin. The older woman, Mrs. Jarboe, must be Mr. Freeman's housekeeping sister, and Lusill could be accounted for only by supposing that hers was the face that had launched a thousand pieces of driftwood out to sea on the receding tide, driftwood all uncollected because the heart of Mr. Freeman beat high above kindling and such household matters. But great lover that he was, he would not renounce the faith of his fathers—and sister—even for a wedding, and Lusill was equally inflexible.

"It's all that Mrs. Jarboe's fault," Zula said. "He'd just as soon get married in any church, but his sister won't let him. Lucile could do what she wanted to with him if it wasn't for her."

"You take a man that's always been bossed by one woman," Elise said profoundly—"any other woman that comes along can boss him if she only knows how."

Zula was getting restless. "Either put 'em together or put 'em asunder, for all I care."

"But they love each other." Elise humorously arched her eyebrows. "They love each other and ——"

"I don't care if they bite each other," Zula said. "We're just going to be here overnight, and if we can hitch onto a good ride we won't be here even that long. What difference do they make to us? I want some excitement."

Elise looked at her with understanding. "You want a chance to wear your new dress," she said finally. "You want a boy to stir up."

"Boys are next to nothing in my life. I don't want boys around. What I want"—Zula smiled dreamily—"is a playmate."

"A playmate?"

"Yes; someone to take me places and be nice to me." She became even more dreamy. "He's got to be cute looking—sort of embarrassed and shy. He needn't be a good dancer, especially, but he'll like the way I dance better'n anybody. And he'll always be doing nice little things for me, like ——"

"Diamond bracelets?" Elise said quickly.

"No. That would be nice, though. But what I was thinking of are little things like having his car ready whenever I want to go some place, or knowing that I like steak with mushrooms and not with onions. And if he sees me shiver he'll have an extra coat in his car—a soft, white polo coat and a silk muffler. Oh, my!"

Sadly she gazed at the road before her; it was unpolo-coated and largely playmateless. Far off, on the top of the hill, a laboring truck had just contrived to grunt its way over the ridge; then, with a sudden billowing of tarpaulins, it swayed downhill like a fat monster in a flurry of unaccustomed haste. From behind it came a small touring car, a bustling little car, announcing by the hardy clatter of its exhaust that it was ready to push its way anywhere. Guardedly nonchalant, it passed the truck, hurried along the road and came to a brisk stop at the oil pits beside the Just Inn.

Jauntily the driver of the car swung his feet over the side and, twisting gracefully, dropped to the ground. It was plain that he thought himself alone, for his age and appearance indicated that the debonair manner of dismounting was for personal use only—it could not support publicity. Unexpected publicity was startling, he demonstrated. Judging by his expression, he had been on the point of breaking into a gay whistle. When he saw the girls his easy carelessness faded, giving place to frowning seriousness; he tried clearing his throat, and the raucous noise of it left him shaken and unstrung. Then, as cruelly embarrassed and shy as even Zula could wish, he stood before them.

"Hello, sweet man!" she said. "Am I going your way?"

"Are we?" said Elise.

A slow smile began to tremble on his face. "W-e-l-l," he said, "which—which way ——"

"To Boston," Zula said simply—"to Boston or Philadelphia or even Wilmington, if you're going that far!"

"Well, not—not right now, but ——"

"You mean you've got to buy some oil first, maybe?" Zula was considerate. "That's all right. Take your time."

"No, I mean—you see, this is all the farther I'm going right now," he explained laboriously. "I might have to go down to Boston day after tomorrow. But you see, I live here and ——"

"You live here?" Elise said quickly. "Why, it's Edwin!" She gave him a charming smile. "It is Edwin, isn't it?"

"Edwin?" said Zula.

"Of course! Don't you remember?" Elise looked at him shrewdly. "He's—he's Mr. Freeman's —— Mr. Freeman is his ——"

"My uncle." The young man nodded gratefully. "Mrs. Jarboe is my mother and I live here."

"No ride for us, then." Zula leaned back against the steps. "Well, that's over! But I don't ——"

"Don't let her bother you, Mr. Jarboe." Elise stood up with dignity; solemnly she extended her hand. He looked anxiously at her.

"I'm Elise Brenner, Mr. Jarboe," she said.

Awkwardly he took her hand; it is possible that he felt a gentle pressure, for his awkwardness rapidly left him. Prompted by an irresistible impulse, he thrust aside the rock-bound reserve of his heritage.

"You know, my name's Edwin," he said daringly.

The girls were not astonished.

Zula assumed something of her friend's manner; she stood up and shook hands, though perhaps without the same effect.

"Zula Mayers is my name," she said pleasantly. "How-do-you-do, Edwin?"

"I'm all ri—I mean, fine, thanks! Are you—are both of you going to stay to ——"

"To eat here?" Zula helped him. "Yes, and your mother said we could spend the night too."

"She's been awfully nice to us. She's just as nice as she can be. She really is!" Elise looked directly at him. "I wonder why?"

"It's because of my sister," Edwin explained. "She broke away from home four years ago and tramped around the country, working."

"Oh, I remember! Your mother told us she was married now and has a restaurant in Florida. But what has that got to do with us?"

"Well, on account of my sister, mother feels she ought to be nice to all the hitchhikers that come by here. She's nearly the only one in this part that feels that way about them. You see, most of them are so kind of funny looking and all, and they're here today and gone tomorrow, so ——"

He stopped, a little surprised; Zula was quietly laughing.

"That wasn't what Elise meant at all," she said. "Don't be so serious. Elise was just giving you a chance to tell us how nice we are, so of course your mother would be nice to us. But instead you say we're funny looking and gone tomorrow and ——"

"But I didn't mean anything like that!" he said. "Truly I didn't. And I'm awfully sorry." He became painfully apologetic. "I didn't mean you were funny looking."

"Oh, Edwin, please!" For a brief instant Elise allowed her hand to rest on his. "It did sound queer, but I don't think it was very nice of Zula to put it that way. Naturally we don't look our best in these knickers and things, but I know you didn't mean that."

In spite of his embarrassment, it was with a growing wonder that he found his apology casually accepted by his new acquaintances. The circumstances were without precedent; these cool, easy, fresh-complexioned young women talked to him almost intimately, called him "Edwin," and one of them was already quite friendly. He was glad he had on his new tweed suit.

"Now that we know each other," Zula was saying, "p'raps you can tell us what's on your mind. Let's sit down and rest our face and hands."

"What?" Blankly he looked at her.

"That's just some summer foolishness," Elise said soothingly. "The answer is 'How's the top of your head?' or 'Did you read the advertisements and throw away your whisk broom?' It doesn't mean anything."

"No, I suppose not," he said slowly. "Wish I could talk that way."

The girls sat down, but he remained standing, one foot on the steps, with his elbow on his knee. Twilight had fallen upon the Old Road; in the soft amber glow the low hills seemed like sly sphinxes, inviting the beholder to see what lay beyond them.

What Edwin found in the surrounding landscape is not to be known, yet judging by the result, what he saw became a part of his thoughts and stimulated them.

"I don't want to go to medical school," he said with astounding abruptness. "I want to go to Florida or something."

"Florida?" Zula was interested. "That's just where ——"

A soft hand was placed on her mouth.

"Why, Edwin?" Elise asked.

"Mother's been promising me for the last two years that I could go visit my sister, and now she's fixed for me to go to medical school next week. Sister wrote she could get me a job down there any winter, so I spent my savings on this car and —— By gracious," he said moodily, "I don't want to go to medical school!"

He was silent for some time, and it was a silence that suggested the soundless stirrings of rebellion. Then his gloomy resentment was replaced by a look of distaste.

"Medical students," he said—"they're funny fellows, all right. My cousin Joe just got through last June, and now he's an interne in Boston. His idea of something good is to be sitting at the supper table and stick out his hand at you. 'Here! Take this!' he'll say. And when you take it, you find he's handed you somebody's ear!"

Elise let him see her shudder.

"Medical students are funny that way," Zula said. "I hardly blame you for ——"

There was a heavy rustling behind them; Mrs. Jarboe stood peering through the screen door.

"You and your Uncle Leotas ought to get your memories printed and stand by the road and pass them out," she said calmly. "Charge ten cents a copy. I should fear to tell so much about myself without getting something for it."

Edwin said nothing. He had no need to tell his thoughts; they were the same thoughts that had been the cause of a month's bitter argument, and they were plain. A bugle blast of defiance would not

(Continued on Page 132)

Spur Tie

All tied for you

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GLENN TRYON
Handsome star in the new Universal film success, "Hot Heels."

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Adorably petite as the featured star in the new Universal film, "13 Washington Square."

"Keep your eye on the ball." "How can I when you're wearing such a smart bow tie?"

Spur Tie is enough to turn any girl's head. Never was such smartness fashioned into a bow tie. And beauty? Colorings as fresh as June itself. Exclusive through and through. Each pattern created by leading silk mills especially for this always-tied bow tie.

Haberdashery counters everywhere are displaying the season's authentic neckwear colorings for sport and business, through Spur Tie. Plain blacks or whites, too, for formal wear. Styles for men. Styles for boys.

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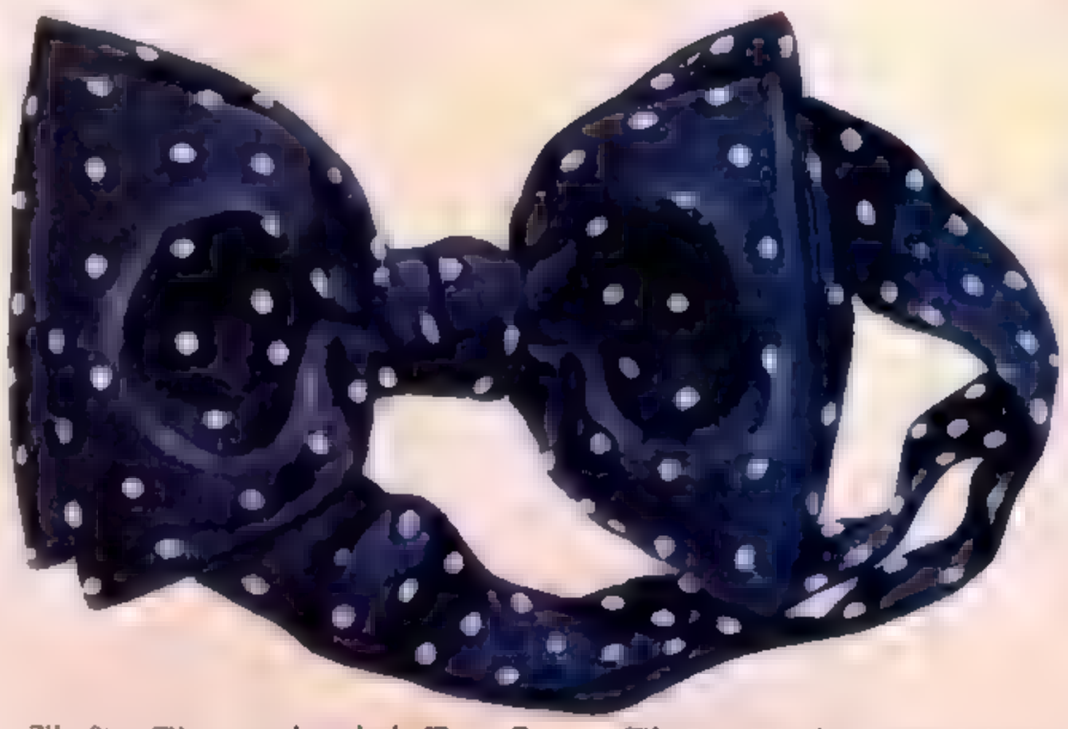

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Advertags will increase turnover, decrease sales costs and improve your merchandising methods. We'll gladly show you how!

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Attachment tags — Hat tags
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THE DENNEY TAG COMPANY
WEST CHESTER, PA.

Name

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Address

(Continued from Page 130)

have been more eloquent; the tocsin was about to be sounded, the downtrodden masses were arming and shortly the citadel would be assaulted. Two years of frugal saving and of crushing restraint were not to be borne. Altogether, the situation was critical.

Staunchly Mrs. Jarboe faced the impending mutiny, she was ready and waiting. But Edwin said not a word. Finally she spoke:

"You might come in here and set up two cots in the big room—that is, if your public can spare you that long. And you young women can use my bedroom to fix up in, if you've a mind to. Those knapsacks look like they could hold something besides knickers." Then, when she had preceded them into the house and into her bedroom, "I guess you'll find everything you want," she said. "Don't put your things on that quilt and don't meddle with the mounted deer's foot on my dresser. Everybody wants to rub its hairs the wrong way. I do myself."

"What a pretty old bed!" Elise exclaimed. "Did Lafayette sleep in it?"

Mrs. Jarboe paused, one hand on the white door knob. The faint semblance of a smile was about her mouth.

"You needn't try so hard to be nice," she said kindly. "Nearest Lafayette got to here was Portsmouth, and that was in 1824. Supper will be ready in an hour."

Some minutes later Edwin stood alone in the brightly lighted dining room; his blond hair was combed to a conspicuous smoothness and snugly his collar fitted his neck. Occasionally he investigated the position of his faultlessly arranged necktie, and thus he was engaged when his uncle came into the room, glanced cautiously at the door and sat down.

"Table set already? Well, that's nice." He leaned forward. "I heard she fetched you a lick too."

The nephew met this comradely advance with coldness. "What of it?" he said severely. "What of it?"

"There's this much of it: You can't get anywhere by arguin' with her. Your mother is a remarkable woman." Leotas shook his head in humorous dismay. "And don't I know it!"

Chuckling, he stared at the fireplace. Then he became serious. "You listen to me, Edwin! I'm going to give you some advice. I've never taken it myself," he said ruefully, "but it's good. If you want to do anything, do it! But don't talk!"

"But I think she ought to admit I'm right, once in a while," Edwin said stubbornly. "She ought to ——"

"That's just it! Anybody talks to her ends up by doin' what she says. So don't give her a chance." His uncle lowered his voice. "Now you take your cousin Joe; he always wanted to do what the old folks told him, but he didn't get on any better than your sister Emily. She never said a word. She packed up and walked out, and now she's got a restaurant in Florida. Them two girls that come here today, they must 'a' slid off without any brass band, and in a couple of weeks they'll be sitting by a blue-silk sea and eatin' pompano and ——"

"What kind of a sea?" Edwin was interested by this striking detail.

"Blue silk. I was reading about it in the paper: Come to Sunny Florida, Bask by a Blue-Silk Sea and Eat Exotic Foods. That's what they'll be doin'."

"Wait a minute! You say those girls are going to Florida?"

"'Deed they are. I was right around the corner when they told your mother."

"Florida!" said Edwin. "They—they are going to Florida!"

"Said so once. They count on getting there by Thanksgiving; going down to Alabama first. Didn't you find that out?"

"No." His nephew smiled. "I—I'm glad you told me."

At the upper end of the hallway a door rattled and swung open, releasing a burst of youthful laughter. This was followed by a brisk tap of quick little steps.

"Is this the right room?" Elise said.

Few girls could have wished for a better entrance. As they stood, silhouetted against the dark hallway, they were like arrestingly slim and pretty manikins showing off new dresses.

"Yes, come right in." Leotas got up and shaded his eyes with his hand to look at them.

"By gracious," he said, "it kind of strikes me all of a heap!"

Edwin said nothing; he stood leaning against the wall.

"Thank you, Mr. Freeman." Elise demurely came forward with Zula, and both of them sat down.

"You meant that for a compliment, didn't you?" she said, with a glance at Edwin. "You really like us this way?"

"Compliment? Should say I did!" Mr. Freeman beamed. "And to think I always believed knapsacks was full of rubber boots and sausages. What you got on didn't take up much room, I bet. But I don't mind that. Not me!"

They graciously accepted his frank praise. His nephew winced at his lack of discernment.

"Now, Eddie," said the rustic uncle, "you tell 'em what you think."

"I think," he said hoarsely—"I think they're both very—very chic."

The young ladies instantly flashed him a look of gratitude. Here was someone who knew, their approving smiles seemed to say.

"Sheik!" Leotas was puzzled. "I always thought a sheik was a kind of man in the pitchers."

No one set him right, and Elise tried again to get Edwin to talk, repeating the glance she had given him, with her head a little on one side.

"I feel so strange in these clothes." Her shoulders rose slightly, with a cuddling movement. "For the last three days we've had on nothing but knickers, and I hardly know how to act."

Edwin looked at the empty chair beside her; he put his hands in his coat pockets and tentatively shifted one foot.

"He can't seem to find his tongue, girls," said the terrible old man. "Don't matter though. He's not much like his father. I was just talkin' to him about that before you come in."

Edwin realized that his avuncular relative had assumed full responsibility for the entertainment of the guests. He sat down where he was.

"Yes, Captain Jarboe, Eddie's father, was the most comical man you ever seen, when it come to talkin' to ladies." Leotas was getting under way. "Compared to him I'm no good at all."

This remarkable admission was of a prefatory nature; he stopped, but only to pick out the best remaining chair. Comfortably seated, the personal history of Captain Jarboe became as sounding brass. Edwin knew all of his reminiscences by heart; the words of Leotas P. Freeman affected merely his eardrums—he was staring at the girls.

He saw many girls each season: Girls in roadsters, limousines, sedans and touring cars had stopped at the Just Inn; they had ridden past on horseback and walked by swinging tennis rackets—summer boarders who left him unimpressed. But these girls sitting across from him, he felt, were people that he knew.

His uncle continued, talking steadily, sketching the picturesque biography of Captain Jarboe. Captain Jarboe had finally "come home in a barrel," it startlingly appeared. Leotas explained that there were no experts among the small crew of Captain Jarboe's schooner, and upon the captain's demise at sea the expediency of the barrel seemed to be the only solution.

"Just like him too," Leotas said admiringly. "Never done anything the way anybody else did. Always surprisin' somebody, he was."

Edwin looked gloomy; he wished that his uncle had not told this story of the captain. Edwin feared that the girls would feel a great contrast between himself and his father. He seemed to have inherited nothing of the captain's picturesqueness.

Lusill entered, bearing a pound of butter on a white plate.

"Supper's ready if you are," she announced. "Going to bring in the soup and ——" She stopped to look at Zula and Elise, trimly at ease in their new dresses. "Well, my goodness!" she said. Turning, she left the room.

A moment later she returned, accompanying Mrs. Jarboe, each carrying two plates of steaming soup. Leotas slipped by them into the kitchen.

The fact that Mrs. Jarboe realized the difference in the attire of her guests was not at once apparent; she put down the soup without a word and went to her place at the head of the table.

"Anyway, they are skirts," she said shortly. "Now let us all be seated."

Everyone in the room promptly sat, except Lusill; she stood behind her place, looking toward the kitchen.

"What's the matter with you?" Mrs. Jarboe asked. "Something wrong with that chair?"

"Aren't we going to wait for Leotas before we sit down?"

"What for?"

Lusill did not blush; she had not been caught in a sentimental fancy. Something sterner was in her mind.

"So he can say grace," she said. "Way I was raised, every unblessed bite kind of turns against me."

"You're none the smaller for it." Mrs. Jarboe was preparing for action. "Leotas," she called, "come in here with those other plates and sit down!" With alacrity he obeyed, and Lusill warily sat beside him. "Leotas, I want you to tell us all how much you think of praying over your food before you eat it."

Miserably he looked from his sister to Lusill; both were steadily watching him.

"My gracious," he said plaintively, "I don't see why you always have to be bringin' me in on these church questions. I got no fish to fry! Every day I got to put up with all this talk and argument—both of you ding-dongin' away at me, mealtimes and ——"

"Tell me, Leotas!" This time it was Lusill who insisted.

"Say what I asked you and get done," said Mrs. Jarboe.

He was cornered; there was no escape.

"Well, not to give you a short answer—but I don't care!" he said with some heat. "It don't matter none to me whether food is blessed or not, but if a person wants it blessed I'll—I'll stand up while they bless it," he finished lamely.

"Lusill, do you want to stand up and bless your food? Leotas said he'd stand up with you."

"No," Lusill said with a quiet dismalness, "I don't want to do anything out of the ordinary."

The rest of the meal passed without a renewal of sectarian technicalities. Guilefully Leotas led the talk to other things: He spoke of ships and cabbages, of the last word in the radio world and dwelt briefly on national politics; he even made conversational openings for Edwin. But that young man was seated beside Elise and heard him not; he was looking at her as though he had just found something.

Reviving briskly, Leotas began to speak liltingly of nature and growing things.

"What I like best of all," he said, "it's blueb'ryin'. My, how I love to pick blueb'ries! It makes some folks dizzy, a-bendin' over that way, but not me! I can't hardly get enough of it. Nice thing about it, too, is you can sell what you don't eat. Well ——" He pushed back his chair and neatly folded his napkin.

Supper was plainly over; the last pie crusts had disappeared. Lusill arose, gathered up a remarkable number of dishes and went into the kitchen.

"Can't we help you?" Politely eager, Elise picked up a butter plate.

(Continued on Page 134)

Save time, energy and money —don't market every day

The General Electric Refrigerator is unusually roomy and it keeps all food healthfully fresh

IT'S such a relief not to have to go to market every day. Two or three times a week will do the job—with energy and time and money saved—if you have a General Electric Refrigerator.

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In fact, now that the fifteen years of experiment in the General Electric laboratories has produced this simple, quiet, efficient refrigerator, there's really no reason for being without the advantages it can give you. Already more than fifty thousand General Electric Refrigerators are bringing new comforts to American homes.

There are many models—at a wide range of prices. Get full information about them by writing us for booklet S-4A, which is illustrated and completely descriptive.

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—A trial tube

Continued from Page 132

"Not with dishes: I never did care for strangers around my dish pan," said Mrs. Jarboe. "Leotas, you go in there with them." By "in there" she meant the big room of the house, where, in the season, guests were served with food at small tables and at a counter that ran across one side of the room. But now the tables and chairs were pushed aside and two cots had been placed against an end wall. Between the cots, with impersonal precision, was a small table; upon it were two glasses, a pitcher, a match box and a candle.

"Why, it's just like the Ritz," Elise said.

"What's the candle for?" Leotas asked.

"Oh, they always have them at the best places. Don't they, Edwin?"

"I—I expect they do." He attempted a slight pleasantry. "That's why we have one here."

"To think you fixed all this yourself," Zula burlesqued her admiration. "You great, big, wonderful m-a-n!"

The wonderful man at once became pleasurably confused, an emotion not decreased by the presence of Elise.

"How—how would you like me to turn on the radio?" he said. "Maybe I can get something lively and ——"

"I'll turn it on," said Leotas.

From behind the lunch counter he produced a loud-speaker, he put it beside the coffee urn and once more vanished, seemingly trying to stand on his head.

"Had to keep the radio down here," he explained to the girls. "Tourists couldn't hold their hands off'n it."

His efforts were rewarded by a burst of sound from the loud-speaker, a sound suggestive of soured and complaining tomcats. After a few more preliminary screeches, this settled down into a steady, crackling hum. Leotas emerged, red of face but triumphant.

"That's it!" he said. "I got it first shot! But one of them audion bulbs needs ——"

"This number starts our regular Thursday evening request program," said the loud-speaker, with metallic stolidity. "Everybody ready? Let's go!"

Music came forth; it was suitable for dancing, if for nothing else. In brassy undercurrents it beat, throbbed, pulsed and grunted; above this was a variety of sounds. Sometimes a falsetto squealing instrument carried the air, or a violin, or the mournful and blatant horns. Through it all ran an impudent little melody, darting and sparkling as it went its merry way. Such music was convincing; people who heard it usually felt that they must dance or go away.

"Wouldn't this orchestra burn you up?" Zula gave it her highest praise. "Now, Eddie, break into a black bottom for us."

"Don't know it," he said. "Last thing I learned was the Charleston, and that's all out of date now."

"Know the muss around?" she asked. "No? Well, it's kind of unrefined, I think."

"Dance with me, Edwin." Elise held out her arms.

"What?"

"Dance with me!"

"I—I'm not real good at it. I might step on you, or something, and ——"

"Edwin!" With a small, impetuous click her foot struck the floor.

"Well"—he swallowed with difficulty—"well, I'd just as soon," he said huskily.

Never afterward was Edwin able to remember in detail anything that happened during that dance; Elise, soft and strangely fragile, floated before him; he was conscious of no effort, no exertion. Neither did he step on her, or something.

"You're a real Vernon Castle," she said, when they stopped. "What did you mean by telling me you can't dance? You're simply wonderful! Where's a looking-glass?" He showed her one on the near wall, which she immediately put in use.

"He's good, all right," said Zula. "It's my turn next."

"I'm not so sure I'll let you have him. I'm getting pretty cagy about sharing things."

To say that Edwin was pleased would be an understatement; he grew rosy, smiled, tried to assume a detached nonchalance and ended by being grandly excited.

His excitement was shared by his uncle, who expressed this emotion in a curious way; he sat in the corner, saying nothing, but there was an air of grim determination about him, suggestive of a militant imperialist planning a campaign.

Lusill had come to the hall doorway and stood watching them; they saw her, though with no special interest.

"That," said Elise, "was the best dance I ever had." She was finished with the looking-glass, but a new question of the state of her attire presented itself; for some reason she wished to see the back of her skirt.

"I'm sure I'm all out of order," she said complacently. "This dress has spent three days in my pack and it's just one mass of wrinkles. I know I look awful."

"You look fine," Lusill said critically. "Guess you know it."

"Thank you," Zula spoke up. "I'll thank you for her. And don't you worry she knows it!"

"Reason I come in here was Mrs. Jarboe sent me," Lusill explained her position with proud humility. "She told me to take your things out of her room and put 'em in here; she told me to stay here till she called me."

"All right. Put them on the cot," Elise said brusquely. "Sit down if you want to."

"I—I ain't the kind to push in," she said, flushing, "but I work for Mrs. Jarboe, and she told me to come in here. I can just as well set out on the front porch; it ain't real cold yet."

Edwin showed disfavor. "Put 'em on the cot like she said, and for heaven's sake sit down without making such a fuss about it!"

Quietly she laid the girls' knickersuits, the ukulele and their knapsacks on one of the cots, modestly drawing the white counterpane over them. This neatly done, she hesitated, lonely and out of place; then she went toward the porch door. It is to be doubted that either Edwin or Elise noticed what she did, and Leotas was occupied with something deep within himself.

Zula ran to her instantly and put an arm about her broad shoulders.

"Now, Lucile! Don't look so—so —— Well, don't look that way!" She was genuinely concerned. "Here, take this big chair and make yourself at home. I guess it's more your home than it is ours. Anyway, it would be your home if Leotas had a little backbone."

"I s'pose it would." Lusill sat in the chair. "He hasn't showed any so far, but maybe he's getting one now. He looks like something was coming over him. Just the same I want to thank you for—for not making me sit on the porch. I wouldn't 'a' come in here in the first place, but she told me ——"

"Don't think any more about it." Zula perched herself on the arm of her chair. "You stay right there and we'll put on our skit for you. We worked it up for the minstrel show the hotel let us give this summer. Turn off the radio, Eddie! No use waiting for another piece from that station. Come on, Elise; tear yourself away."

She went to the cot, picked up her ukulele and quickly tuned it. Elise stood beside her, keeping her eyes on Edwin.

"Well, folks, what will it be?" Zula said, in a showman's manner. "I might mention that our best is ——"

"Alabama Bound," Elise said. "And it's true! That is where we're going and—and then we're going to Florida."

Zula struck a few preparatory chords, nodded to Elise and they sang:

I'm Alabama bound;
There'll be no Heebie-Jeebies hangin' 'round;
Just gave the meanest ticket man on earth
All I'm worth
To put my tootsies in an upper berth ——

Unconsciously Lusill was swaying from side to side in time with the music, and

(Continued on Page 137)

Washes a generous tubful of clothes sparkling clean in a few minutes.

10

Important Health and Labor Saving Features in the New Thor Agitator

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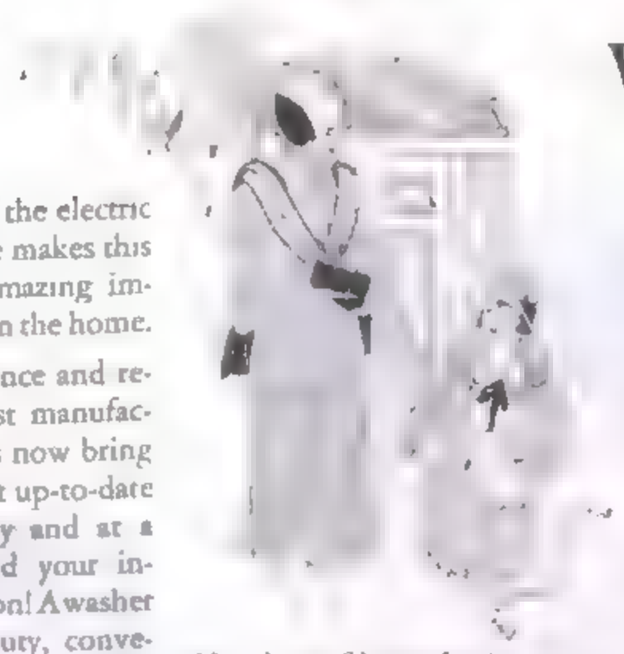

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The great experience and resources of the oldest manufacturer in the business now bring you the newest, most up-to-date washer, of a quality and at a price that command your interest—and your action! A washer whose colorful beauty, convenient size, speed and ease of operation will capture your admiration—*instantly.*

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Phone your Thor dealer and ask him to bring you a Thor Agitator. Use it as your own for a full week. Place it in your laundry or your kitchen. Note its appealing beauty—its lifetime construction. Prove, for yourself, the speed and efficiency with which it washes clothes—sparkling clean without soaking. Then, if you like it, and really want it, he will arrange the easiest terms of payment to suit your income. If you don't—simply let him know. He will pick it up and you pay not one penny. See or phone your Thor dealer today or write us for descriptive booklet.

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THE NEW REALSILK HOSIERY

Evening shades tend toward the pinky, silvery mauve tones . . . Toupet is a favorite, probably because it blends so pleasantly with slippers of every hue

(Continued from Page 134)

Edwin's face wore a look he had not used since he had first seen a Christmas tree. On the whole, they were a satisfactory audience. In clear, mellow voices the girls sang on:

Just hear that choo-choo sound,
I know that soon we're goin' to cover ground,
And then I'll holler so
The world will know
Here I go;
I'm Alabama bound!

They repeated the chorus; the way to Alabama—or Florida—became a song-strewn journey into a land of roses and balmy weather. With countless pretty mannerisms they told of their willingness to go there—tricks of eye and face, of tilted head and piquant chin, of bending knees and swinging ankles.

The girls stopped; the act was finished. They were pinkly aglow with the thrill of their own performance.

"Somehow, wish I hadn't stayed home all my life," Lusill said slowly. "There're times when I've wanted to go hitch-hikin' too."

"Yes, it's odd what a man can see when he's goin' to and fro on the earth and walkin' up and down in it," said Leotas. "It's odd!"

"Wish I had gone," Lusill said. "I cert'n'y like that singin'."

"Well, what could you do," Edwin asked—"pass the hat?"

"No," she said humbly, "but maybe I could have learned to stomp and clap my hands."

With fleeting pity he laughed at her; he had no way of knowing that perhaps her emotions were a counterpart of his own.

"Now, how about another dance?" he said. "Want some more radio?"

"Fine!" Zula said. "We've just started to strut our stuff. Get that station back again. We need some three-year music for the next one. Get a Charleston and Elise will show you how it really is done. I'll let her show off alone."

He went behind the counter and the loud-speaker awoke to renewed activity.

"This is another request number," it announced. "It's an old one and it's good—good and old, did you say, Jimmy? . . . Well, here it goes: Sleepy-time Gal played by the boys at the Savvy Faire Club. . . . All right, Jimmy."

In a far-away night club saxophones moaned, there was a happy clatter of a banjo and with irresistible rhythm the whole orchestra joined in, sending the sound to a bare room in a tourists' lunch and gas station in New England.

Inside that room a girl was dancing, the unshaded electric lights full upon her. A young man was watching her, his elbows on the counter. Near him sat two other girls and an older man.

The dancer sent the young man a smile; like rippling sunlight she moved back and forth, arms waving and head held high; she was demonstrating her ability to use what has been called "a million dollars' worth of flying hips."

"Hey! Hey! You're showing me some things tonight!" Zula said. "That last break step was a new one."

Elise smiled at her, but it was not the same smile she had given Edwin.

"Old," she said, her twinkling feet keeping perfect time. "Known it for years. How d'you like this?"

"By gracious!" Edwin said softly to himself. Her flashing slippers fascinated him; certainly they were not suitable for country wear. Slenderly useless and wondrously arched of instep, they were beyond his experience. To him they meant romance—a dreaming romance suddenly awakened to the possibilities of a joyful, dancing reality, gloriously free. All doubts left his mind, a strange elation steadied him, he became calmly deliberate; he would go anywhere those slippers chose to lead him.

He looked out of the window. Outside the road lay like a broad and complacent black snake, allowing the firefly lights of automobiles to glide along its solid back. It was the Old Road; it twisted its way over the shadowy hills, it led down to the shore and the sea-wet rocks and in its path were harbors and towns and cities. For his seafaring ancestors that road had been but a means of getting to their ships to hoist anchor and sail away.

The dance came to an end. Zula applauded, but the others did not move. However, the dancer seemed not displeased; she laughed, fanned herself with a tiny handkerchief and applied a touch of powder to her face.

"I've been thinking over that trip of ours, Zula," she said casually. "What would you think of not going to Alabama now? We can go there and see my cousin sometime later. I want to get to Miami; somehow, I'm in a hurry."

"All right with me," her friend said. "She's your cousin, I don't want to see her anyway. But what's the idea of changing all at once?"

"Well, she's the kind of person I'd like to see when I had nothing else to do. Don't you feel once in a while that you want to go and go and go, without bothering much about anything?"

Edwin pulled at his collar; it seemed to choke him. Then with quick decision he snapped off the radio and went round the counter to Elise.

"You—you're going to Florida?" he said.

"Yes." She put down her powder box and turned to him. With breath-taking effect her eyes went up to his; like limpid, violet mirrors they showed him an unimagined world of melting tenderness. "Yes, Edwin," she said.

"You're—you're going with me, then." It sounded quite sane and reasonable to him. "I'll drive you and Zula down there; we'll start tomorrow morning as soon as I can get my money out of the bank." Breathing rapidly, he took both her hands. "You've got to go with me!"

A perky little smile hovered on his lips.

"You dear," said Elise. "Of course we will."

"Yeh," Zula said to Lusill, "and I know now who'll sit on the back seat"

"My goodness!" Lusill said, gasping. "Well, my goodness!"

In a stupor of admiration both she and Leotas P. Freeman sat looking at Edwin. In their eyes he had already become a carefree gypsy, a reliant adventurer who would some day come swaggering back to tell them surprising tales of foreign parts.

Elise put her hands on his shoulders.

"You're just a darling, Edwin," she said.

"We—we'll leave here tomorrow, right after breakfast," he said hoarsely. "I'll tell mother I'm going to give you a ride as far as the village; we'll stop there and get my savings. Don't let her know anything about it."

Elise let her arms slip down until her hands were on his.

"Why not?" she asked. "What's she got to do with it?"

"Nothing," he said. "Nothing at all But I thought I'd get away first and ——"

"Oh, she's your mother, and all that. But why plan it out so? Why don't you just go? There's no reason ——"

"No, there isn't. It's my car and my money, and I'm twenty-one, and for years she's been promising me ——"

"Well, then, why not?"

"All right, I will! Uncle Leotas told me never to say anything to her before I did something, but I guess I've got a right to go about my own business in the open. I'll do it, and I'll tell her tomorrow morning!"

"That's it, Edwin," his uncle said. "Don't pay no heed to what I told you. Be fair and square, and show her something!"

"I'll tell her I'm not going to medical school and I'm through being tied with an apron string, and that I'm going to Florida. Then I'll walk out."

"That's it, Edwin!" Leotas said joyfully. "You tell her and I'll be there to back you up. And when you get through I've got a thing or two to say myself."

"What—what you got to say?" Lusill leaned forward. "Leotas, what is it?"

"I'm goin' to invite her to our weddin'," he said manfully. "I'll be good-natured about it; she can come if she wants to. We'll be married in your church or any church! When Edwin and I get through sayin' a thing or two—well ——" He smiled.

Lusill looked hopeful. "That'd be nice," she said.

"Well, when does this big scene come off?" Zula asked. "We ought to get an early start."

"It comes off as soon as we're through breakfast," Edwin said. "And then we're on our way to Florida."

Elise put her arms round his neck and frankly hugged him. "You are a darling!" she said.

"Look good together, don't they?" said Leotas. "Better watch out, though; think maybe I hear her coming."

There was no need for him to say more. A great hush fell upon the room. Skillfully Elise disengaged herself, implying—at least to Edwin—that their semi-embrace was not improper; it was merely temporarily inadvisable. She even found time to pat his hand and smile. The footsteps came nearer and a board creaked sharply; Mrs. Jarboe entered the silent room.

"Prayer meeting?" she inquired. "Or are you all talked out?"

There was no answer; possibly she did not expect one.

"Lusill," she said, "it's time you were asleep; I've got a deal of things for you to do tomorrow, and I don't want any slug-a-beds in the morning. . . . Leotas, you and Edwin had best go, too, and let these young women get some rest. I guess they have need of it, being out in the open all day."

"But we're not a bit sleepy," Elise said. "Really we ——"

"Late hours make sorry flowers," Mrs. Jarboe said briskly. "You must have sleep your bloom to keep. Bid the young women good night, Edwin."

For what he believed was the last time, he obeyed her.

"Good night, girls," he said rakishly. Halfway to the door he paused. "Good n-night, Elise," he said. Followed by Lusill and his uncle, he went into the dark hallway.

Mrs. Jarboe stood where she was; the girls waited for her to speak.

"When you leaving?" she asked quietly.

"Sometime after breakfast," Zula said. "It's been so nice here, we sort of hate to go."

"I hope you sleep well." The latch rattled as the door closed sharply.

How well the girls slept is not known, but if they slept well it may be inferred that they were used to the ways of houses. For the house was old, and after the manner of its kind it muttered to itself when everyone was in bed.

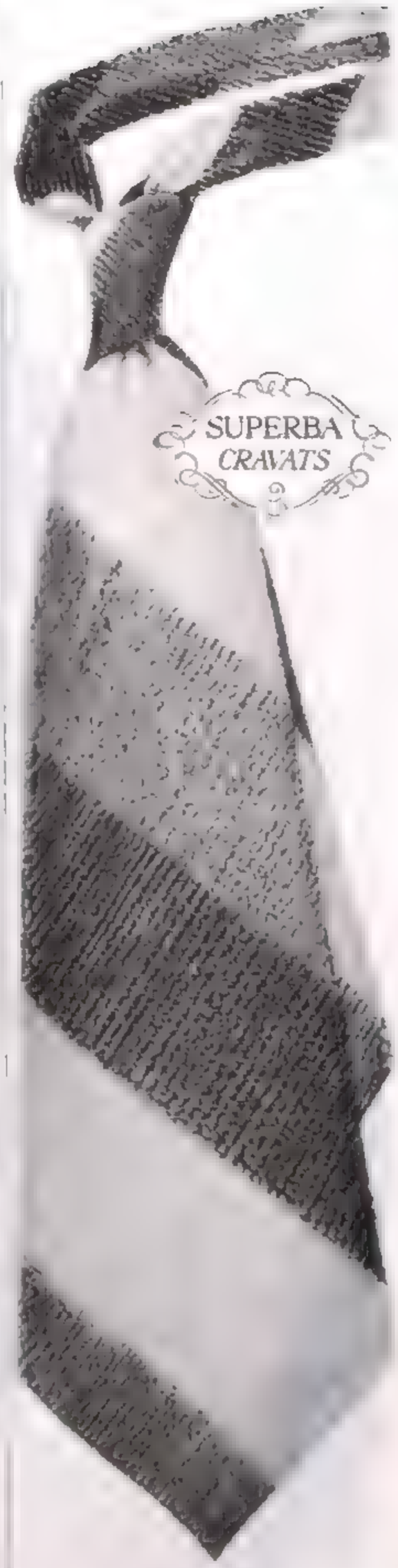
With suppressed groanings it protested against the night air; sudden little gusts of wind hurried out of the darkness to whip at sleeping heads; door knobs seemed to turn stealthily; the floor slowly rubbed its boards against one another and against the walls. The clock in the hallway woodenly ticked out its routine, and like a tired watchman struck the passing hours.

With conservative deliberation the eastern sky grew light; it was morning. The sun hung damply in the gray clouds, coldly revealing the landscape as a mass of rocks and earth made unpleasantly moist by the salt mist. Near the fence at the side of the Just Inn a neighbor's cow announced her presence by an occasional clang of her bell.

Other and less melodious sounds came from the kitchen, indicating that the morning's business was begun; a coffee grinder sent its harsh note through the house and a skillet banged on the stove. The girls decided to get up.

By the time they had finished packing their knapsacks breakfast was half over. In knickers and ready for the road, they

(Continued on Page 139)



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(Continued from Page 137)

went into the dining room. Edwin stood up, napkin in hand.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Jarboe. "Just fixing to call you"

"Set right down, girls." Leotas waved them to their places with his fork. "Wearin' pants again, are you? Well, that's sensible enough. Hand your cups to Lusill and she'll give you some coffee."

Elise and Zula briefly said "Good morning" and sat down, glancing round the table. Mrs. Jarboe seemed preoccupied: like most good housekeepers she did her day's planning at the breakfast table. Lusill's expression was one of calm waiting—for whatever might happen. But Edwin and his uncle betrayed no hint of what was in their minds; they might have been preparing their defiance or merely contemplating the food set before them; yet there was a certain intensity about them—an intensity suggesting that they had come to a decision of some sort.

Breakfast finished, they all rose. Lusill and the girls looked at one another and then expectantly watched the two men.

"You might as well pay me now," Mrs. Jarboe said. "Seventy-five cents apiece, I told you yesterday, didn't I? That makes a dollar and a half."

Elise gave her the money.

"Good-by," Mrs. Jarboe said. "And be careful. Now, Lusill —— No, I want to get Leotas' work started first. Leotas, I want you and Edwin should take the screens off this morning and put 'em in the cellar. And Lusill can take the bedding off the cots in the big room, to start with. I'll 'tend to the dishes myself."

She went into the kitchen, apparently unmindful of the fact that no one moved or had moved since they got up from table.

"Well?" Lusill said eloquently. "Well, Leotas?"

"Well yourself!" he snapped. "I know what you're goin' to say, so don't say it! Save your breath!"

"You mean you aren't—you aren't going to speak to her about ——"

"I don't mean any such thing!" he said irritably. "I mean —— Well, I can't be standin' around here all morning!"

He paused as though he had something else to say, but whatever it was, he changed his mind. Setting his thumbs in his ears, he waggled his fingers at the kitchen door.

"She better look out," he said. Then, frowning, he sidled to that door.

Edwin watched his uncle depart, and then looked at the floor and shifted his feet uneasily.

"Edwin," his mother called out, "did you mind what I said about helping Leotas to take down those ——"

"Yes, I heard you!" he said. He turned to the girls. "I—I well, I'm not getting anything done by just—just ——"

"Standing around?" suggested Elise. "No; you're not."

"Then—then maybe I'd better go help take those screens down—that is, if you don't mind, I think maybe I had. And—well, good-by!" he said. Almost running, he left the room.

"Wouldn't that give you the willies?" Zula said to Elise. "Come on, let's grab us a ride and get out of here!"

Lusill followed them as far as the front door, and when they had gone she turned to look at the big room. In the daylight it seemed quite changed. Two cots with tumbled bedclothing were the only signs of the late presence of Bohemia.

Yet something of it remained behind, for even two years later Edwin and Leotas proved that they remembered the incident with pleasure.

"Couple more of them girl hitch-hikers come by here this morning," Leotas said one day when he and Edwin were repairing the fence. "They called me grandpop too. Big, fat girls, they was—not like those other ones. That was the time we showed your mother something."

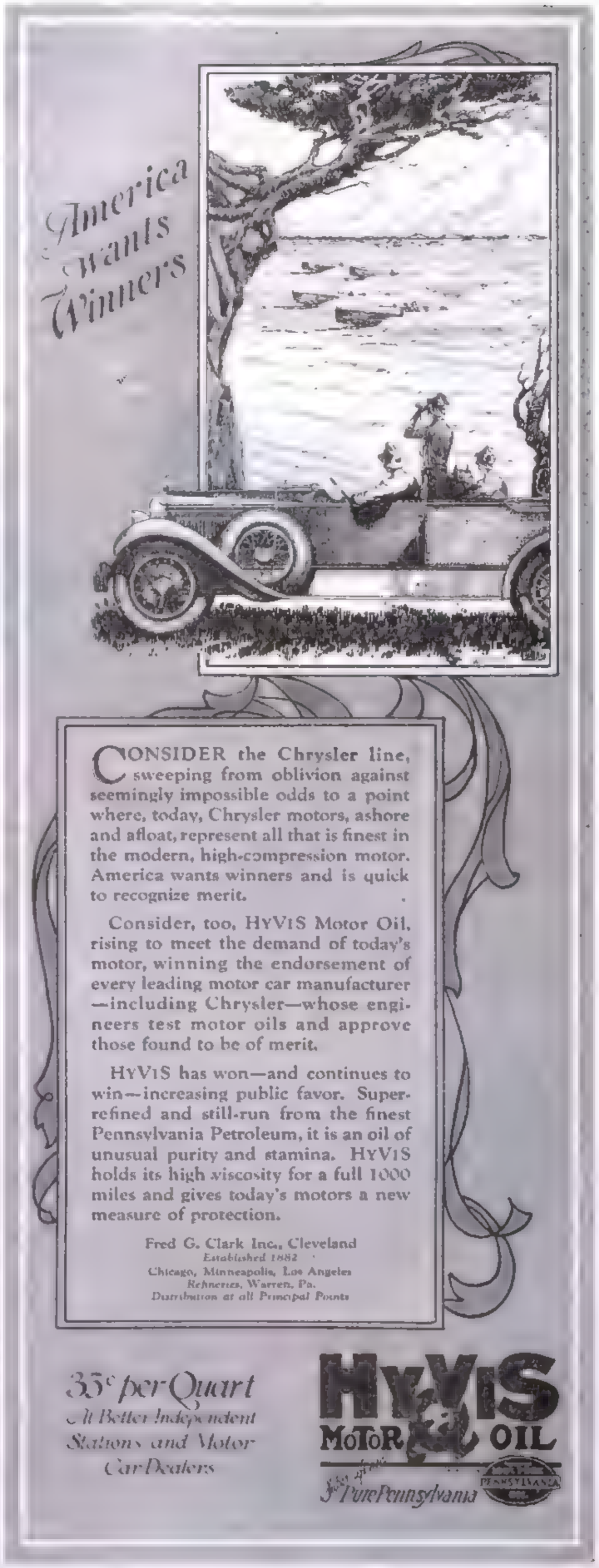
"I'll say we did! If she'd said just one more word I'd have gone to Florida and left her flat. I guess she knows it. Course I like medical school well enough and all that. I won't mind going back there when vacation's over, but ——"

"We showed her, all right! She knows now that I'll stand no more than I ought to. Just a little more and I'd 'a' married Lusill in her church. She was willin', all right." He glanced toward the house; a clatter of dishes came from the kitchen. "I expect she still is."

"We came pretty near breaking out that time," said Edwin.

And so, greatly comforted, they went on with their work, smiling with pleasure and enjoying their mutual secret.

The Pup: "Cheer! What a Lot o' the Bunk We Swallow These Days!"



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FUR BRIGADE

(Continued from Page 31)

ears," Brady asserted. "In the open she admits our right to the country on a line running due west from the head of Milk River to the Pacific and south to the Spanish holdings. If England lays claim to that country she's announced it to her minions private. Maybe she has to you."

"What you mean is that Americans claimed it and England didn't think it necessary to dispute such a preposterous claim," Leroux snarled.

The old trapper rose. "I make the same claim myself," he announced. "And I'm ready to let any man that says it's even a mite preposterous make his choice of war hatchets, knife or gun, and settle this here boundary dispute with me right now. I'm annexing that whole region for the United States so thar won't be no misunderstanding, and I'm a-doing it out loud. Speak your piece, fellow!"

There could be but one outcome to such a challenge—a mortal combat between Brady and Leroux with whatever weapons the latter might select. Dueling was fashionable in every rank of society. Personal feuds between these wild *voyageurs* were settled similarly, but with far less formality. Instead of the challenged man being restricted to the choice of pistol or rapier, the *voyageur* might—and frequently did—choose to fight it out with rifles, scalping knives, tomahawks or even Indian war clubs.

Friends interfered no more than one interfered between the principals in more formally arranged duels in more formal levels of society.

"Rifles," said Leroux. "Us to be turned loose a hundred yards apart in the night to creep up and settle it the best we can. You'll be buried in the country you lay claim to for your precious flag."

"You're entitled to six foot of it, my ugly gazoon," the old trapper retorted cheerfully. "I'll send you a deed to the tract, hot off the bar'l of old Meat-in-the-pot."

Leroux turned to reach for his rifle where it rested against a log. He had been sitting in the shadows, but in turning, his face was thrown into sharp relief in the firelight. On the instant a startling interruption occurred.

A mountain man who sat somewhat to one side obtained his first clear view of Leroux's face. He leaped to his feet with a mighty oath.

As he thrust past Breckenridge he uttered a name that reached only the latter's ears. His long knife flashed into his hand and with a hoarse scream of mingled rage and triumph he hurdled the fire and leaped at Leroux with uplifted blade.

Leroux, turning with his rifle at the first outcry, shot the man through the body and jumped outside the circle of firelight, the night swallowing his form.

"Who's this that took the fight off'n my hands?" the astonished Brady exclaimed.

Several of the near-by trappers approached the stricken man, but Hunter Breckenridge, jumping the fire and shouldering his way through them, knelt at the dying trapper's side.

"Quick, man!" he said. "What name did you give that hound? If you speak true you will be avenged. Was it Wolf-strike you called him? The renegade of the Upper Mississippi? Quick, man, before you die!"

As he spoke his ears caught the hoof beats of a running horse out in the night.

"No other. Wolf-strike himself the monster," the man whispered feebly. "Don't let him escape! After him! You can't help me."

"How do you know that he is Wolf-strike?" Breckenridge insisted.

"How do I know?" the man demanded in sudden strength of voice that portrayed exasperation. "How do ——" His hand was feebly lifted to his head, his fingers touched his hairless skull. "How do —— Hell!"

His last utterance was one of anger at the knowledge that he had neither time nor breath to tell how he knew, and he died with his hand upon the top of his head. Breckenridge, sensing some connection between his question and the gesture, removed the hand. It was not skin but scar tissue that covered the man's skull.

He had been scalped alive at some time in the past. The sudden outbreak of speculation as to the cause of the stricken man's wild attack had drowned the low-spoken words from all ears save those of Hunt Breckenridge. He rose to his feet and held up his hand for silence.

"This man swore with his dying breath that Leroux is no other than Wolf-strike, the bloody renegade that terrorized the Upper Mississippi," he announced. "He died before he could explain how he knew; and it is said that no white man ever looked upon Wolf-strike to know him as the renegade and lived to tell of it."

A trapper pressed forward. "I knowed McAndrews," he testified, pointing to the dead *voyageur*. "He lived on the Upper Mississippi. Wolf-strike's band shot him twice, hacked him up some, scalped him and left him for dead. When he come to, it was to find his family dead and pinned to the cabin and the cabin set afire. His youngest, a three-year-old, was still alive, but died as McAndrews cut him down. He's one man that knowed Wolf-strike's face and lived to look for it again. He'd never mistake that face, McAndrews wouldn't. If he said that Leroux was Wolf-strike, then that's who the miscreant is."

"Then what are we doing here?" a big *voyageur* demanded. "After him! We'll burn the dog, as he's burned many another."

But again Breckenridge held up his hand. "He is gone. At the very outset I heard hoof beats of his running horse. This country is large and we do not know which way he goes. It would be impossible to find him in these rough breaks in the night. There is a surer way. Hundreds of mountain men know Leroux by sight. We will spread the news at the rendezvous that Leroux is Wolf-strike, the bloody monster who is responsible for the murder and torture of more than two hundred men, women and children. His life will not be worth a straw south of the Canadian line if ever a mountain man sets eyes on him."

"Nor yet north of it," Buckley, the Canadian, predicted. "No Canadians sanctioned his bloody work. I'll shoot him down myself if ever I lay an eye on him again, now that I know who he is. I take my oath on it."

The Canadians had not entertained a suspicion that Leroux was the infamous Wolf-strike.

The renegade's identity had been shrouded in mystery on the Canadian side of the line as well as on the American.

"There's no doubt about that part of it," Little Bull declared to Hunter after the Americans and Canadians had separated on Black Fork. "If a half dozen Canucks had knowed his identity it would have got to some American and he'd have told the world. But them red Iroquois knowed it, and every Injun that trades at a post where he's stationed knows it. Savages are funny

Leroux Turned to Ana McKenzie. "I'm Going Now. Some Day Our Trails Will Cross Again"

thataway. A whole tribe will know something for fifty year and talk it over amongst themselves without ever a word of it reaching a white man's ears. The Pawnees, now, never set eyes on Wolf-strike or this Leroux neither, but they'd linked the names together. The word reached them through some other tribe, likely, or from captured women. I heard a few scraps of rumor that wasn't intended for my ears, but not enough to be dead sure. It might have been some other Leroux, I thought. Recall that I was inquiring of you about it the day Dubois first brought up his name? That's what it was all about."

"One thing—my bullet that shattered his arm and twisted that hand palm out will mark him for any man. Now that he's known, his day is short."

Leroux, however, seemed to have vanished from all human ken.

IX

FROM the Snake River and the Green, from Bear River, the Laramie, the headwaters of Wind River, Powder River and the tributaries of those streams, trappers converged upon the rendezvous at the Forks of the Sweetwater. They came singly and in little bands. The encampment at the Forks swelled daily. No less than three hundred white trappers gathered there, their numbers about equally divided between the Great American and the Rocky Mountain concerns. Their furs were brought in and turned over to the company that paid them. There were combinations of free trappers, too, bringing in huge assortments of peltry and bartering them to the concern that offered the best price.

Trappers greeted old acquaintances and congratulated one another upon having retained their hair for another year.

"They'll git you another season, though, you old ferret. Good-by, Bill. I'll never set eyes on you again. You've been lucky so far—all-fired fortunate. But that red thatch of yourn is too outstanding a trophy for the Injuns to let you wear it round much longer. Some day I'll run acrost it a-dangling in some red miscreant's tepee and I'll say, says I, 'Thar hangs old Bill.' You can't expect to put that day off much longer."

Also there were many who scanned the ranks of the trappers and failed to see the faces of those they sought. There were many vacancies. Of most of these absent ones there were no reports and never would be. Their respective ends would ever be shrouded in mystery. The fate of some few was known.

"I crossed over onto the headwaters of Pima Creek and come acrost Charteris and Bennett and their squaws and kids. The Blackfoots had downed the lot and burned their lodges, stole their fur, traps, ponies and all, lifted their ha'r and gone."

"Old Caplin and Huron Burke put up a bad fight. The Injuns wouldn't say how many they lost, but my wife's a Cheyenne woman and she lets it out to me that them two old rams accounted for fourteen Cheyenne warriors before they surrendered up their scalps."

There were perhaps a dozen similar reports, but for the most part the missing were merely absent and unaccounted for, and so would remain to the end of time.

Men famous throughout the West appeared at the rendezvous—Jim Bridger, James Beckwourth and Sublette, the free trader, among others. A few years later, young Kit Carson, leading a fur brigade out of Sante Fé and Taos, would repair to this rendezvous and meet such of these same men as had survived the perils of their calling.

Ashley arrived with his contingent and brought news from the Lower Missouri. He marshaled both his own men and those of the Great American, mounted a great rock near a blazing fire and started upon what was intended for a speech.

"Trappers and mountain men, comrades of many a hard and dangerous trail, I have news for you," he shouted. The light of the flaming camp fires revealed the fact that he was smiling broadly. "Last year—the year of our Lord 1821—Missouri took her place in the Union, under the Stars and Stripes, and became a state."

What else he might have intended to say was lost to posterity. His next words were drowned in a mighty roar. Half a thousand Shoshone Indians, not knowing what it was all about, but recognizing it as a great occasion, lifted their voices in quavering yelps. High above the volume of tumult rose the wild clear notes of the Missouri yell flung from three hundred throats. Ashley's speech had ended as abruptly as it had begun. Trappers and savages alike danced in wild and screeching carousal round the blazing fire. Thus, on the distant head reaches of the Sweetwater, was the entrance of Missouri into the Union as a full-fledged state celebrated throughout the night. No more could only that country east of the Mississippi be referred to as the United States without including the West. The Stars and Stripes had been planted west of the Father of Waters and there on the Sweetwater were gathered three hundred warriors capable of defeating an army if ever the threat of driving that flag back to the east of the big river should arise.

The encampment was swelled by a few new arrivals every day. All told, including the three hundred trappers and their squaws and children, the camp could muster some six hundred souls. The Indian population changed from day to day. Bands of Utes, Shoshones, Crows and other Indians arrived to erect their lodges and trade their furs for the white man's wares. The white men had decreed that the valley of the Sweetwater

(Continued on Page 145

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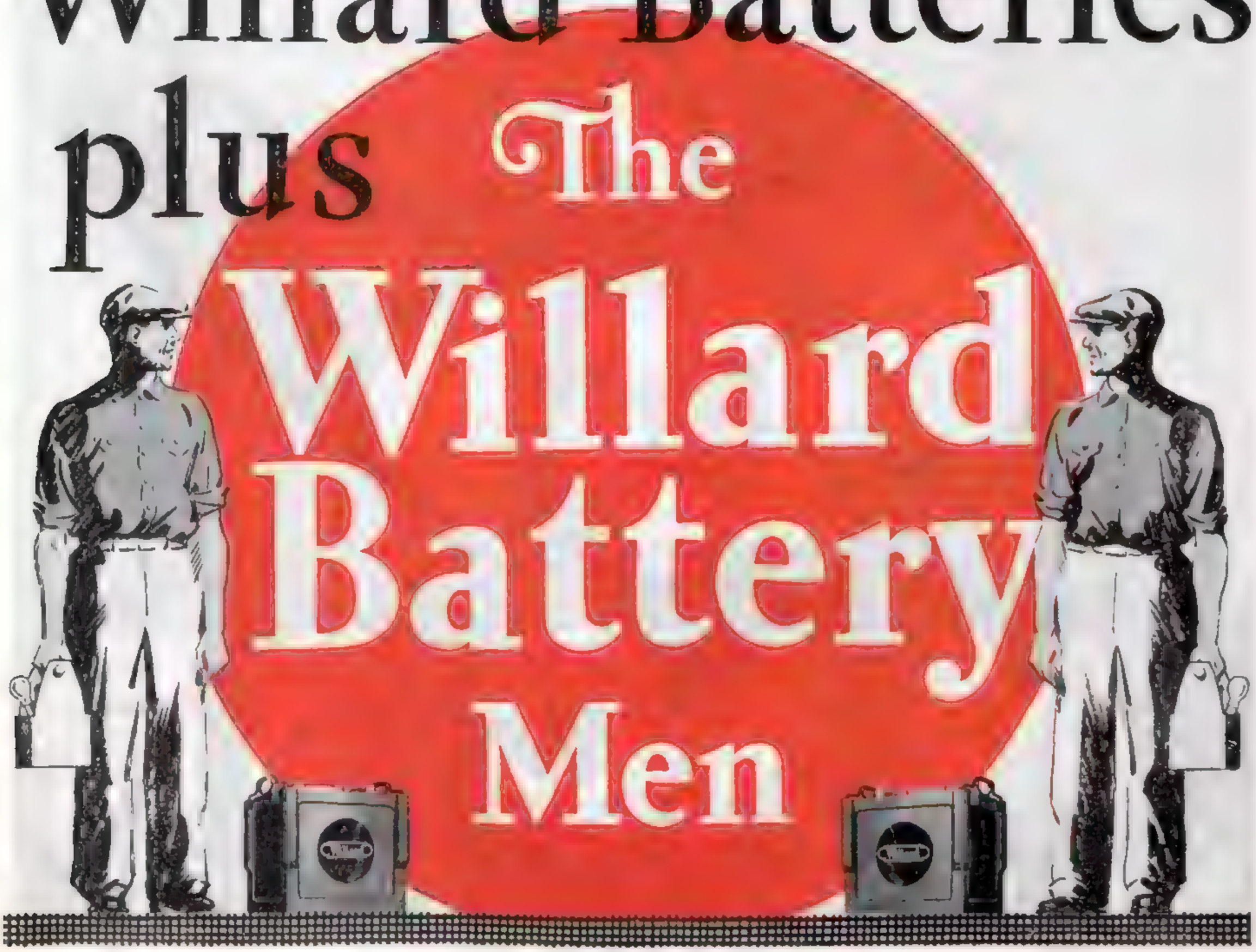

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(Continued from Page 140)

was to be neutral territory during the rendezvous. Thus Indians who were hereditary enemies might journey thither to trade without fear of losing their scalps, once they had reached the sanctuary of the Sweetwater.

However, this did not prevent several big war parties of the savage Blackfeet from penetrating somewhat farther south and east than their usual range for the purpose of cutting off and slaying parties of any tribe whatsoever and any small contingents of whites that might come their way. All who traveled north or west from the rendezvous, whether Indian or white, would find the streams and trails hazardous to the last degree.

It was this insatiable desire of the Blackfeet to annex white men's scalps that was preying upon Hunter's mind as stragglers continued to reach the rendezvous and still there was no sign of the face he sought.

Tod Breckenridge, his younger brother, had ascended the Missouri two years before with a Great American brigade. He was long overdue at the rendezvous. It was said that he had pooled forces to trap with old Andy Hoyt. Hunter scanned anxiously the ranks of every band of Indians that arrived. A trapper or two came with each of several bands, but still there was no sign of Tod.

Then one day a figure appeared on a sidehill two miles from camp. A half dozen friendly Crows, accompanied by Hunter, dashed off on their ponies to investigate, for the man reeled as he walked. It was Tod, his moccasins worn from his feet, buckskin shirt stiffened with dried blood. He grinned amiably at his brother.

"The Blackfeet jumped us up, Hunt," he said. "They downed old Andy Hoyt."

In his running fight with them Tod had lost everything that he possessed save that which the Blackfeet cherished most—his scalp. Severely wounded, he had traversed two hundred miles of rough country.

"Hoyt's hair will come high to those varmints in the end," Tod predicted. "I'll have me many a Blackfoot's mane before I'm done with them."

Hunter announced to the assembled mountain men that Leroux, known to many of them, had been identified as Wolf-strike. He might live among the savages, paint his face, shave his skull and otherwise alter his appearance, but that stiffened arm with the reversed hand would mark him for life unless he should cut off his arm.

Many a mighty oath was sworn that night at the rendezvous as the mountain men learned the identity of the infamous Wolf-strike. They deemed him the most execrable monster, save perhaps for the renegade Simon Girty of Kentucky days, that had ever defiled the face of the earth.

These were hard men. In the daily routine of their affairs they rubbed elbows with strife and bloodshed. Taking human life and the prospect of losing their lives at any instant were but commonplace. But the very thought of the revolting atrocities perpetrated by Wolf-strike made them shudder and long for an opportunity to have a look at him over the sights of their long Kentucky rifles.

Ashley had conceived the idea of opening trade negotiations the following year with the Loup Pawnees. The five allied tribes of Pawnees ranged the Smoky Hill and the Republican rivers, the two chief tributaries of the Kansas, south to the Big Bend of the Arkansas and north to the South Platte and its tributaries, their territory overlapping somewhat that of the Cheyennes and the Sioux on the north and west, that of the Comanches, Kiowas and Apaches on the south and extending to the borders of the Osage nation on the southeast. The Pawnees, in their earlier dealings with the whites, were decidedly unfriendly on most occasions; also perpetually at war with their red neighbors. The whole Pawnee nation could muster some twenty-three thousand warriors.

Hunter agreed to undertake this mission in an effort to open up trade between the Rocky Mountain Company and the Loup Pawnees.

The season's collections of furs, a great fortune if landed safely in St. Louis, was to be transported under heavy guard down the Sweetwater, North Platte and Platte rivers to the Missouri, thence to St. Louis on the Mississippi. Considering the devious course of the waterways, the furs would travel more than three thousand miles before reaching their destination.

Accompanied by Tod, Brady, Little Bull and the squaws of the two latter individuals, Hunter traveled down the Sweetwater and North Platte with the returning brigade in charge of the furs, then struck out with his little cavalcade to cross to the South Platte and the streams between that river and the Republican, the fall habitat of the Loup Pawnees. Their extra horses were loaded with presents for the various chiefs and headmen of the Pawnees.

In addition to his peculiar precautions about arranging himself for the night, Hunter also entertained positive notions about traveling in hostile country. It was along the beaten highways of Indian travel, the regular Indian roads and well-known trails that one might expect to encounter savages. As a consequence, Hunter invariably avoided beaten trails and chose his own route. He permitted no cook fires to be built until that hour, just after sunset and before dark, when the smoke would be largely invisible against the darkening sky, and then only in sheltered places. He insisted upon fires that were small and wood that was dry so that it gave off little smoke. The embers were extinguished when darkness shut down. These precautionary measures enabled the little cavalcade to cross the Cheyenne country and attain almost to the villages of the Loup Pawnees before encountering an Indian.

Two days more of easy travel would see them at their destination. They broke camp and followed down the course of a creek. After two hours on the trail a crest some hundred and fifty yards ahead and directly in their line of march was decorated suddenly by a party of sixty-odd mounted Cheyennes. The surprise was mutual and caused a delay in the ranks of the Cheyennes—slight, yet sufficient to give the trappers time to wheel their horses into a horseshoe bend of the creek, dismount and deploy themselves behind the rocks that were strewn across the narrow neck. Perhaps a third of the Cheyennes were equipped with muskets.

"Pick those with guns," Hunter advised as the Cheyennes, raising the war whoop, lifted their ponies to the run and charged with wild fury upon the trappers.

The foremost savages rushed to within a dozen yards to deliver their fire. Those with guns fired them with one hand from the thigh. A flight of arrows and musket balls glanced harmlessly off the rocks. Each of the four whites, steadily as if choosing the fattest deer in a herd or the largest gobbler in a flock of turkeys, selected for his target a Cheyenne with a gun. Four savages toppled from their horses. Three Cheyennes, reserving their fire, rode into the very faces of the whites. One fired at Hunter just as a ball from the Kentuckian's pistol passed through his chest. A second fired at Tod and the musket ball struck the rock in front of him. Tod, disregarding the savage who had just fired at him and missed, turned his own pistol on the third savage, who had just trained his musket on Hunter. As the Cheyenne fell from his horse at the report of Tod's pistol, that youth leaped from behind his rock, seized the loaded musket of his victim and shot the second savage in the back as he wheeled to ride away.

The trappers hastily scalped the seven dead Cheyennes, retrieved six captured muskets and retreated to the rocks, where the two squaws were reloading rifles and pistols. The captured muskets were loaded and the mountain men waited for another charge.

Tod Breckenridge grinned across at his brother. "You'll notice, Hunter, that I don't shoot at the wrong Injun these days—not after that rating you handed me back yonder on the home place when I dropped that Sac."

Hunter nodded and the two brothers smiled into each other's eyes as that first lesson in Indian warfare was recalled. Ten minutes passed. Then a swarm of Cheyennes charged over the crest, their ponies racing furiously down upon the neck of the bend. On this occasion they did not charge to such close proximity, but instead delivered their fire from a distance of thirty yards. Four fell to the fire of the Kentucky rifles, each trapper picking his man unerringly. As the savages wheeled, the mountain men brought the captured muskets into play. They were far less efficient weapons. One Cheyenne fell from his horse and another, badly wounded, clung to his mount until the retreating party crossed the crest.

Brady sat on a rock and charged his pipe. "They won't try that on again right away. They'll palaver some now, and if there's a Cheyenne village anywheres within a dozen miles they'll signal for reënforcements."

The Cheyenne chief and three other warriors, dismounted, appeared on the top of the little ridge and advanced a few yards beyond its crest, reviling the whites in a language which none of them save Little Bull could understand.

"Get under cover, Brady," Hunter ordered. "There might be a renegade among them with a Kentucky rifle."

"Not likely," said the imperturbable Brady, "or he wouldn't let 'em stand out there in range of ours. Smoothbores ain't wuth a hoot at that range, and it 'pears like these Cheyennes haven't found out about how far the rifled bar'ls of these long Kentucky guns will shoot. But they might get suspicious and duck for cover if they was to see us lining down on 'em. I'll put on a performance while you-all fetch a bead on them from behind your rocks. You take the chief, Hunter, and put his eye out."

As if overcome by a sudden uncontrollable burst of rage, the old trapper leaped to his feet and ran a few paces toward the Cheyennes, brandishing his war ax in a frenzy of anger and lifting his voice in savage imprecations. Such manifestations were commonplace enough among savages, and the Cheyennes shouted back their taunts.

Three Kentucky rifles punctuated Brady's flow of language. The Cheyenne chief and the warrior on his right collapsed in their tracks. A third tried to drag himself back over the ridge, while the fourth, with a startled yelp, dashed out of sight. Dropping on one knee, Brady lined on the wounded Cheyenne and at the report of his gun the latter ceased crawling toward the crest, flopped over on his back and was still.

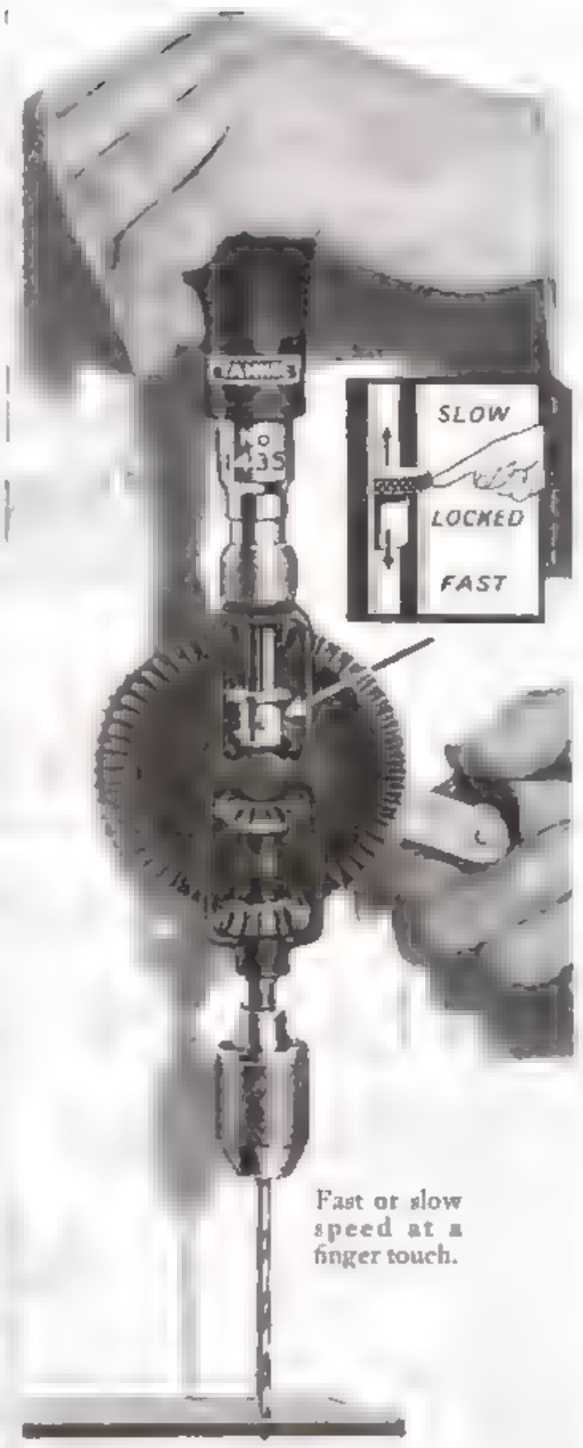
There was a hasty tamping of ramrods and priming of pans, for it was almost certain that the Indians would make a sortie in an effort to recover the bodies of the fallen.

"And they'll do it a-running, now they've discovered our guns is deadly at that range," Hunter predicted.

The mountain men kept their guns trained upon the ridge. Ten minutes passed. Then three warriors leaped without warning across the low prairie crest and bounded to the fallen Cheyennes. As one stooped to seize the body of the chief he collapsed and fell across it as Hunter's leaden messenger struck him in the armpit and passed through his body. Another went down to Tod's fire. The bullets of Little Bull and Brady cut down the third.

"Now we'll have a wait," Hunter predicted. Smoke was rising from some point half a mile beyond the ridge. "They're signaling and will likely hold back until they get reenforcements from some Cheyenne village. It mightn't be a bad plan to swim our horses across the creek and make a run for it while we've got only this one band to fight off. That way we'll have the creek between us, and it runs south toward Pawnee country."

This plan was decided upon and they were discussing the details when sudden commotion broke out upon the far side of the ridge. The war whoop rang out in savage, exultant volume, accompanied by startled outcries, a ragged volley of musketry and the thunder of running horses.



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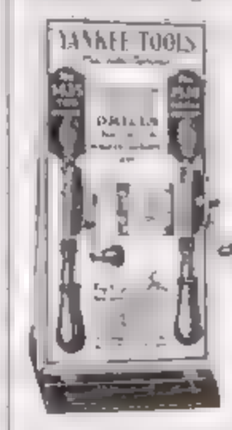

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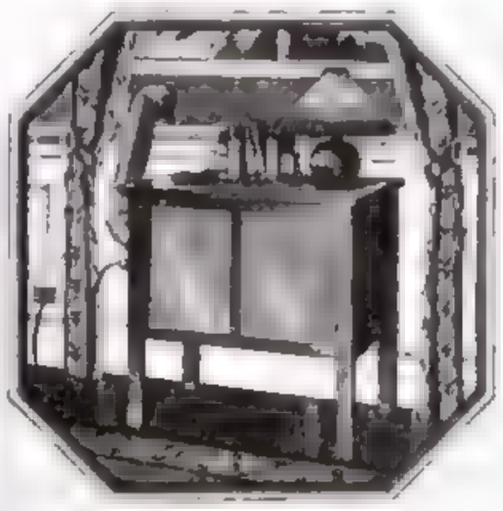

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"Pawnees! Pawnees!" Little Bull shouted, his quick ears interpreting the sounds. "The Loups have jumped 'em up!"

A mob of terror-stricken Cheyennes rode over the low crest and fled up the flat between the creek and the flanking hills. The range was long for moving targets, but a warrior and two ponies went down under the fire of the mountain men.

A hundred Pawnees rode furiously in pursuit. The foremost of them, discovering the dead Cheyennes on the ridge, pulled their ponies back on their haunches and flung from their backs in the frenzied effort to be first to strike the dead foes. One Pawnee chief, dismounting at a full run, rolled end over end and rose to strike the dead Cheyenne chief with his war hatchet, then triumphantly removed his scalp. A score of the pursuers had flung from their ponies at that spot. Several others charged down upon the warrior who had fallen to Hunter's fire as the Cheyennes fled past him. At least twenty whirled their horses aside after the two dismounted Cheyennes who were racing for the hills on foot.

"Ain't that the savage of it?" Hunter remarked dispassionately. "They could have wiped out the whole band if it wasn't for the p'intless value Injuns set on counting coos. A dozen of 'em will halt to try and be first to strike an enemy that's already dead instead of charging on to cut down a dozen enemies that are still alive."

The group of Pawnees on the ridge, having despoiled the six dead Cheyennes at that point of scalps and all equipment, waved the trophies aloft in savage exultation and started down toward the neck of the creek, viewing with high excitement the numerous bodies of fallen foemen strewn before the stronghold. Then they halted in sudden consternation. Until that moment the Pawnees, engaged in a raiding expedition in the edge of Cheyenne territory, had imagined that the beleaguered ones were an offshoot band of their own party, a dozen or more Pawnees having branched aside from the main command at dawn. Now, for the first time, they observed that the men among the rocks were whites.

Little Bull lifted his voice and proclaimed his identity. White men were not well received in Pawnee country; but these, having fought the Cheyennes, were temporarily allies and friends. The Pawnees who had been so fortunate as to count coos on the Cheyennes that had fallen victim to the mountain men's long-range shooting on the ridge were inclined to feel friendly toward those whose rifles had made it possible. The savage who had counted coos on the dead Cheyenne chief was himself the head chief of the Loup Pawnees and a warm friend of Little Bull.

It was decided to ride with all dispatch to the Pawnee village to celebrate the victory. They rode hard and at noon of the next day rode up to the Pawnee town. The clamor and uproar were indescribable as preparations were made for an all-night scalp dance. The warriors gathered round the council fires to the end that the details of the victory might be recited. Raven Bird, the Pawnee chief, spoke first. He graphically sketched the details of having flung from his pony and struck the dead Cheyenne chief.

"I remember!" Hunter announced at the appropriate point. "My eyes were on him. I saw the blow fall."

The assembled warriors looked with approval on a white man who knew the appropriate thing to do. So thoroughly versed in Indian nature and customs was Hunter that he did not even contemplate with irony the fact that Raven Bird was building up a reputation for having struck an enemy that had been slain by Hunter's rifle a half hour prior to Raven Bird's advent on the scene.

Little Bull then rose and pointed dramatically to Hunter.

"Every Pawnee has heard the name of Big Mandan. The Blackfeet and the Brûlés tremble in their lodges at his name. He has counted many coos. It came to his ears that the Loup Pawnees were the greatest of all fighting men and his heart yearned to live among the mighty. It is his wish and the wish of those who came with him to be adopted into the Pawnee tribe."

After an interminable session of such recitation from all hands Raven Bird again took the floor.

"Little Bull has been with us for many years and we know that he is a Pawnee at heart. We have it from him that the hearts of Big Mandan and his friends are also Pawnee. Little Bull has always spoken straight words. The Pawnees have never cared for white men. It may be that they will prove unwilling to adopt our guests. There are five tribes in the Pawnee nation, of which the Loup tribe is but one. We must see what the others have to say. Meanwhile our hearts are soft toward such mighty warriors. Our hearts and our lodges are open to Big Mandan and his friends."

This pronouncement met with widespread approval. Again, through the medium of a chance affray, Hunter had made a most auspicious beginning with a new tribe. It was ever through some exploit of war or horse stealing that a white man gained the respect and admiration of the red. Other sterling virtues were held in less esteem or disregarded entirely unless coupled with a reputation as a great fighting man and a successful horse thief, evidence that he excelled in the two most highly favored pastimes of the Indians.

There was but one objection voiced and that was more in the nature of a query than an objection. Also, the voicing of it was evidence of the way in which news was circulated among Indian tribes residing at great distances apart and concerning matters of which they had no first-hand knowledge. Doubtless this resulted largely from the practice, prevalent among all Western tribes, of capturing one another's women.

A warrior rose to his feet. "How can Big Mandan become a Pawnee?" he demanded. "He is Man-takes-no-woman. If he is to be a Pawnee he must have Pawnee wives. But it is said that Hair-that-shines lives in his heart and that he is blind to all other women. How about this?"

"Some mighty warriors prefer not to be bothered with women and they take no wives until their old age," Raven Bird made answer. "We have seen it. What does it matter? Should we force some silly female upon Big Mandan's privacy when he wishes to meditate upon Hair-that-shines? No! But his friends may have Pawnee wives. It is settled."

He forthwith bestowed his own daughter upon Tod Breckenridge, the brother of Big Mandan. Meanwhile Hunter was amazed at the amount that was known about his private affairs in this distant Pawnee village, not one of whose inhabitants had set eyes upon him until the previous day and none of whom had ever yet laid eyes on Hair-that-shines. It was the first time that his interest in her had ever been mentioned in his presence by mountain man or savage.

x

THE time also was auspicious for Hunter's undertaking. In common with the Blackfeet, Cheyennes, Comanches and to a certain extent the Sioux, the Pawnees had found it difficult to procure firearms, impossible to acquire a sufficient number of muskets to equip their twenty-odd thousand warriors. Big trading concerns were apprehensive about supplying arms to tribes with vast numbers of warriors who were hostile to the whites. On the other hand, the Crows, Mandans, Shoshones and other friendly tribes had been well supplied with firearms. Most of the muskets owned by the Pawnees had been captured in war or acquired by trading with other tribes. The chiefs of the five allied tribes of the Pawnee nation were well aware of the fact that muskets could be procured at much lower figures in direct trade than through the medium of other tribes, but there were dissenting opinions among them as to the advisability of such a step.

Thunder Voice, chief of the Republican Pawnees, rode over from his village with a retinue of warriors. Hunter presented him

with a musket, an iron lance head, a war ax and several pieces of bright cloth. Thunder Voice was favorably impressed and made a speech before taking his departure. It was known to all Pawnees, he said, that Big Mandan's tongue was not forked and that his words were straight. His deeds had traveled ahead of him and all Pawnees admired a great brave. As to whether the Pawnee nation would take kindly to the proposal to build a trade house, no man could say. They would hold a big conclave the following spring after all the chiefs had deliberated upon the matter. Then it would be settled. Meanwhile the lodges of Thunder Voice and his people were open to the guests of Raven Bird.

This cemented the support of the Loups and the Republicans, the two strongest tribes in the Pawnee nation. Meanwhile the matter could not be hastened. The Pawnees would be sizing up the white men who had come with the proposal. It would be, so to speak, a probationary period, the merits of the proposition to be decided largely upon the personal impression made upon the Pawnees by the four emissaries of trade.

The squaws of the village constructed a huge skin-covered lodge in which the white men domiciled themselves.

Tod Breckenridge and Brady, with the mountain man's passion for trapping, grew restless when viewing the incredibly numerous beaver colonies in the streams of the Pawnee country. Procuring permission from Raven Bird, they took such traps as the party had packed in and repaired to the creeks with their wives. Hunter and Little Bull remained in the village to cement further their arrangements and friendships with the Loups and to confer with such delegations as might come in from other tribes of the Pawnee nation.

It required a vast quantity of meat to ration a village of almost ten thousand souls. Small hunting parties went out daily to hunt deer, elk, bear and turkeys in the timber along the streams. Quantities of fish were caught by means of wickerwork seines. The village was swarming with thousands of dogs, and these were reserved as great delicacies. All meat was food to the Indian palate. The carcasses of beaver, otter and other fur bearers taken by the trappers, the prairie hens, ducks, geese, larks, muskrats, hares, ground squirrels, prairie dogs and all such small stuff bagged by the youngsters in their archery practice were welcome titbits—as were snakes of almost any variety. But all such were titbits only, a welcome variety of fare. The one chief item of the Pawnee commissary was the buffalo, with his smaller plains mate, the pronghorn, a close second.

At several points within fifty miles of the village, there were antelope traps. Hunter resorted to one of these affairs to engage in a big drive. The squaws had repaired the wing fences, composed of brush, dried tumbleweeds and any other available material. These fences were used from year to year, repaired as antelopes appeared in numbers in the vicinity. The wing fences were two miles long, slanting across the prairies and converging upon one another in the shape of a funnel, the opening some thirty yards across. This orifice was invitingly clear of obstructions. It led, however, into a cul-de-sac, a stretch some three hundred yards long by sixty wide that was flanked on either hand by sheer sandstone bluffs. Its far end was securely fenced.

More than a thousand warriors rode out to participate in this drive. Ten miles or more above the wings they fanned out in a great crescent, the points some five miles apart. Before them the flat prairie swarmed with antelopes. There were no buffalo herds on the flat, which fact had been reported prior to the drive. An antelope drive, if the country to be combed contained many buffaloes, was doomed to failure; for the shaggy denizens of the prairies simply charged headlong through the frail barricades of the wing fences and their smaller plains mates followed through the gaps thus opened. The success of these drives was rendered feasible through a peculiarity of the antelope. A child of the open prairies, it would skim across coulees, cut-bank washes and bad-land cracks with the grace of a bird. But the very nature of its habitat had not been conducive to teaching the pronghorn to leap an obstruction. Any flimsy barricade four feet high would turn it.

At a given signal the long curved line swept forward, a thousand ponies of every pattern and color scheme beneath the sun flashing against the vivid green of the early autumn prairies, while ahead of them raced thousands of the little speedsters of the plains. The eager horses stretched out into a furious run as the yelps of their riders galvanized the quarry to greater bursts of speed.

The pronghorn's weakness in the matter of leaping barriers was somewhat offset by another peculiarity of his kind. It was his custom to run obliquely to the course of his pursuers instead of straight before them. The riders on the points of the crescent, two miles in advance of the rearmost hunters, were so placed in order to circumvent this practice. Even so, hundreds of the antelopes flashed off at various angles and evaded the drive. Those caught within it as the riders converged upon the wing fences were lost. Not one out of a thousand would essay to leap the brush fence. They skirted it. The leading bands darted through the orifice at the tip and the others dashed after them. The yelling Pawnees charged down and blocked the opening. Then it was over save for the exciting work of running down and slaying with lance or arrow the pronghorns that had been crowded into the cul-de-sac. This drive netted some twelve hundred antelopes.

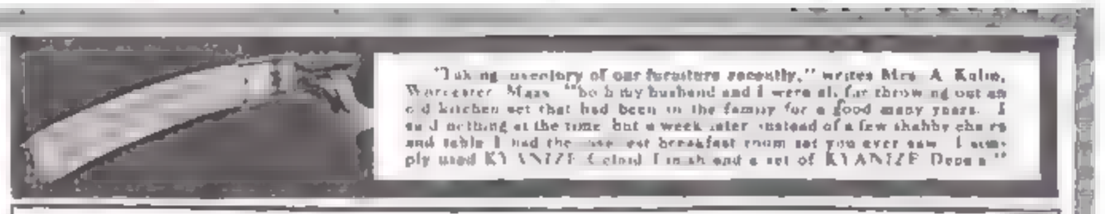
The drive-and-trap method was the favorite means of hunting the antelope, practiced by all plains tribes from the Comanches of the Staked Plains, below what is now the Texas Panhandle, to the Assiniboins of the prairies of Saskatchewan. Such wing fences in various stages of repair were scattered by the score throughout the plains country.

Hunter rode with the Pawnees on several surrounds, the favorite mode of hunting the buffalo. Warriors would surround a herd, ride in a circle round it until the animals themselves were milling in an endless circle. Then they were slaughtered until the arrows of the circling savages had been expended and their lance arms tired. In one such surround the assembled warriors dispatched almost three thousand head of the shaggy brutes. More than that number of squaws and children were soon at work curing the meat and dressing the robes.

Having no squaws of his own, Hunter was kept liberally supplied with equipment by the squaws of the village. The big lodge was flooded with the best of leggings, dressed and decorated in ornate style; dozens of pairs of excellent moccasins were suspended from the lodge poles. He had adopted the Pawnee style of dress—moccasins, seatless leggings and loose jacket of dressed deer hide. On cold days, when not engaged in some warming activity, he wore the regulation buffalo robe caught about him. His bed of soft grass was equipped with the most beautifully dressed robes—buffalo, elk, bear and panther hides.

The young men grew restless for want of something more exciting than the hunt and began to stray off in bands of various sizes, heading for enemy country to steal horses and to take such scalps as came their way. A party of sixty Raven soldiers, the clique with which Little Bull associated, all seasoned warriors, planned a raid into Comanche country to the southwest. They insisted that Hunter accompany them. Among their ranks were many of the most influential warriors of the Pawnee nation.

Trappers who had penetrated the Arkansas, the Cimarron, the Canadian and other streams well south in the plains had been viciously received by the Comanches and the Mescalero Apaches. It was believed that the Spaniards had incited these tribes to war upon all Americans who sought to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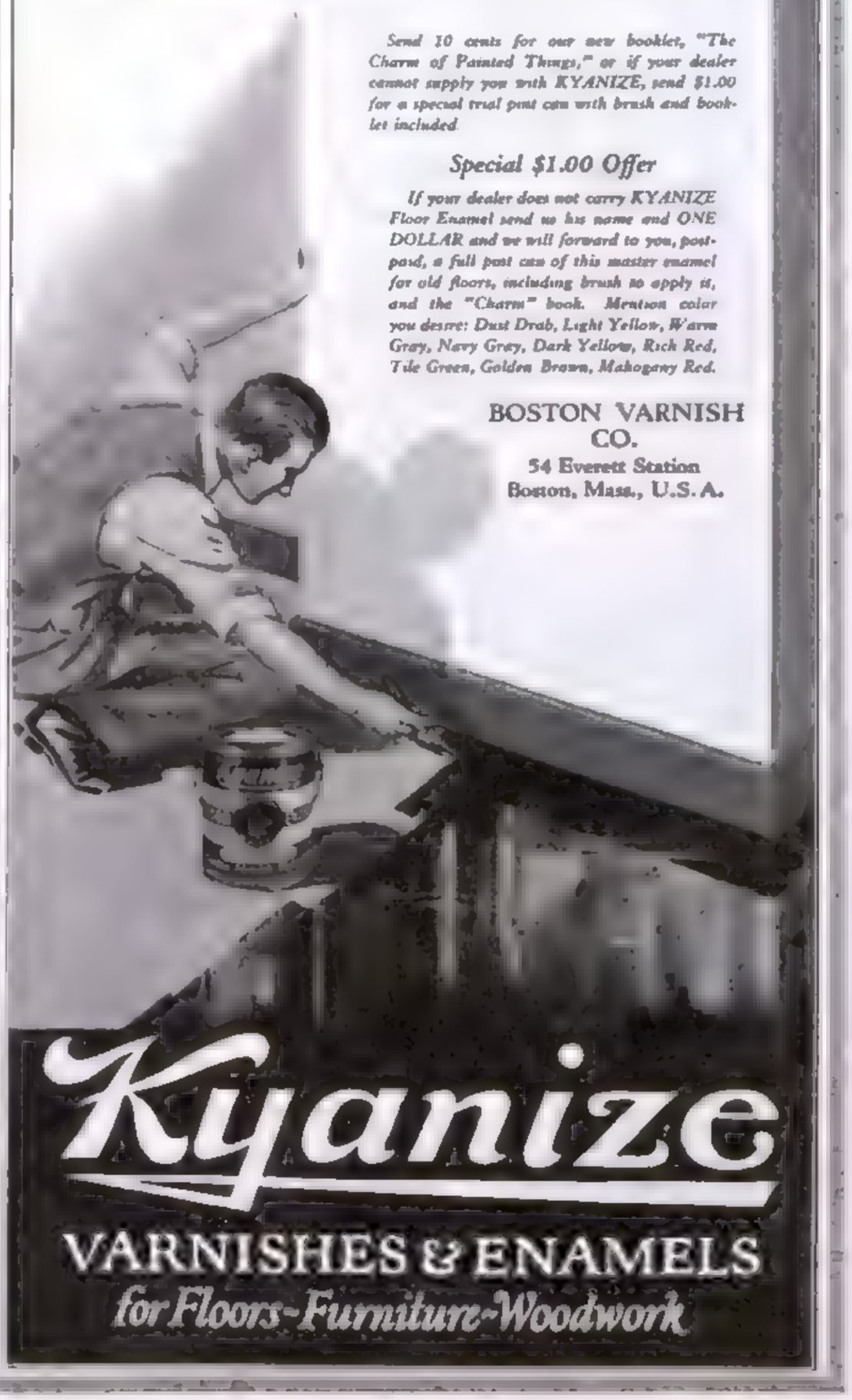


penetrate their country. Several wagon trains and pack outfits, dispatched to establish trade with Santa Fé, had been attacked and wiped out to a man. Already a few early emigrants from the United States, seeking to settle in Texas, had been badly treated. Many believed that the Spaniards were intending to go to war with the United States for the supremacy of the West and for that purpose were arming the Comanches.

The Pawnees expected Hunter to join this picked band in a raid. It was inconceivable that a warrior of his reputation should prefer the monotony of village life to an excursion in quest of adventure and excitement. "We will ride south to the Comanche country," he said.

The warriors acquiesced and the little party, sixty strong, rode south across the Republican, stopping for a day at the village of Thunder Voice. They then proceeded on southward to the Smoky Hill, visiting a tremendous Pawnee town. No doubt it was this great Pawnee encampment that the Spanish explorers reported having visited round 1806. Holding on to the south, they crossed the Arkansas, the Cimarron and the Canadian.

Desirous of seeing something of the Spanish Possessions and to prospect for beaver signs in these southern streams, Hunter induced the Pawnees to skirt the Llano Estacado and they proceeded southwest to the headwaters of the Pecos.

After turning back on the homeward way the party topped out on a lofty hill, and the advance scouts signaled from the crest of the next high ridge beyond that they were looking down upon a big Comanche encampment. Hunter and Little Bull, with three Pawnee subchiefs, advanced to join them. Far below them, at the head of a valley, stood a hundred lodges. That meant close to five hundred warriors, far too many to be attacked by the little band of Pawnees with any prospect of success. Horses then must be the chief consideration.

The horse herd had been split into two droves. That near the village, numbering perhaps eight hundred head, was sufficient only for immediate requirements. A considerable number of war horses, as was customary, stood tied to the lodges in the village. The main horse herd, numbering round three thousand head, was held on good feed some five miles down the valley. In the center of the bottoms below the horses stood perhaps a dozen lodges—the habitat of the horse guards. The valley led due south. In order to head the horses toward Pawnee territory it would be necessary to drive them up the valley through the main village and mount the high pass at its head. This would prove an impossible feat. The Pawnees decided that if they were to drive the horses south, down the valley, the Comanches, knowing that they would have to swing north eventually, would simply cut across to the east, post scouts on lofty peaks to signal the direction taken by the raiders and would succeed in ambushing them.

"We shall see," Hunter said.

Horse stealing was a passion with the Pawnees and they would take desperate chances for so large a herd. The band dropped back across two lofty ridges and that night Hunter and Little Bull scouted across the hills and descended into the main valley a few miles below the camp of the horse guards. Some five or six miles below the herd there was a sag in the lofty ridge on the east side of the valley. They crossed through this, traversed choppy hills for some three miles and came out into a tremendous shallow valley that stretched away northeast to the far horizon. The two scouts then returned and held a midnight council.

"Are there any among you who speak the language of the Mescalero Apaches?" Hunter asked. Several of the Pawnee warriors could speak that tongue. "It is good. We have with us the equipment of the Apaches whose scalps you took. Just before sunrise, when the horse guards cannot see us, we will ride down to the valley between the village and the horse herd, move on quietly until right upon them, then stampede the ponies down the valley past the lodges of the horse detail. Let no man speak a word in Pawnee. Those who speak Apache shall ride near me and as we dash past the lodges shall hurl insults at the horse guards in the Mescalero tongue. Meanwhile, as we ride down the valley toward the horses, we will drop bits of Mescalero equipment, a moccasin here, a pair of leggings there, or perhaps a shield or a quiver. Also we will drop some bits as we pass the lodges. The insignia will be recognized as that of the Mescaleros. None will know us for Pawnee. In the first excitement they will believe that the Mescaleros have broken the peace and stolen their horses. The Comanches will follow instead of cutting across to the east to intercept us in the great valley. We will wheel the horses up through that low pass and cross through the hills to the big valley and swing north at top speed. If they have not headed us by then, we will have the lead, and if it be by no more than a mile, we will hold it."

It was so decided and the following morning the Pawnees fanned out into a line that stretched across the valley and rode at a slow trot down its course. The horse guards, many of them sleeping in their lodges below the herd, paid small heed to the approaching hoof beats, believing the invisible riders to be a contingent from the village.

When almost upon the horse herd the phantom riders loosed a frightful yell and put their ponies to the run. Buffalo robes flapped wildly in the air. The loose ponies, terrified at these gruesome, flapping specters, broke into a frenzied stampede and dashed past the lodges in the center of the valley, close pressed by their pursuers. The startled horse guards, springing from their tepees, were greeted with scattered musket shots and a volley of insults hurled at them in the Mescalero tongue.

The Pawnees swept their charges down the valley at a furious pace. The shots, of course, had roused the village five miles up the bottoms. Looking back, Hunter saw a blaze spring to life near the camp of the horse guards. By shutting off the blaze on the village side with a buffalo robe and permitting it to flash at stated intervals, the horse detail was signaling in the Comanche code. Even now hundreds of warriors would be mounting and urging their ponies in pursuit. Some six miles down the bottoms the Pawnees forced their charges to swerve and pressed the herd up the east flank of the valley. As they topped out in the low saddle of the divide the fiery ball of the sun greeted them. After threading some three miles of choppy hills they came out into the vast flat bottom that led northeast to the far horizon. Up this they swept at full speed.

The Comanches, as Hunter had predicted, had rushed headlong down the valley until they reached the spot where the trail of the stolen herd turned sharp to the east and crossed out through the saddle. The ruse had been discovered too late.

Riding day and night, with frequent changes of mounts and infrequent halts, the intrepid little band pressed on toward the distant Pawnee villages. When at last they rode up to Raven Bird's encampment they were greeted with tremendous enthusiasm. They had been gone two months and had been mourned as lost. Instead they returned with scalps, well over two thousand horses and without the loss of a Pawnee life.

The strategy of Big Mandan in planning the coup was extolled at great length round the council fires and the headmen of the Pawnees complimented him upon his great sagacity and skill as a commander.

Brady and Tod Breckenridge had taken a great number of beaver pelts.

"I never see the beat of it," Brady declared. "There's more beaver and otter in these Pawnee streams than there was in the Upper Missouri country when I first set eyes on it some twenty-five years back."

He tried to prevail upon Hunter to join Tod and himself for a winter on the trap line, but the Pawnees had other plans. The band of picked warriors with whom Hunter had raided into Comanche country had been highly eulogized by the nation. These same braves had been fired with desire to harvest further glory and were for departing at once upon a series of raids that would last throughout the winter, and they desired that not only Big Mandan and Little Bull should accompany them but also Tod and Brady.

The fame of the little band of seasoned warriors with Big Mandan at their head was destined to spread far and wide. Some months later, at a fortified trading post in the far Northwest, beyond the Rocky Mountains—a post which the few American trappers who knew of its existence suspected of being an outpost of the Northwest Company—a party of Flatheads came to trade.

The headman of the Flatheads addressed the factor's daughter, a tall, fair-haired woman.

"Far to the east and south, perhaps fifty sleeps, a great warrior rides at the head of a picked band of Wolf Pawnees," he said. "They swoop like darting hawks, strike and are gone. They are mighty braves, each one picked for his desperate ferocity. This great chief is known as Big Mandan. I have it from my brother's wife, who is a captured Snake woman. She had it from her people, who heard it from the Utes. They know it from a Cheyenne woman whom they captured. It is current among her people. So the news comes straight, as you can see. Also, we have it from the same source that Hair-that-shines lives in Big Mandan's heart so that he looks with favor upon no other woman. It is well that you should know this."

A flush mounted the woman's cheek as her father turned a scowling face upon her.

"What's all this twaddle?" he demanded. "I've heard all that before. The bloody renegade has bandied your name about till it's a byword in every Indian village west of the Mississippi. I'll have no more of it."

The girl bubbled suddenly to laughter. "It's difficult to see how you can dispose of it by one of your usual edicts," she said, slipping an arm across his shoulders. "There's a half million tongues west of the Mississippi. Just because you are grouchy, dad, you can't stop a half million Indian tongues from wagging. Besides, you know as well as I do that he isn't responsible for those reports. Probably he doesn't even know of them. You know how Indians jump to conclusions and how rumors travel."

But Big Mack was not to be appeased. His strength was failing; and as the vitality was sapped from his great body, the old man grew ever more choleric. This rumor had reached his ears upon several previous occasions and each time had added to his rage.

The Flatheads departed, being ushered through the gates of the stockade that surrounded the post, which was garrisoned by five French Canadians.

The following day a party of twenty Blackfeet approached the stockade and demanded admittance. It was the ironclad rule that no more than ten of these wolves should be allowed to enter the premises to trade at one time. Ten were now admitted and the heavy gates closed in the faces of the remaining ten. As usual, the Blackfeet wished to trade for muskets, powder and lead and were willing to pay a big price in furs for these commodities.

As the trade proceeded a tall savage, his face hideously painted, stood surveying Ann McKenzie from a relatively dark corner. She felt his glittering eyes upon her and shuddered slightly. Her glance suddenly came to rest upon his left hand. The arm was twisted so that the palm of the hand faced grotesquely outward as it hung at his side. Her glance traveled up the arm to the man's face. It was painted in such fashion as to conceal his identity, after the manner in which clowns accomplish the same end. But instead of lending clownish good humor to the face, it was rendered hideously savage. It was not an unusual custom among Indians—rather the reverse among those sufficiently ingenious to contrive it. But there was no mistaking the man. She said no word to her father. The old man's eyes, too, were failing, but they were still sufficiently keen to detect presently that outward-swinging palm. His faded blue eyes flashed with something of their ancient lightning.

"You—Leroux! What are you doing here, you bloody miscreant? Did I not tell you never to set foot in here again? Begone or I'll have you killed."

"Listen, McKenzie," Leroux returned calmly. "No use to be a fool. I'm the only white man who can go among the Blackfeet. They hate all whites, as you know."

"And the reason they don't hate you is because you hate all white men yourself," Big Mack declared. "They know you for Wolf-strike, the renegade that burned and tortured. That's why they take you in. I didn't know you till after the war, and didn't know the part you played in it, or I'd never have had you within a mile of me."

"I'm not Wolf-strike," Leroux said imperturbably. "It's a lie started by that hound Breckenridge. I should have killed him that night on the Missouri. Besides, you fought with the British in the war. You know that Indians were used on both sides, and Indian warfare is savage."

"I was a soldier—not a murderer," the old man declared with stiff pride. "I fought men in battle, not burned women and children alive. And anyway, Wolf-strike or not, that's what is believed of you. The Indians tell me that every mountain man on the creeks has sworn to shoot you down like a man wolf on sight."

"To hell with the mountain men!" Leroux snarled. "I'll get many a one of them before one of them gets me."

"All of which is naught to me," Big Mack informed him. "I'm supposed to be a free trader, as you know. The American trappers suspect that it is a British post and it's garrisoned. If they was to find you consorting here, they'd burn the place about our ears and shoot the lot of us. Get out!"

"Listen," Leroux urged again. "The American traders won't furnish the Blackfeet any muskets. They don't want to trade with Americans, anyway—they'd rather kill them. The Blackfeet want muskets more than anything else and they'll pay high for them. There's fortunes to be made in the Blackfeet trade. I can throw it to you, because they know you fought against the Americans in the war. The Iroquois with the different Northwest brigades told them that. They think you hate the Americans as they do. I'd planned all this out in advance. Now you're turning me out."

"I am that," Big Mack answered stoutly—"out for good. I want none o' you, trade or no trade. Get out! If you come to this post again I'll have you killed."

"If I come to this post again," said Leroux, "you will have changed your mind. But I will not come again. Since you're fool enough to throw away the chance to get the Blackfeet trade for the company, there's no use in my staying in these parts. If you won't let me in, there's small use of my bringing the Blackfeet to trade, and the Blackfeet won't come without me."

"Get out!" Big Mack said steadily.

"Listen ——" Leroux began again.

"Get out!" The old man roared.

Leroux turned to Ann McKenzie. "I'm going now. Some day our trails will cross again."

"Never, if I can help it," she returned. "I smell the taint of scorched flesh and the torture fire about you, and always have. I hope my eyes never rest on you again."

"They will, and when next they do," Leroux prophesied, "the sight of my face may be the most welcome vision that it was ever your good fortune to gaze upon."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"tinga-tinga nyoka"

"WAPI TINGA-TINGA?" they asked the passing native in their best Swahili; eager to learn the location of a "Caterpillar" Tractor somewhere at work in a vast wattle plantation in Kenya, Africa. The Kukuyu waved his arms toward the north and made reply:

"Tinga-tinga nyoka!"

Which meant that *"the...noise...which...went...like...a...snake"* might be found in some such direction. And that's not a bad description for a track-type tractor.

MANY years ago a photographer was called to take a picture of an amazing new machine ...a tractor that rode easily over soft soil and sand on broad tracks. "Why, it walks along just like a caterpillar!" he cried.

That word was apt. It was registered in the United States Patent Office and in countries throughout the world as the trademark of the Caterpillar Tractor Co. It distinguishes the particular track-type machine of our manufacture. Only tractors made by the Caterpillar Tractor Co. are "Caterpillars"!

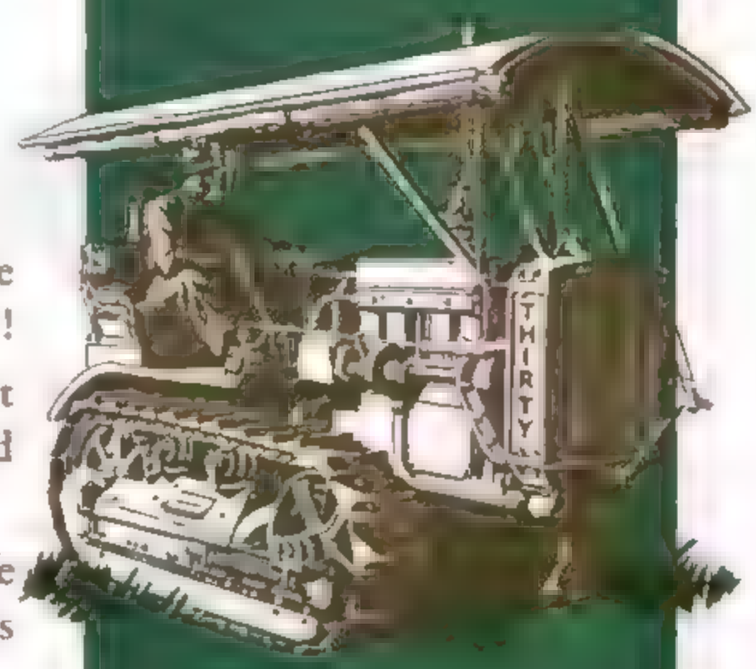
And "Caterpillar" stands for more than the distinguishing mark of one make of tractor!

...it stands for a quarter century of constant improvement based on experience in field and factory.

...it stands for the dependability and long life that result from the use of modern methods of heat-treating steel.

...it stands for one price and one service to all.

...it stands for a *better, quicker, cheaper* method of powering the outdoor jobs of the road-builder, farmer, logger, earth mover and factory engineer.



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If So, What of It?

Do you ever spade up your garden, or fire the family heater? Or do you employ two men or a hundred, who use shovels in a factory or a coal yard, on a farm or a contract job?

Then, the make of shovel you buy has a very real meaning in dollars and cents.

When you buy a shovel, you purchase not merely a piece of metal on the end of a stick, but so many "labor-hours," which are productive or wasteful, depending on the efficiency of that shovel.

If you use the shovel yourself, you are looking for the shovel which accomplishes the most work with the least expenditure of perspiration.

If you hire someone else to do the work, you are looking for the tool which will get the most work done in a day.

Human elbow oil is the most expensive motive power on earth. The best shovel you can possibly find is the cheapest shovel you can afford to employ.

If you should hire a gang of men to chop down a forest, would you supply them with the best and sharpest axes you could get, or the poorest and dullest? The same reasoning applies to shovels.

And what is the most efficient shovel? The great railroads, the leading mines, the largest contractors—organizations who buy shovels by the hundred dozen, and on a basis of the most exhaustive tests—use Red Edge.

A furnace scoop that makes firing almost a pleasure
A demon for work, approved by many of America's largest contractors
Probably the most widely used Coal Yard Scoop in America
A sturdy shovel for general use
In demand where hard shoveling is the order of the day
Bituminous Coal Shovel—a favorite with miners
RED EDGE PAT. OFF.
RED EDGE WYOMING

We Spent 50 Years Learning to Make One Grade of Shovel

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS—WYOMING, PA.

WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

The Red Edge Garden Spade with the Improved Foot Rest and the permanently sharp edge that makes tough dirt softer

Costs the Most, Yet the Least Expensive

The Red Edge blade is made of chrome nickel steel, heat-treated to the hardness of tool steel and the toughness of a steel spring. Red Edge handles are straight-grain, second growth Northern White Ash. We *could* make shovels that would cost us less, and cost you less. But they would not last as many months and would not lift as many tons each month.

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A Red Edge blade gets, not duller, but *sharper* with use. It does not crack or curl or bend. It bites into the pile with the minimum of effort behind it. Red Edge never loses its original pretty balance, that makes a heavy load lighter. Red Edge makes labor more productive simply because it is a more efficient tool.

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How long does your present make of shovel last? Multiply that by two or even three. That's how much service you can expect of a Red Edge.

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"Mons Meg" First Thundered in the Year 1489

This ancient piece of artillery, made of wrought iron, may still be seen in Edinburgh Castle. Unprotected by paint or grease, it has braved the weather for more than four centuries. Yet the surface is hardly pitted. Just another example of the remarkable rust-resisting qualities of wrought iron

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Reading's Identification

For identification we knurl our pipe ends every length of Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe. Another permanent identification mark

THE pipe that, with practically no repairs, lasts as long as the building, is the only economical pipe to use. We have documentary evidence of installations of Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe still in good condition after forty and fifty years of service.

True, you can buy pipe made of cheaper material than genuine wrought iron. But repairs, replacements and damages incurred from pipe failure may well make the cost of such pipe seem prohibitive all too soon.

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READING PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE VALUE

(Continued from Page 21)

For more than a century—from 1750 until 1900, in fact—the struggle to set gems in some other metal than gold continued; but silver, besides being soft, had the fatal drawback of needing to be polished after every wearing; and platinum, even after its discovery, they didn't know how to work. Nearly all the European crown jewels were set in silver.

Until the advent of platinum, making possible all those delicate lacelike effects we have today, gems were somewhat clumsily set in claws, not *pavé*, or invisibly held, as today. The preferred setting for a ring was the six or eight point claw which reigned in this country until after 1900. Clusters also—large colored stones surrounded by diamonds—were popular; and not one supreme ring as now, but a number, sparkling from joint to joint, were the fashion.

Then the revolution which produced modern jewelry took place, due to the discovery of the African diamond fields in 1867, the introduction of platinum, the growing popularity of the pearl, the opening of new sources for the other precious stones, and the introduction of many hitherto unknown semi-precious stones. Gradually a new type of jewelry, singularly in harmony with the expensive simplicity of present-day dress, was produced.

Let us consider the advent of platinum first. Though known before this century, this metal was never considered precious. Indeed, so low was it rated that one group of counterfeiters in South America used it as a basis for counterfeit coins, gilding them to represent gold. Later, when platinum took its present rank, many of these coins were redeemed at six times the value of gold coins of the same denomination; and even today the United States Mint occasionally finds such coins in shipments received from South America. As late as 1890 platinum was not considered a valuable metal, and was chiefly used in chemical experiments, selling at eight dollars an ounce, or about a third the value of gold—platinum which today brings $78 an ounce—or more than three times the price of gold—and has reached $150 an ounce, or seven times the value of gold.

When Platinum Became Precious

When the war came the platinum situation changed overnight. In the first place it had been discovered to be one of the necessary ingredients in the manufacture of the new explosives and was in demand by all the governments. Secondly, about this time the jewelers discovered how to work this metal and, putting it on the market, saw their wildest dreams realized. It instantly swept gold and silver from the market as a setting for precious stones. No such foil for the beauty of gems had ever been known. Its pale, inconspicuous color is the ideal background for the brilliancy of jewels, throwing them into high relief. In addition, it is untarnishable and far harder than either silver or gold—is, indeed, one of the hardest metals when alloyed with iridium—one of the six metals of the platinum group—with which it is always alloyed for jewelry. Iridium is of the same color as platinum, is not affected by the simpler acids—not even by aqua regia—and adds greater hardness to the latter metal.

When this new jewelry was put on the market everyone rushed to buy it, and not only that but they wanted all their old gold jewelry made over into new platinum jewelry. Even the rings of golden-wedding couples did not escape, and those who were too much bound by sentiment to change their rings had the gold wedding ring covered with a sheet of platinum. When the platinum wedding ring was introduced it was at first plain, like the old gold wedding ring, but soon newer designs were made—carved with orange blossoms or some other appropriate symbol and later set with precious stones. Today more than 95 per cent of the fine jewelry sold is platinum. This meant that almost overnight jewelers had to change their entire stocks from gold to platinum.

But however enthusiastic the public may have been, the new use of platinum met tremendous opposition from one quarter—the chemists, who objected strenuously to having the price so drastically increased. But the tide swept on and the prices soared to unprecedented heights. The fact that the platinum of Russia—until then the chief source—was inaccessible to almost all the world during the war would have added greatly to the difficulty of the situation had it not just then been discovered in Colombia. So intensive was the search for platinum that had already been mined that searchers examined the huts occupied by former gold miners and found considerable stores. The natives, in digging for gold in the various South American mines, naturally came across some platinum, but so valueless was it considered that in separating it from the gold they simply threw the platinum out of the window, and there it was later found by diligent searchers.

In the Balance

Then, the war over and the government demands on the precious metal at an end, the jewelers' needs were promptly supplied. At first there was no noticeable decrease in the amount of platinum consumed and no abatement in price, for the entire stocks of the jewelry trades of the world were being changed over. But then Russia again started to develop her mines, Colombia continued to increase her output, and new supplies began to come from South Africa; and so, as soon as the old stocks of gold-set jewelry were completely replaced by platinum and there was only the demand for new pieces, the price began to fall—went finally to $78 an ounce, where it now stands. Iridium, which forms from 10 to 30 per cent in the alloy with platinum, now sells for $110 an ounce in contrast to the $300 and even $400 an ounce it commanded during the war.

Since 1921 the world's production of platinum has been steadily increasing, and in these past six years has more than doubled in amount. But even with this recovery in production, the total is but little more than a third of the maximum prewar production.

Platinum is too new an arrival in the markets of the world for its future production to be accurately forecast. Not all its sources have been discovered, and it still presents so many problems of mining and development that many of the companies organized to operate come swiftly to an end. This is frequently the case in South Africa, where in 1925 two-thirds of the companies fell by the wayside before reaching production.

We have well-informed sources asserting on the one hand that the South African deposits are of too low a grade and too irregular in occurrence ever to amount to anything; and on the other hand, equally reliable authorities maintaining that South Africa will soon supply the world's demand and, if necessary, force a considerable reduction in price. So strongly did certain interests feel that the South African supply was unlimited, bidding fair to flood the market unless some precaution were taken, that a great combine to establish a market in London, with a view to handling all sales of South African platinum in the same manner that the sale of diamonds is regulated by the Diamond Syndicate, was recently contemplated.

The world production for 1925 was 100,000 ounces, valued at $120 an ounce, or $12,000,000. The maximum prewar consumption for one year was three times that amount, but being then valued at only $45 an ounce, the whole 300,000 ounces was worth only $13,500,000. It is quite possible now to build the world's production up to its previous highest level, or even beyond, but it is not possible to do so and maintain the present price of $78 an ounce. This situation offers the producers an interesting problem. First, are they in a position to control the production of platinum? And second, to what extent is it expedient for them to control it?

The problem for the South African producers is by no means so simple as in the case of diamonds, for diamonds are practically an African monopoly, whereas with platinum they have formidable rivals in Russia and Colombia.

The whole problem is like a delicately balanced scale which the producers must weight with one consideration and another until they decide which pan holds the weight of evidence. Shall the production of platinum be strictly regulated and the price, in consequence, be high or low? And here are the weights to be added first on one side and then on the other. First, the demand for platinum jewelry—and jewelry consumes two-thirds of the world's supply of platinum—is dependent upon the price being high; in other words, the desire for platinum jewelry is due partly to the fact that only the rich can afford it as well as to the fact that no other metal can equal it as a setting for gems.

The marketing of a metal of this peculiar propensity should, to be effective, be in the hands of a world syndicate similar to that which distributes diamonds, or at least managed by a few interests controlling the world's supply. So this fact is on the side of the scale for regulation of production and consequently of high prices.

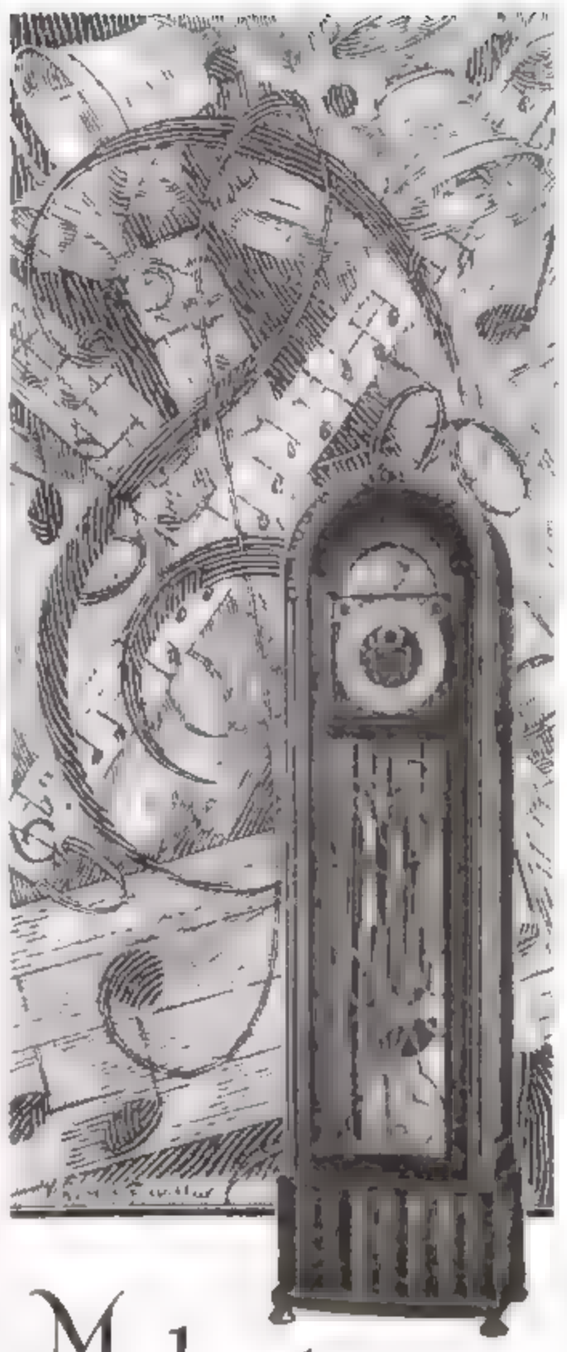
Second, a high price is an incentive to the discovery and development of new deposits, thus tending to increase the supply and gradually decrease the price.

Third, the use of substitutes has gone so far that, in order again to replace the substitutes in former uses, the price will have to be reduced to a point where the metal will no longer be desirable for jewelry.

And now what shall we say of regulation? How will the producers decide the problem? That is one of the interesting commercial dramas which we shall watch in the next few years. The signs of the times at present point strongly to some such regulation as we have for diamonds.

A Family Resemblance

The necessity of further regulations to assure to purchasers everywhere the desired quality of platinum is also urgent. A metal which can be so readily and deceptively alloyed naturally lends itself to unfair dealing. Platinum is frequently alloyed with less expensive metals, particularly of its own group, notably palladium, which was at one time more expensive and now is decidedly less so. As one ounce of palladium, which is only half as heavy as platinum, will go twice as far as an equal amount of platinum in making up jewelry articles, and as the two metals are, to the purchaser, almost identical in appearance, it will readily be seen that there would be a tendency to alloy platinum with this inferior metal and yet charge platinum prices for it. And this, until very recently, was done on a large scale in America, causing much confusion in the jewelry business and much dissatisfaction among purchasers. Now a few states require that an article containing palladium be so marked and thus make 95 per cent platinum the accepted standard, so stamping it. If iridium be used as an alloy, the article must be stamped "irid. plat."



Melodious Hours

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In no other clock will you find such purity of tone with resonance so perfect. To make sure of these qualities you need only discover the "Colonial" nameplate inside the door. It tells you, too, that the case is Solid Honduras Mahogany, that the imported movement is of the finest. There is no end of styles and sizes—from seventy dollars up.

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The second factor in bringing about the modern revolution in jewelry was the discovery of hitherto undreamed-of quantities of diamonds. The mines of Golconda, fabled throughout the ages, were the greatest source of diamond wealth until recent times; and now these once incredible mines yield only one-fifth of 1 per cent of the entire world's diamond output. Brazil, once considered an abundant source of supply, with its $2,000,000 worth per annum, is now almost negligible. With the South African mines contributing 90 per cent of the world's supply, what do such sources as these signify? When these mines were first opened in 1867, just after our Civil War, pouring upon the world such torrents of blinding beauty as no teller of Arabian Nights' tales had ever conceived, all our ideas of gems and jewelry, their value and distribution, had to be reconstructed.

Another Cullinan

It is natural for the lay person to suppose that the diamond has always, from the beginning of time, enjoyed its present supreme position. Most people are surprised to hear that this gem was scarcely known before the Christian Era, and that for long after that time it held a decidedly second, third, or even lower place among jewels, being considered inferior to jade, lapis lazuli, or even coral. How, one wonders, could anyone, looking upon the unrivaled flash and flame of this supreme gem, ever compare to it such stones as these? Ah, but they didn't look upon its flash and flame. All they saw of it was an occasional spark struck out by sunlight from a rather dingy, glassy surface.

"I should have kicked it aside as a lump of glass if I had seen it in the road," said King Edward on seeing the Cullinan for the first time.

It is to be hoped that the lucky individual who some day runs across its mate will be more discerning; for the Cullinan has an as yet undiscovered mate. Somewhere in the blue earth it lies, burning secretly and imperishably.

A friend of mine, Sir William Crooks, one of our greatest experts on diamonds, once said to me, "Kunz, that diamond is no more complete than a man without legs is complete." He had just finished a minute and prolonged examination of the rough Cullinan crystal and knew whereof he spoke. "Anyone would know, if he discovered the torso of an antique statue, that it had once possessed arms and legs," he continued. "I'm just as sure that there's another two-fifths of the Cullinan somewhere in the earth. The fragment we have is as unfinished as the Venus of Milo. It shows numerous lines of cleavage that unmistakably indicate its geological history. More than two thousand carats of this stone, making it originally a gem of about two and a fifth pounds, remain to be found. When that day comes, Kunz, a great and glorious day for someone, diamond history will have to be rewritten."

But think back to King Edward's remark: He would have kicked it aside as a lump of glass! How many of us would have done the same? A diamond in the rough looks very little like a diamond to the uninitiate, and that was the only state in which it was ever seen until the fairly recent invention of diamond cutting. Until about 1300 A.D., it wasn't known how to cut or polish this obdurate stone. Therefore the first diamonds to gain favor were those known later as *points natifs*, or crystals of such perfect shape that the natural faces of the octahedron practically sufficed to display the brilliancy of the stone.

Indeed, the diamond, for one reason and another, was long coming into its own. For many centuries before the influx of diamonds into Europe from the East, there had been a gradual accumulation of these gems in the courts of India. The downfall, one after the other, of these Indian states led to the distribution of the royal jewels and occasionally to their importation into Europe. In some such national catastrophe the first diamonds must have reached Italy, for Europe has no diamonds of its own. Up to the discovery of the Brazilian mines in 1730, only one important source of supply had ever been known—that of Golconda; and the total output of Brazil in 200 years, to date, is only about 15,000,000 carats.

Now look at South African production and see what that has meant to the world. In one year alone—1913—South Africa produced considerably more than 5,000,000 carats, or one-third of the entire Brazilian output for its whole term of 200 years. The supply from South Africa, now more closely regulated, is still well over 2,000,000 carats a year; and even if no further sources of supply were ever discovered, which is almost inconceivable, there would still be equally abundant supplies from this incredibly rich continent for 100 years to come.

With such inexhaustible supplies of these glorious stones pouring in upon us, the trade was naturally stimulated to make unprecedented efforts to show off their beauty to the greatest advantage. One after the other new cuts and settings were invented, until today we have the full range of the brilliant of fifty-eight facets; the double brilliant, table, baguet, square cut, emerald cut, briolette, rose, and other forms. It was the brilliant cut with its numerous gleaming facets covering the entire surface of the gem, top and bottom, that first revealed the full glories of this unsurpassed gem. Seldom is a diamond given more than this number of facets. None of the famous diamonds of the world have more than fifty-eight, with the exception of the Tiffany yellow, which has ninety. This unprecedented number of facets was decided upon for a special reason—not, as one might imagine, to make the stone more brilliant, but less brilliant. This gem being yellow, it was desired to produce rather the effect of a smothered, smoldering fire than a flashing radiance.

Gems by the Ounce

Then, with the introduction of platinum, came another step forward in the appreciation of the diamond. It became desirable now to set an infinite number of small diamonds flush with this brilliant metal, the delicately cut points of which increased rather than diminished the sparkle of the stones. This method of setting diamonds gave the *pavé* effect, so lovely as a background for larger gems.

Gradually the gem cutter's skill, thus requisitioned, produced more and more clever results; and whereas formerly only 50 or so stones could be cut to the carat, today the carat will yield from 100 to 400 brilliants, or from 30,000 to 60,000 gems per ounce—stones so tiny that en masse they look almost like diamond dust and a single one is almost invisible; yet seen under a microscope each one is seen to be a perfectly cut gem with ten faces. The baguet cut is likewise recent. This produces an oblong with five facets on the top and the same number on the bottom—a cut that is not conducive to brilliance, but has a simplicity decidedly in keeping with modern styles. Nothing is more beautiful than a magnificent emerald, sapphire or ruby, *en cabochon*, weighing anywhere from ten to thirty carats, with a baguet diamond on each side of the shank.

The diamond output of South Africa being what it is, some equally unprecedented means of regulating it was necessary; otherwise complete demoralization of the market would result. With this objective, the London Diamond Syndicate was formed and has worked out a most scientific and systematic scheme for the marketing of gems. This great organization, the result of years of the most patient and persistent effort in bringing together the various groups of mines, was planned and carried out by that great empire builder, Cecil Rhodes, who for many years was involved in the bitterest struggle among the most powerful rivals who have

(Continued on Page 156)

At Left
A cut-away section graphically showing a broken-down side wall. Without question caused by improper inflation.

At Right
Rim Cut. This tire has cut through six layers of fabric. A devastating and frequent result of improper inflation.

80% of all Tire Failures *may be traced to this one cause*

Today in a great nation-wide campaign, the facts about improper inflation are being brought to public attention. A short study of this advertisement may add hundreds of miles to the life of your tires.

Premature tread wear . . broken-down side walls . . fabric ruptures . . can usually be avoided, according to tire authorities, if these simple rules of tire care are carefully followed.

IN improper inflation, science has discovered the real reason why your tires often wear out so soon.

It is now known that 80 per cent of all tire failures are directly or indirectly traceable to this one cause.

Thus through ignorance and neglect millions of dollars are wasted every year.

During the past three years tire manufacturers, as a result of elaborate systems of testing and wonderfully efficient manufacturing methods, have succeeded in building into their tires added mileage no one even dreamed of years ago.

And yet thousands upon thousands of motorists all over the country are literally throwing away this added mileage . . . by simply failing to observe three elementary rules of tire care.

Now, in an educational movement endorsed by tire authorities, Schrader is bringing these facts to public attention.

If you are anxious to increase tire mileage . . . reduce road trouble . . . secure a new sense of motoring safety and comfort, you owe it to yourself to read the interesting facts that follow.

It takes only three or four minutes and it may save you hundreds of dollars.

Improper inflation . . . what it does

The menace of improper inflation cannot be exaggerated. Without question it reduces tire wear tremendously.

Five pounds too little air in a balloon tire may cause a loss of hundreds of miles of service.

Experiments prove that this five-pound loss in a balloon tire is as destructive as a *ten or fifteen pound* loss in the case of high pressure pneumatics.

Premature tread wear is a common result. Broken-down side walls . . . rim cuts . . . fabric ruptures . . . stone bruises, also.

How to avoid it

Improper inflation can be easily avoided if three simple precautions are taken.

It's simply a matter of establishing the correct habits of tire care . . . as easy as keeping water in your radiator or checking your oil supply.

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES — TIRE GAUGES

1. *Test your tires every Friday with a Schrader Tire Gauge. We suggest Friday because most tires do their hearest work over the week-end*

Just ask your dealer the exact pressure you should carry front and rear. *Then see that this pressure is maintained.*

First, test your tires regularly . . . once a week at least. For this purpose use the Schrader Gauge.

This gauge is built on simple scientific principles. It is accurate. Durable. Easy to read. Easy to use.

Second, change your valve insides once a year. See that you have the genuine Schrader . . . standard all over the world.

This little mechanism is amazing in its efficiency. But it will not last forever.

And *third*, make sure each valve stem is covered by a genuine Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap . . . air-tight up to 250 pounds.

2. *See that a genuine Schrader Valve Inside, in good condition, is screwed into every tire valve. This wonderful little valve inside is equally dependable for holding air in either balloon or high pressure tires. Box of five—25c*

3. *Screw an improved Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap tightly by hand on every tire valve. This valve cap keeps dirt from damaging the valve inside and is air-tight up to 250 lbs. Box of five—25c.*

In the case of a damaged valve inside, this unique cap may save you a breakdown on the road. Its importance should not be overlooked.

Follow these three rules

Thousands of motorists have adopted these scientific rules of tire care recommended by Schrader engineers. They are saving money. Their cars ride more comfortably. Steer easier.

Now we urge you earnestly and sincerely to follow their example . . . in fairness to yourself and to your tires.

So go to your tire dealer. Ask him what pressure your tires should carry.

And then keep them there by the use of the three Schrader products described above . . . and sold by more than [illegible],000 dealers throughout the world. A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 154)

ever striven for domination in the diamond world. The result of his effort is that today the production of diamonds is equitably fed to the world by a pro-rata distribution among the various mines.

This has meant a steady diamond market, with prices that have not fluctuated since 1888—an inestimable boon to the public as well as to the jewelers and all others concerned. Not only a steady price but the lowest possible price has been the result of this admirable system. It is only by the most careful management and selling that diamonds can be produced as cheaply as they are today. When we consider that they are so sparsely sprinkled in the rock that, in a load of blue ground weighing 1600 pounds, there is only from one-fifth to two-fifths of a carat of diamonds, we begin to realize the vast expenditure of labor and money that goes into the mining of diamonds and to marvel at their low price.

Twice since the mines were opened they have been closed down for a period of one year in order to limit the supply and keep the price at normal—once just after the war, due to the hoarding of diamonds by those who feared to trust their fortunes to the paper currency of their countries. This situation was a complete surprise to the syndicate and is a proof—if one were needed—of the statement made at the beginning of this article that precious stones are the safest investment one can make, particularly in time of war.

It seems that during the war extraordinary sales of diamonds in large lots were made in London, a single parcel to one purchaser being sometimes valued as high as $500,000. The syndicate could not understand this unusual condition. But the war over, these lots gradually began to come again on the London market, often in the original papers in which they had been sold, evidently never having been opened or examined.

By the Bucketful

It was now ascertained that these enormous supplies had been bought up by Russians and Germans who feared to have their fortunes tied up in national currency, and who, although they were forced to sell these diamonds back at half the price they had paid for them, yet were fifty or a hundred times better off than if they had kept their native money. To counteract the debilitating effect of pouring these immense supplies of diamonds on the market, the syndicate very wisely closed down the African mines for a year.

There is an amusing story of how Cecil Rhodes met a similar crisis. The supplies from the De Beers mines being one year somewhat excessive, he called in the well-known Barney Barnato, later one of the four heads of the syndicate.

"Barnato," he said, "what would you say to making a unique—the most phenomenal purchase of diamonds ever made? What would you say"—he lifted and set on the table between them a huge bucket overflowing with diamonds—"to buying a bucketful of diamonds, eh?"

Barnato's eyes gleamed, his breath came fast.

"I should say"—he paused, then his words came like a pistol crack as he struck the table a great blow—"that I'm the man to do it!"

"Done! The diamonds are yours—the largest single purchase ever made by one man—a bucketful of diamonds, 70,000 carats—all the diamonds the De Beers company has on hand!" He bowed to Barnato. "This will go down in history, Barnato."

And Barnato departed, well pleased. But he had not estimated, in the pride of the moment, that it would take him three solid months to separate and classify those diamonds, and that meantime Rhodes was gathering up supplementary stores and explaining to the London dealers:

"These are all the diamonds the De Beers company has on hand—not a great many, you see. That's why we can continue to ask the same price as heretofore for them."

No, Barnato didn't count on that, nor that Rhodes would ship to England by the very next boat his usual supplies at his usual price—and by every boat thereafter. By thus ridding himself of his oversupply and putting himself in a position to swear truthfully that the stones he was offering for sale were all the diamonds the De Beers company had, Rhodes was enabled to re-establish a normal market.

The total diamond production of the world, from those first mined in India down to the present day, is about 130,000,000 carats, of which Africa has given us almost 115,000,000, or about 90 per cent—and that in about sixty years. The total amount of diamonds in the world today represents about $5,000,000,000, and it is likely that the actually accumulated gold amounts to somewhat less than $8,000,000,000.

There is nothing on the face of the earth that is less changeable than the diamond, nothing more readily convertible, nothing more easily transferable. Add to this the intangible value of beauty, and then ask yourself if there is anything more precious on earth than the diamond. It is possible to carry $1,000,000 worth of precious stones in a vest pocket. All the diamonds mined in the world during the past thirty-five years represent only about twenty-five tons—a goodly load to have driven up in trucks to one's door, but shipped weekly, it means less than thirty pounds a week. There is no commodity but precious stones that possesses this sale-and-transference value at all times. During war or revolution it is the only article of value that can be removed without detection.

Now we come to the ruby. As South Africa holds the supremacy for diamond mining, so does Burma for the ruby. How richer than kings, one is likely to imagine, must be those fortunate individuals who own even part of a gem mine. Yet in 1923, although $313,000 was realized on the Burmese rubies sold, the heavy working charges and the government royalties absorbed so much that there was a net loss to the producers of some $28,000. It isn't always so bad, but the profits are not what one might imagine; and last year it was necessary to close these mines permanently.

A certain small proportion of our rubies comes from Siam, but these are of a brownish red color, much less precious than the glorious pigeon-blood rubies of Upper Burma, which bring from two to ten times as much.

Probably no one man ever did more to introduce rubies and other precious stones into Europe and arouse enthusiasm for them, than that picturesque and romantic person, prince of jewelers, prince of travelers, prince of story tellers, Jean Baptiste Tavernier, purveyor of precious stones to Louis XIV and all Europe. The greater part of his eighty-five years of vivid life was spent plying between Occidental prince and Oriental potentate, seeing the finest gems and the greatest hoards of them in the world, visiting a celebrated pearl or diamond as other men visit a great mountain or a famous cathedral. On his arrival secret rooms were unlocked, vaults and caskets opened, a silken purse untied, a sash unknotted, a turban unwound to reveal its hidden treasure—an unsurpassed diamond, an amazing pearl, or a quite unbelievable emerald; for all the gem world knew Tavernier. He it was who was responsible for the importation of diamonds into Europe; for, finding these gems in India, he carried them back to France. He also brought the rubies of Burma to Europe; for, visiting these mines, he obtained many of the most beautiful specimens in exchange for certain emeralds he had obtained from Spain.

These emeralds Spain had acquired, like most of her gems, by conquest, looting them in Peru and selling them later to the French. During the two and a half centuries after Tavernier sold them into Burma, these emeralds remained in the possession of the native rulers, until another day of conquest when the English marched into Burma and looted King Thebaw's treasury, appropriating Tavernier's Peruvian emeralds. And now the lovely things, green as grass, transparent as *crème de menthe*, lie gleaming wickedly in the India Museum in South Kensington.

The total value of all the rubies produced during the past thirty-five years is something more than $13,000,000. This is not even a fifth of the value of the diamond output of South Africa for one year. In 1913, for example, South Africa produced almost $57,000,000 worth of diamonds and in 1920 almost $75,000,000. In other words, the ruby is where the diamond would still be if the African mines had not yet been discovered.

PHOTO FROM AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, N. Y. C.

A Shell Cameo, Phœbus in His Chariot

Our principal sources of sapphires of the first water are Indian—Kashmir and Burma. Ceylon contributes excellent gems and those from our own Montana are good and abundant, but they are so small—seldom more than two carats—as not to figure prominently in the more important jewelry stocks. Siam and Australia are fertile, but the stones are not in the same class as those from Kashmir and Burma. The stones from Ceylon are not only a heavenly blue but regal gold, purple, and yellow, and weigh from 20 to 700 carats. In all, some $20,000,000 worth of sapphires has been produced in the past twenty years.

We now come to the fourth and last of the precious stones—the emerald, probably the earliest known of them all. The first mines were in Egypt, near the Red Sea, which were worked so intensively and so late—far into Arab times—that when rediscovered early in the nineteenth century they were practically exhausted. Our great source today is the republic of Colombia in South America, where several million dollars' worth accumulates in a few years. The green of the emerald seems to be the color most favored by fashion today, and that, with its scarcity and the fact that it holds its color perfectly in any light, as so many stones do not, is the reason for its taking first place among precious stones in point of price.

The Value of Gems

It will now readily be understood how, with the great disproportion in production between the diamond and the three other precious stones which I have indicated, the price per carat of the ruby, emerald, and to a certain extent even the sapphire, should be so comparatively high. As a gem, the diamond outclasses them all, but with the torrents of diamonds that pour in on us from South Africa—this Niagara of diamonds—and the comparatively meager trickles of the other precious stones, the emerald and the ruby are necessarily given a higher monetary valuation.

The following table shows that the finest grade white diamonds cost less per carat than the emerald or ruby of the highest quality. The first table gives the value of the extremely perfect gems; the second, that of stones of fine but not exceptional quality. It is only the extremely rare green, red and blue diamonds—far rarer than emeralds or rubies—that are valued higher than these two gems:

TABLE I. COMPARATIVE VALUES OF PRECIOUS STONES; MOST EXCEPTIONAL SPECIMENS

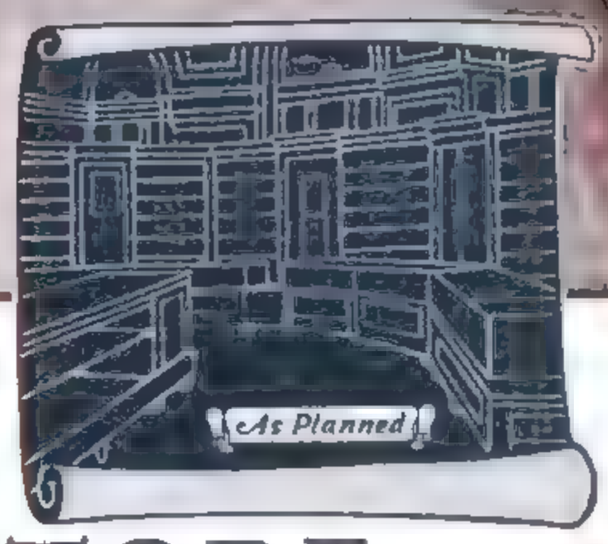
STONE	CARAT
Emerald	$6,000
Ruby	4,500
Sapphire	2,000
Diamond, green	7,000
Diamond, red	8,500
Diamond, blue	6,500
Diamond, white	1,500
Twenty-grain pearl	20,000
Ten-grain pearl	2,500

TABLE II. COMPARATIVE VALUES OF PRECIOUS STONES, FINE QUALITY SPECIMENS

STONE	CARAT
Emerald	$1,000
Ruby	1,000
Sapphire	500
Diamond	700
Ten-grain pearl—base $20	2,000

Naturally it must be understood that these prices are for gems of supreme quality

(Continued on Page 161)



The DRUG STORE *to profit* must *Sell* as well as *Serve*

To wait for a street car . . . find a street address . . . get a "light" . . . use the telephone . . . or seek shelter from rain or snow—where does one go? To a drug store, of course.

To render service is highly creditable. But it is not necessarily profitable.

To profit, a drug store must sell as well as serve.—And here enters the matter of modern drug store planning and equipment. Someone comes in for a service—this person is a prospect for something the drug store has to sell. Every time a prospect gets away without buying—dollars escape. These dollars can be made to stay if they are properly invited.

Modern drug store planning and equipment capture these escaping dollars, surround the prospect tactfully, silently, surely with sales suggestions on all sides. Proper display is continually at work; reminding, suggesting, selling, day in and day out, year after year.

We are makers of the famous Wilmarth drug store fixtures, outstanding for over a quarter of a century from the standpoints of beauty, efficiency and value, endorsed by thousands of successful druggists. We go further than this—we offer the expert advisory aid of a staff of specialists in planning drug stores that *sell* as well as *serve*.

Drug stores properly re-planned show remarkable sales increases. New drug stores properly planned have no sales handicaps. It is perfectly evident that proper fixtures, properly installed in drug stores, are the best business investment any druggist can make.

Join the ever-increasing list of druggists who profit because they *sell* as well as *serve*. Without obligation, send for book, "Making a Business of a Profession."

Points of Superiority

Store Planning Service—Extended to any store, large or small, new or old. Experienced store planners and merchandising experts give individual study to each installation.

Individuality—Through personal study of separate situations each installation is given a different treatment, which sets it apart from any other

Interchangeability—Wherever practical, sectional interlocking units are used—easily built up or taken down—no waste in changes as with old, solid, "nailed-in" shelving and wall cases

Value—Quantity production brings about tremendous purchasing and manufacturing economies which make possible the greatest values in store equipment—to measure up in quality as well as value with any merchandising program, no matter how large or small.

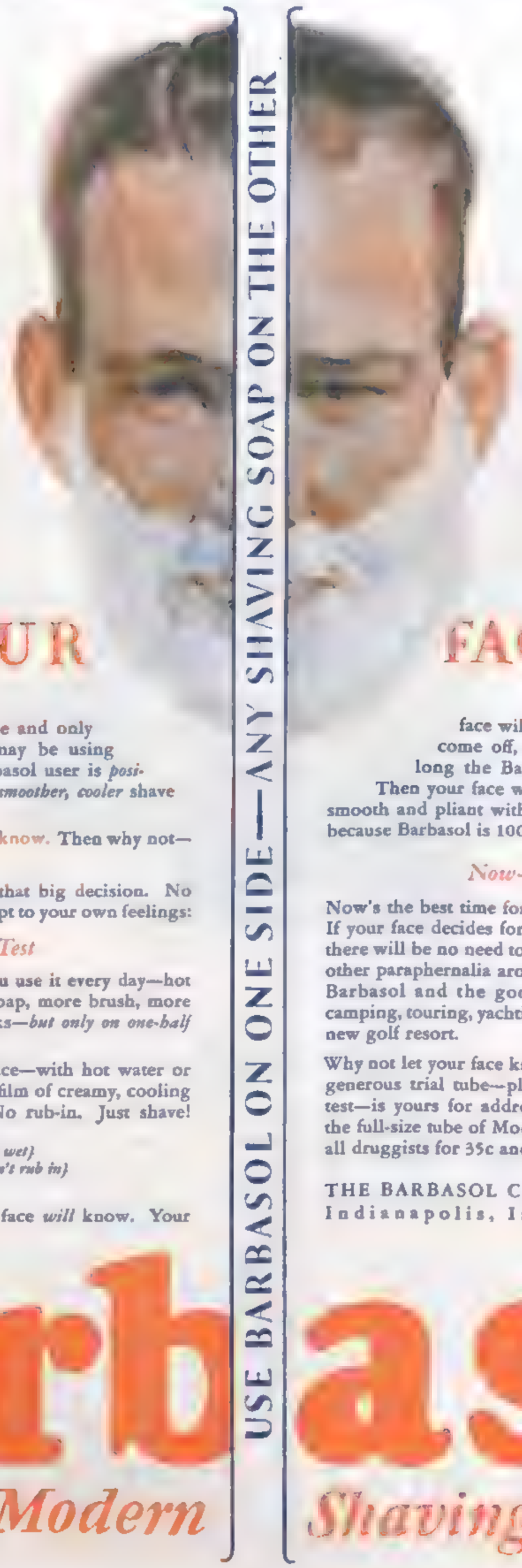
GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION

Succeeding: The Grand Rapids Show Case Company • Welch-Wilmarth Corporation

Executive Offices—Grand Rapids, Mich. • *Factories*—Grand Rapids • Portland, Ore. • Baltimore • New York City • • *Representatives in Every Territory*

STORE PLANNERS, DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF FINE STORE EQUIPMENT

Your face wants to know



USE BARBASOL ON ONE SIDE—ANY SHAVING SOAP ON THE OTHER

. . . . LET YOUR FACE DECIDE

EVERY man thinks he's found the one and only "world's best" for shaving. You may be using soap in one form or another. The Barbasol user is *positive* that Barbasol gives a *faster, cleaner, smoother, cooler* shave . . . and he can *prove* it!

Who's right about it? Your face wants to know. Then why not—

Let your face decide!

There's an easy, fair-square way to get that big decision. No prejudice to anybody. No favoritism except to your own feelings:

Make This 3-Day Test

Apply your shaving soap just the way you use it every day—hot water, brush, rub-in, hot towels, more soap, more brush, more lathering, give Soap & Co. all the breaks—*but only on one-half of your face!*

Now wet down *the other side* of your face—with hot water or cold, only so it's wet. Then spread on a film of creamy, cooling Barbasol. No brush. No lathering. No rub-in. Just shave! Like this:

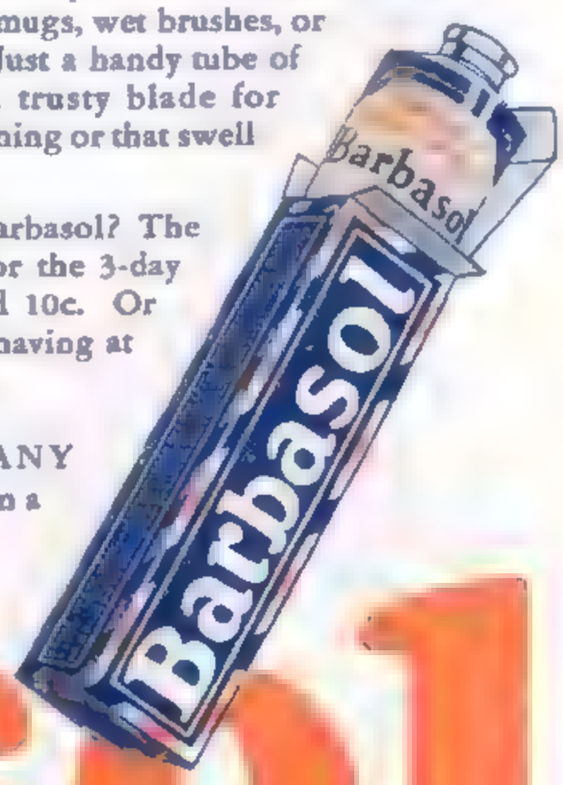
1—*Wash the face (and leave it wet)*
2—*Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in)*
—*Shave!*

Do this three shaving days. *Then* your face *will* know. Your face will instantly note how easily the whiskers come off, how close the Barbasol shave is—how long the Barbasol shave lasts—how good it feels.

Then your face will know that new, cool, soft feeling, all smooth and pliant with the natural oils left right in the skin—because Barbasol is 100% beard softener: no air bubbles.

Now—for Your Vacation

Now's the best time for finding out. Vacation days are coming. If your face decides for Barbasol, you want to know it now, so there will be no need to pack mugs, wet brushes, or other paraphernalia around. Just a handy tube of Barbasol and the good old trusty blade for camping, touring, yachting, fishing or that swell new golf resort.



Why not let your face know Barbasol? The generous trial tube—plenty for the 3-day test—is yours for address and 10c. Or the full-size tube of Modern Shaving at all druggists for 35c and 65c.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY
Indianapolis, Indiana

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

Here's Something *New!*

A Refreshing, Stimulating Pick-Up for the tired skin ··· *Try it!*

Barbasol Skin Freshener!

A gentle stimulant and a real pick-up for the tired skin, and, through the skin, for all your being.

A refreshant, a revivifier, a deodorant.

After-Shaving, After-Bathing, Any Time!

No; you probably have never heard of anything like it before. There isn't anything like it.

It isn't a lotion. It isn't a lubricant. It isn't a magic oil. It won't cure anything except the "blues" and that "all-gone" feeling.

But what a wonderful, refreshing, tonic action you get from *Barbasol Skin Freshener!*

Banishes Skin Fatigue

When you come home in the evening, jaded and wearied from the day's trial of work or shopping or calls, and (if you're a man) you ought to shave but can't bring yourself to wield the razor, or (if you're a woman) feel as if you needed the ministrations of a whole beauty parlor—

Just wet your hands and face with *Barbasol Skin Freshener!*

Feel that restful coolness spreading over your tired skin. Your very pores seem to quaff a deep, invigorating draught. First on the surface of the skin, then deeper, then as if all through your system there keens and leaps a new-found zest for life.

Rests, Refreshes, Soothes

And just as great for soothing, too.

Restless after a day's excitement, you may toss and turn, wooing sleep in vain. Apply a washcloth wet with Barbasol Skin Freshener to the back of your neck and gently rub it in.

Feel that peaceful, restful response from your grateful nerves. It's like a lullaby.

Or first thing in the morning. After shaving! After bathing! Barbasol Skin Freshener rouses, brisks up your energy. It's a salute! A reveille!

Women Love It, Too

We made it originally for the men—the Tired Business Men. But every one of them says he has to have an extra bottle—this one for his own private stock—because the women see it, scent it, try it—and it's *theirs.* Why not? It's good. It's an aid to fresh complexion.

Glad to have it popular with both men and women.

Will you like Barbasol Skin Freshener? Well, everybody likes it.

Try a dash of it today, and—*let your face decide!* Handsome big bottle at all druggists' for 65c.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY
Indianapolis, Indiana

Barbasol
Skin Freshener

A TENNIS BALL AS LIVELY WHEN YOU GET IT AS THE DAY IT WAS MADE!

ONCE you pawed through a whole dozen tennis balls to find three good, springy ones . . . Bounce, bounce, bounce—you tried them all.

Next time you buy tennis balls don't bother to do this. Such tests for liveliness are no longer necessary.

Just look for the red-and-green metal container of Pennsylvania *pressure-packed* tennis balls. You'll find them set apart as the best, in all high-grade stores.

The Pennsylvania Tennis Ball can't get soft—can't go dead—on the dealer's shelves. It is *packed under pressure in a metal tube*—exactly the same pressure around the ball as inside it. It can't leak—can't deteriorate in any way. It's as lively when you get it as the day it was made.

And in sheer quality, this improved Pennsylvania ball is right for the fastest tournament play.

An advanced method eliminates the "plug" that had a tendency to throw a ball off balance. Two-piece center construction for true flight, perfect rebound and keenest response to every stroke.

They Have To Be Good!

The most modern machinery known to the industry—highly exacting automatic gauges—the finest of precision instruments—control every step in the manufacture of PENNSYLVANIA TENNIS BALLS.

•

Any deviation from the prescribed standards as to compression, weight, size or bounce, is mechanically impossible.

•

Of course, they are approved for all tournament play by the United States Lawn Tennis Association.

•

Add to this the fact that in PENNSYLVANIA TENNIS BALLS you will find the choicest rubber, the strongest wear-resisting felt, the latest plugless construction, and an exclusive method of preservation, and we are justified in repeating . . .

They Have To Be Good!

The Improved Pennsylvania Pressure-Packed Tennis Ball has set an entirely new standard for preserved liveliness. And there isn't a higher quality ball made

The wear-resisting cover of Australian wool felt is *vulcanized on*. Seams can't open. Moisture can't get in.

And it's made of special rubber chosen for the purpose by exacting experts.

A superb all-'round ball . . . . made by a company famous for thirty years for the excellence of its products.

• • •

These new pressure-packed Pennsylvania tennis balls cost no more than the ordinary unprotected balls. Insist on Pennsylvania balls—red-and-green tube packed. The tube hisses when you open it.

Pennsylvania Rubber Co. of America, Inc.
Jeannette, Pa.

Pennsylvania tennis balls are hermetically sealed under pressure in metal tubes. They can't lose their liveliness! Three balls in each tube

Pennsylvania TENNIS BALLS

(Continued from Page 156)

such as are not ordinarily included in the average jeweler's stock.

The years immediately following the war marked the high tide of the jewelry business in America, and in 1923 came the next highest peak. Jewelry to the enormous amount of $450,002,751 was sold in America during that year, an increase of $60,000,000 over the preceding year. No such level has ever been reached by any other nation—an indication of our unparalleled prosperity. In the ten years from 1914 to 1924 we imported unmounted gems to the staggering amount of more than $500,000,000, some $400,000,000 of which went for diamonds.

Today New York is the greatest gem market in the world. Once it was Babylon. There, about 4000 B.C., were sold the emerald, lapis lazuli, agate, Amazon stone, garnet, hematite and jasper, which completed the roll call of the known precious stones of that day. A collection of over twenty of these, dating from 4000 B.C. to 1000 B.C., was made by the writer and is now in the Morgan-Tiffany collection. Alexandria was the next great center; then, as the course of empire moved slowly westward, Constantinople, Athens, Augsburg, Paris, London and finally New York became preëminent. But never before have what we call precious stones been sold in anything like the quantities they are at present. Even down to a late Roman period, very few really precious stones were used. There was very little emerald found until the seventeenth century; the diamond was not known until the Christian Era; and rubies and sapphires came in with the crusades.

The merchandising of gems today has reached a high state of perfection, albeit the risks all along the line are still great. It isn't only the initial cost of mining which is so excessively heavy, and then the taxes and duties, but also the risk assumed in cutting and setting, involving so high a degree of skill on the cutter's part and so accurate a knowledge of fashions on the distributor's part.

All this makes the handling of gems a matter of expert knowledge from beginning to end if it is to be financially successful. Who will say that the risk is not great when the object to be cut and polished is the most valuable for its size on earth? "A million pounds sterling—$5,000,000—within eight square inches," was, according to the London press, the value of the object into which Mr. Asscher of Amsterdam, with one tremendous blow, sank his knife when he cleft the Cullinan in twain. Who will wonder if Mr. Asscher of Amsterdam was a bit stirred on that momentous occasion? He was about to split in two the most valuable object of its size that has ever existed. Yet Mr. Asscher of Amsterdam proceeded coolly, increasing the value of the almost priceless gem with every well-directed blow. And so it is, in proportion, with all precious stones. The proper handling constitutes a very large part of their ultimate value.

BEHIND THAT CURTAIN

(Continued from Page 41)

Presently Flannery and Duff arrived. The captain's manner suggested that he was acting against his better judgment.

"I suppose this is another wild-goose chase," he fretted.

"One during which the goose is apprehended, I think," Chan assured him. "But there will be need of Oriental calm. Have you good supply?, We may loiter here until midnight hour."

"That's pleasant," Flannery replied. "Well, I'll wait awhile. But this is your last chance—remember."

"Also your great chance," Chan shrugged. "You must likewise remember. We do wrong to hang here in spotlight of publicity. Mr. Kirk, I have made selection of nook where we may crouch unobserved, but always observing. I refer to little room behind office, opening at the side on check room."

"All right. I know where you mean," Kirk told him. He spoke to the manager and the four of them were ushered into a little back room, unused at the moment and in semidarkness. Chairs were brought, and all save Charlie sat down. The little detective bustled about. He arranged that his three companions should have an unobstructed view of the check room, where his friend of the morning, old Peter Lee, sat behind his barrier engrossed in a bright pink newspaper.

"Only one moment," said Chan. He went out through the door which led behind the counter of the check room. For a brief time he talked in low tones with Lee. Then the three men sitting in the dusk saw him give a quick look toward the club lobby and dodge abruptly into his hiding place beside them.

Col. John Beetham, debonair as usual, appeared at the counter and checked his hat and coat. Kirk, Flannery and Duff leaned forward eagerly and watched him as he accepted the brass check and turned away. But Chan made no move.

Time passed. Other members came into the club for dinner and checked their belongings, unconscious of the prying eyes in the little room. Flannery began to stir restlessly on his uncomfortable chair.

"What the devil is all this?" he demanded.

"Patience," Charlie said. "As the Chinese say, in time the grass becomes milk."

"Yeah, but I'd rather hunt up a cow," Flannery growled.

"Patient waiting," Chan went on, "is first requisite of good detective. Is that not correct, Inspector Duff?"

"Sometimes it seems the only requisite," Duff agreed. "I fancy I may smoke here?"

"Oh, of course," Kirk told him. He sighed with relief and took out his pipe.

The minutes dragged on. They heard the shuffle of feet on the tiled floor of the lobby, the voices of members calling greetings, making dinner dates. Flannery was like a fly on a hot griddle.

"If you're making a fool of me again——" he began.

His recent humiliation had been recalled to his mind by the sight of Major Eric Durand, checking his coat and his felt hat with Peter Lee. The major's manner was one of deep depression.

"Poor devil," said Flannery softly. "We handed him a hard jolt today. It wasn't necessary, either." His accusing eyes sought Chan. The detective was huddled up on his chair like some fat, oblivious Buddha.

A half hour passed. Flannery was in constant touch with the figures on the face of his watch.

"Missing my dinner," he complained. "And this chair—it's like a barrel top."

"There was no time to procure a velvet couch," Chan suggested gently. "Compose yourself, I beg. The happy man is the calm man. We have only begun to vigil."

At the end of another half hour Flannery was fuming. "Give us a tip," he demanded. "What are we waiting for? I'll know or, by heaven, I'll get out of here so quick——"

"Please," whispered Charlie. "We are waiting for the murderer of Sir Frederic Bruce. Is that not enough?"

"No, it isn't," the captain snapped. "I'm sick of you and your confounded mystery. Put your cards on the table like a white man. This chair is killing me, I tell you."

"Hush!" said Chan. He was leaning forward now, staring through the door into the check room. The others followed his gaze.

Major Eric Durand stood before the counter. He threw down the brass check for his coat and hat; it rang metallically in

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the silence. Peter Lee brought them for him. He leaned across the barrier and helped Durand on with his coat. The major was fumbling in his pockets. He produced a small bit of cardboard which he gave to Peter Lee. The old man studied his treasures for a moment and then handed over a black leather brief case.

Chan had seized Flannery's arm and was dragging the astonished captain toward the club lobby. Kirk and Duff followed. They lined up before the huge front door. Durand appeared, walking briskly. He stopped as he saw the group barring his way.

"Ah, we meet again," he said. "Mr. Kirk, it was thoughtful of you to send me that guest card to your club. I deeply appreciate it. It arrived only a short time ago. I shall enjoy dropping in here frequently."

Charlie Chan came of a race that likes its drama, and his fat face was shining with joy. He raised his arm with the gesture of a Booth or a Salvini.

"Captain Flannery," he cried, "arrest this man!"

"Why, I—er—I don't ——" sputtered Flannery.

"Arrest this man Durand," Chan went on. "Arrest him at same moment while he holds beneath his arm a brief case containing much useful information. The brief case Sir Frederic Bruce checked in this club on the afternoon of the day he died."

XX

ALL color had drained from Durand's face; it was gray as fog as he stood there confronted by the triumphant little Chinese. Flannery reached out and seized the leather case. The major made no move to resist.

"Sir Frederic's brief case!" Flannery cried. His air of uncertainty had vanished; he was alert and confident. "By heaven, if that's true, then our man hunt is over." He sought to open the case. "The thing's locked," he added. "I don't like to break it open. It will be a mighty important piece of evidence."

"Mr. Kirk still holds in possession Sir Frederic's keys," suggested Charlie. "I would have brought them with me, but I did not know where they reposed."

"They are in my desk," Kirk told him.

A curious group was gathering about them. Chan turned to Flannery. "Our standing here has only one result. We offer ourselves as nucleus for a crowd. Humbly state we should go at once to bungalow. There the matter may be threshed out like winter wheat."

"Good idea," replied Flannery.

"I also ask that Mr. Kirk visit telephone booth and request Miss Morrow to speed to bungalow with all haste. It would be amazing unkindness to drop her out of events at this junction."

"Sure," agreed Flannery. "Do that, Mr. Kirk."

"Likewise," added Charlie, laying a hand on Kirk's arm, "advise her to bring with her the elevator operator, Grace Lane."

"What for?" demanded Flannery.

"Time will reveal," Chan shrugged. As Kirk sped away, Col. John Beetham came up. For a moment the explorer stood, taking in the scene before him. His inscrutable expression did not change.

"Colonel Beetham," Charlie explained, "we have here the man who killed Sir Frederic Bruce."

"Really?" returned Beetham calmly.

"Undubitably. It is a matter that concerns you, I think. Will you be so good as to join our little party?"

"Of course," Beetham replied. He went for his hat and coat. Chan followed him and retrieved from Peter Lee the pasteboard check on receipt of which the old man had relinquished Sir Frederic's property.

Kirk, Beetham and Chan returned to the group by the door. "All set," announced Flannery. "Come along, Major Durand."

Durand hesitated. "I am not familiar with your law, but shouldn't there be some sort of warrant?"

"You needn't worry about that. I'm taking you on suspicion. I can get a warrant when I want it. Don't be a fool—come on."

Outside a gentle rain had begun to fall and the town was wrapped in mist. Duff, Flannery and Durand got into one taxi, and Chan followed with Kirk and the explorer in another. As Charlie was stepping into the car a breathless figure shot out of the dark.

"Who was that with Flannery?" panted Bill Rankin.

"It has happened as I telephoned from the hotel," Charlie answered. "We have our man."

"Major Durand?"

"The same."

"Good enough. I'll have a flash on the street in twenty minutes. Say, you certainly kept your promise."

"Old habit with me," Chan told him.

"And how about Beetham?"

Chan glanced into the dark cab. "Nothing to do with the matter. We were on wrong trail there."

"Too bad," Rankin said. "Well, I'm off. I'll be back later for details. Thanks a thousand times."

Chan inserted his broad bulk into the taxi and they started for the Kirk Building.

"May I express humble hope," remarked the little detective to Kirk, "that I am forgiven for my crime? I refer to my delay in mailing to Major Durand your letter containing guest card for Cosmopolitan Club."

"Oh, surely," Kirk told him.

"It chanced I was not yet ready he should walk inside the club," Chan added.

"Well, I'm knocked cold," Kirk said. "You must have had your eye on him for some time."

"I will explain with all my eloquence later. Just now I content myself with admitting this: Major Durand was one person in all the world who did not want Eve Durand discovered."

"But in heaven's name, why not?" Kirk asked.

"Alas, I am no miracle man. It is a matter I hope will be apparent later. Perhaps Colonel Beetham can enlighten us."

The colonel's voice was cool and even in the darkness. "I'm a bit weary of lying," he remarked. "I could enlighten you, but I won't. You see, I have made a promise. And like yourself, sergeant, I prefer to keep my promises."

"We have many commendable points in common," agreed Chan.

Beetham laughed. "By the way, that was extremely decent of you—telling the reporter I wasn't concerned in this affair."

"Only hope," responded Chan, "that events will justify my very magnanimous act."

They alighted before the Kirk Building and rode up to the bungalow. Paradise had admitted Flannery and Duff with their prisoner.

"Here you are," said Flannery briskly. "Now, Mr. Kirk, let's have that key."

Kirk stepped to his desk and produced Sir Frederic's keys. The captain, with Duff close at his side, hastened to open the case. Charlie dropped down on the edge of a chair, his intent little eyes on Major Durand. The major was seated in a corner of the room, his head bowed, his gaze fixed on the rug.

"By George," cried Duff, "it's Sir Frederic's case, right enough! And here—yes, here is what we have been looking for." He took out a typewritten sheaf of paper. "Here are his records in the matter of Eve Durand."

The inspector began to read eagerly. Flannery turned to Durand.

"Well, major, this settles your hash. Where did you get the check for this brief case?"

Durand made no reply. "I will answer for him," Charlie said. "He extracted same from the purse of Sir Frederic the night he killed that splendid gentleman."

"Then you visited San Francisco once before, major?" Flannery persisted. Still Durand did not so much as raise his eyes.

"Naturally he did," Chan grinned. "Captain Flannery, at any moment reporters will burst upon you desiring to learn how you captured this dangerous man. Would it not be better if I told you, so you will be able to make intelligent reply?" Flannery glared at him. "The matter will demand your close attention. I search about, wondering where to begin."

Duff looked up. "I suggest you start with the moment when you first suspected Durand," he said, and returned to his perusal of the records.

Chan nodded. "It was here in this room, same night when Durand arrived. Have you ever heard, captain—do not fear, it is not old saying this time. Have you ever heard Chinese are psychic people? It is true. A look, a gesture, something goes click inside. I hear Mr. Kirk say to the major that he will send guest card for one or two clubs. And for single instant on the major's face I behold expression—greediness, fierce hope, desire. At once I ask, is this the man we seek? But no, he cannot be—not if he comes entire distance from New York with good Inspector Duff.

"But did he do so? Inspector does me high honor to invite to dinner. I probe about. I inquire how long he and major have traveled together in company. From New York? Yes, he thinks so. But he did not see major on Twentieth Century train from New York. He saw him first in Chicago station. Durand assures him he was on same train inspector has just left. He announces he, too, is on way to San Francisco. They take, that same night, train bound for Coast.

"The matter, then, is possible. Men have been known to double back on own tracks. Study of time elapsed since murder reveals major may have been doing this very thing. I begin to think deep about Durand. I recall that at luncheon when Sir Frederic tells us of Eve Durand case, he makes curious omission which I noted at the time. He says that when he is planning to go to Peshawar to look into Eve Durand matter, he calls on Sir George Mannering, the woman's uncle. Yet husband is living in England, and he would know much more about the affair than uncle would. Why, then, did not Sir Frederic interrogate the husband? I find there food for thought.

"All time I am wondering about Cosmopolitan Club yearbook, which hand of Sir Frederic drops on floor at dying moment. Mr. Kirk kindly takes me to lunch at club and checks a brief case. I note check for coat is of metal, but brief-case check is of cardboard, with name of article deposited written on surface by trembling hand of Peter Lee. A bright light flashes in my mind. I will suppose that Sir Frederic checked a brief case containing records we so hotly seek, and check for same was in pocket when he died. This the killer extracts; he is clever man and knows at last he has located papers he wants so fiercely. But alas for him, clubhouse door is guarded, only members and guests may enter. In despair, he flees, but that check he carries with him spells his doom unless he can return and obtain object it represents. He longs to do so, but danger is great.

"Then fine evidence arrives. The velvet slippers come back to us on tide of events, wrapped in newspaper. On margin of paper, partially torn, are figures—a money addition—$79 plus $23 equals $103. This refers to dollars only. Cents have been torn off. I visit railroad office. I decide what must have been on that paper before its tearing. Simply this: $79.84 plus $23.63 equals $103.47. What is that? The cost of railroad fare to Chicago with lower berth Then the person who discarded those slippers was on Oakland ferry Wednesday morning after murder, bound to take train from Oakland terminal to Chicago. Who of all my suspects might have done that? No one but Major Durand.

"I think deep, I cogitate, I weave in and out through my not very brilliant mind. I study time-tables. Presume Major Durand was on that train out of Oakland Wednesday noon. He arrives in Chicago Saturday morning at nine. He is still distressed about check for brief case, but his best plan seems to be to proceed eastward, and he hastens to LaSalle Street station to obtain train for New York. He arrives in time to see Inspector Duff, whom he met once in Paris, disembarking from Twentieth Century. He is smart man, a big idea assails him. First he will give impression he is alighting from same train, and then he will return to California in company of Scotland Yard inspector. Who would suspect him then? So the innocent Inspector Duff himself escorts the killer back to the scene of the crime.

"All this seems to possess good logic. But it hangs on one thing—has brief case been checked by Sir Frederic? This morning I visit with Peter Lee, keeper of Cosmopolitan Club check room. I can scarce restrain my joy to learn Sir Frederic did indeed leave such an object the day he died. His dying gesture then was to call our attention to the fact. He sought to present us with essential clew. What a man he was! I fondle the case lovingly, observing dust. Inside is no doubt very important information. But I do not desire to open it yet. I desire to set a trap. I have unlimited yearning to show Captain Flannery the man we have sought, standing by the check-room counter with this brief case under his arm. Such evidence will be unanswerable.

"So I leave club, very happy. The affair has now pretty well unveiled itself. I have not yet discovered motives, but I am certain it was Major Durand who objected so murderously to the finding of his lost wife. He has not come to this country in answer to a cable from Sir Frederic. That is a lie. Sir Frederic did not want him. But he has learned—probably from the woman's uncle—that Sir Frederic is on point of revealing wife. For a reason still clouded in dark, he determines this must not happen. He arrives in San Francisco same time as Sir Frederic. He locates great detective, learns of the office, watches his chance. To prevent detective from revealing wife, two things are necessary: He must destroy the records and he must kill Sir Frederic. He decides to begin with records, and so on night of dinner party he forces his way into office, unseen by anybody. He is searching when Sir Frederic creeps in on the velvet slippers and surprises him. His opportunity has come, Sir Frederic is unarmed, he shoots him dead. But his task is only half completed; he hunts frantically for records. He does not find them, but he finds the check for the brief case. He abstracts same, casts longing thought toward club, but does not dare. On the next train out he flees, the check burning in his pocket. If only he could return. In Chicago his great chance arrives. Building on all this, I set tonight my trap. And into it walks the man who killed Sir Frederic Bruce."

Inspector Duff looked up. He appeared to have been reading and listening to Charlie Chan at the same time.

"Intelligence, hard work, and luck," he remarked—"these three things contribute to the solution of a criminal case. And I may add that in my opinion, in this instance, the greatest of the trinity was intelligence."

Chan bowed. "A remark I shall treasure with jealous pride all my life."

"Yes, it's pretty good," admitted Flannery grudgingly—"very good. But it ain't complete. What about the velvet slippers? What about Hilary Galt? How is Galt's murder mixed up in all this?"

Chan grinned. "I am not so hoggish. I leave a few points for Captain Flannery's keen mind."

Flannery turned to Duff. "Maybe it's in those records?"

"I've got only about halfway through," Duff answered. "There has been one mention of Hilary Galt. It says here that among the people who called at Galt's office the day he was murdered was Eric Durand. Captain Eric Durand—that was his rank at the time. To discover the meaning of that, I shall have to read further."

(Continued on Page 165)

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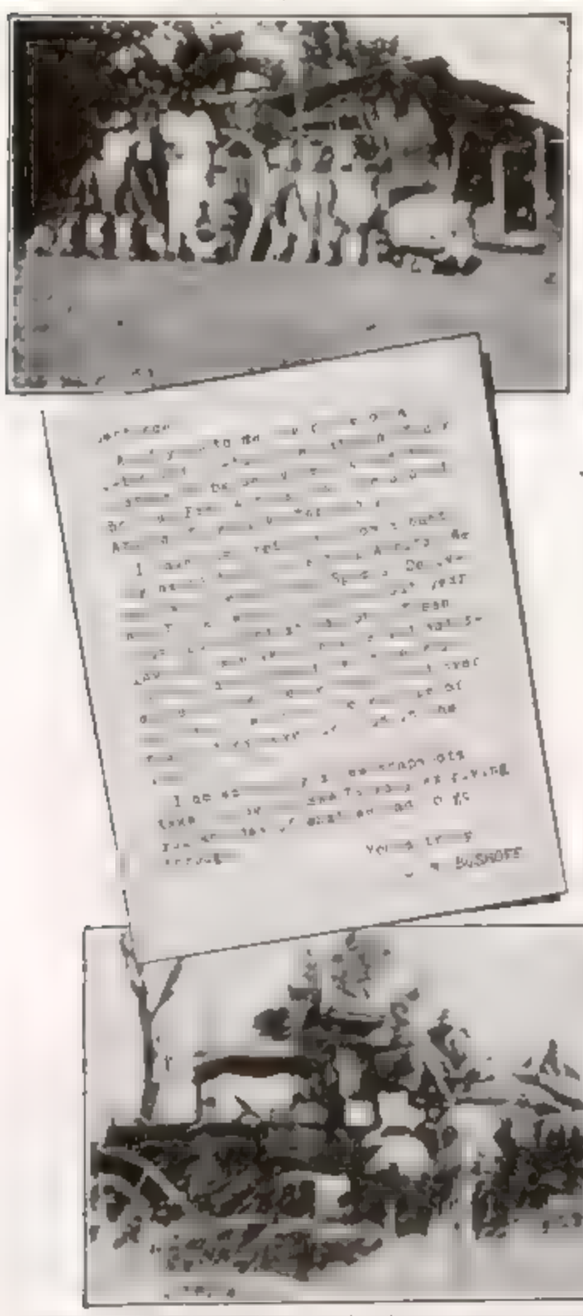

Loading the trucks for moving camp

(Continued from Page 163

"Have you learned," Chan inquired, "this thing? Did Sir Frederic know which of the ladies we have suspicioned was Eve Durand?"

"Evidently he didn't. All he knew was that she was in the Kirk Building. He seemed to favor Miss Lila Barr."

"Ah, yes. Was he aware how Eve Durand escaped from India?"

"He was, beyond question."

"He knew she went by the caravan?"

"By the caravan, through Khyber Pass, in the company of Col. John Beetham," Duff nodded.

They all looked toward the colonel, sitting silent and aloof in the background.

"Is that true, Colonel Beetham?" Flannery asked.

The explorer bowed. "I will not deny it longer. It is true."

"Perhaps you know — "

"Whatever I know, I am not at liberty to tell."

"If I make you ——" Flannery exploded.

"You can, of course, try. You will not succeed."

The door opened and Miss Morrow came quickly through the hall. With her came the elevator girl. Jennie Jerome? Marie Lantelme? Grace Lane? Whatever her name, she entered and stood staring at Eric Durand.

"Eric," she cried, "what have you done? Oh, how could you "

Durand raised his head and looked at her with bloodshot eyes. "Go away from me," he said dully. "Go away. You've brought me nothing but trouble, always. Go away. I hate you."

The woman backed off, frightened by the venom in his tone. Chan approached her.

"Pardon," he said gently "Perhaps the news has already reached you? It was this man Durand who killed Sir Frederic. Your husband—is that not true, madam?"

She dropped into a chair and covered her face. "Yes," she sobbed, "my husband."

"You are indeed Eve Durand!"

"Y-yes."

Charlie looked grimly at Flannery. "Now the truth arrives," he said. "That you once listened to a Chinaman is, after all, no lasting disgrace."

XXI

FLANNERY turned fiercely on Eve Durand. "Then you've known all along?" he cried. "You knew the major had been here before; you saw him that night he did for Sir Frederic."

"No, no," she protested, "I didn't see him! I never dreamed of such a thing! And if he knew I was in the building that night, he took good care to keep out of my way. For if I had seen him—if I had known—it would have been the final straw. I'd have told—I'd have told the whole story at once."

Flannery grew calmer. "Well, let's go back. You're Eve Durand. You admit it at last. Fifteen years ago you ran away from your husband in Peshawar. You went with the caravan of Colonel Beetham here ——"

The woman looked up, startled, and for the first time saw the explorer.

"That's all true," she said softly. "I went with Colonel Beetham."

"Ran away with another man—deserted your husband? Why? In love with the colonel?"

"No!" Her eyes flashed. "You musn't think that. Colonel Beetham did a very kind act an indiscreet act—and he shall not suffer for it. Long ago I made up my mind to that."

"Please, Eve," said the colonel. "I shan't suffer. Don't tell your story on my account."

"That's like you," she answered. "But I insist. I said if I was ever found I'd tell everything. And after what Eric has done now it doesn't matter any longer. Oh, I shall be so relieved to tell the whole terrible thing at last."

She turned to Flannery. "I shall have to go back. I was brought up in Devonshire by my uncle and aunt—my parents had died. I wasn't very happy. My uncle had old-fashioned ideas. He meant well, he was kind, but somehow we just didn't get along. Then I met Eric. He was a romantic figure. I adored him—I was only seventeen. On my eighteenth birthday we were married. He was assigned to a regiment stationed in Peshawar and I went with him.

"Even before we reached India, I began to regret what I had done. I was sorry I hadn't listened to my uncle—he never approved of the match. Under his dashing manner I found that Eric was mean and cheap. He was a gambler, he drank too much. His real character appalled me; he was coarse and brutal and a cheat.

"Soon after our arrival at Peshawar letters began to come from London—letters in dirty envelopes, the address written in an uncultivated hand. They seemed to enrage my husband; he wasn't fit to associate with after their appearance. I was puzzled and alarmed. On a certain day the day of the picnic, it was—one of those letters was put in my hand during Eric's absence. By that time I was desperate. I knew only too well the outburst that would come when he saw it. I hesitated for a while. Finally I tore it open and read it.

"What I read wrecked my life forever It was from a porter in an office building in London. It said he must have more money at once. It didn't hint—it spoke openly Everything was all too plain. Eric, my husband, was being blackmailed by the porter. He was paying money to keep the man quiet. If he didn't, the porter threatened to reveal the fact that he had seen Eric leaving a London office one night a year previously—leaving an office on the floor of which lay Hilary Galt, the solicitor, with a bullet in his head."

Eve Durand paused, and continued with an effort: "My husband, then, was being blackmailed for the murder of Hilary Galt He came home presently, in rather a genial mood for him. I said: 'I am leaving you at once.' He wanted to know why, and I gave him the opened letter.

"His face went gray and he collapsed Presently he was on his knees, groveling at my feet, pleading with me. Without my asking for it, he gave me the whole terrible story. Hilary Galt and my uncle, Sir George Mannering, were old friends. On the morning of that awful day, the solicitor had sent for Eric and told him that if he persisted in his intention of marrying me, he—Mr. Galt, I mean—would go to my uncle with the story of certain unsavory happenings in Eric's past. Eric had listened and left the office. That night he had gone back and killed Hilary Galt, and the porter had seen him coming away.

"He did it for love of me, he said. Because he must have me—because he was determined nothing should stand in his way. I must forgive him."

"Pardon," put in Chan. "Did he, in that unhappy moment, mention a pair of velvet slippers?"

"He did. After—after he had killed Mr. Galt he saw the slippers lying on a chair. He knew that Scotland Yard always looks for an essential clew, and he resolved to furnish one—one that meant nothing, one that would point away from him. So he tore off Hilary Galt's shoes and substituted the slippers. He was rather proud of it, I think. Oh, he was always clever in that mean way of his. He boasted of what he had done, of how he had thrown Scotland Yard off the scent. Then he was pleading again—he had done it for me—I must not tell. I couldn't tell. I was his wife. No one could make me tell. Heaven knows, I had no desire to tell; all I wanted was to get away from him. I said again that I was going. 'I'll kill you first,' he answered, and he meant it.

"So I went on that picnic with my life all in pieces, frantic, insane with grief and fear. Colonel Beetham was there—I had met him once before—a fine man, a gentleman; all that Eric was not. He was leaving in the morning—it came to me in a flash. He must take me with him. I suggested the game of hide and seek—I had already asked

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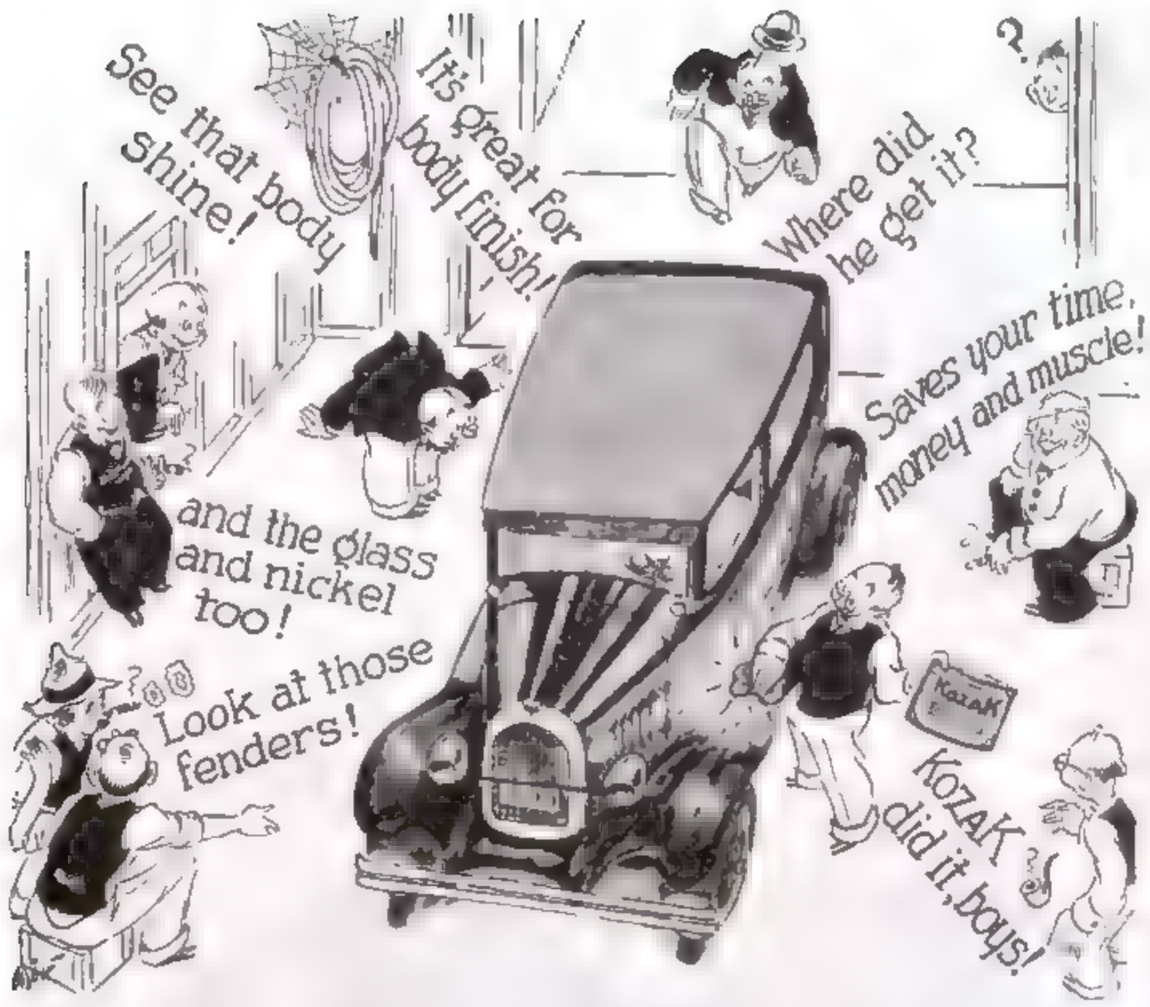
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the colonel to meet me in a certain spot. He came. I made him promise never to tell, and I explained to him the horrible position I was in. If I tried to leave openly I was afraid—I was sure—Eric would carry out his threat. Colonel Beetham was wonderful. He arranged everything. I hid in the hills all night. He came with Li Gung in the wagon at dawn—he had added it to his caravan, intending to abandon it when we got through the pass. I rode out hidden in that, and beyond the Khyber there began for me the most wonderful adventure a woman ever had. Eight months through that wild country on a camel—the stars at night, the dust storms, the desert stretching empty but mysterious as far as the eye could see. Outside Teheran I left the caravan and got to Baku alone. From there I went to Italy. Eight months had passed, as I say, and the hue and cry had died down.

"But now I realized what I had done. Colonel Beetham was a hero, he was honored everywhere. What if it became known how I had left India? No journey could ever have been more innocent, but this is a cynical world. Doing a kind act, a gallant act, Colonel Beetham had put himself in the position, in the world's eyes, of running away with another man's wife. If it became known the colonel's splendid career would be wrecked. It must never become known. I made up my mind I would see to that."

"And you have," remarked Beetham softly. "Gentlemen, you have just heard what I did referred to as a gallant act. But it was as nothing compared with Eve Durand's gallantry ever since."

"First of all," the woman went on, "I wrote a letter to Eric. I told him he must never try to find me, for his own sake. I said that if I was found, if the story came out of how I had left India, I would not hesitate a moment. I would clear Colonel Beetham's name at once by a clear account of why I had gone. I would say I left because I discovered my husband was a murderer. Eric didn't answer, but he must have received the letter. He never tried to find me after that. He did not want anyone else to find me, as he has recently proved to you."

She paused. "That is about all. I—I have had rather a hard struggle of it. I sold my jewelry and lived on the proceeds for a time. Then I went to Nice, and under the name of Marie Lantelme, I got a place in the opera company. There, for the first time, I realized that another man was on my trail—a man who would never give up—Sir Frederic Bruce of Scotland Yard, in charge of the Hilary Galt case. He knew that Eric had visited Galt's office the day of the murder, and when he read of my disappearance in India, he must have sensed a connection. One night when I came from the theater in Nice an inspector from Scotland Yard stopped me on the Promenade des Anglais. 'You are Eve Durand,' he said. I denied it, got away from him, managed to reach Marseilles. From there I went to New York. I changed my appearance as much as I could—the color of my hair—and under the name of Jennie Jerome secured a position as a model. Again Scotland Yard was on my track. I had to disappear in the night. Eventually I arrived in San Francisco, desperate, penniless. On a ferry I met Helen Tupper-Brock, who had lived near us in Devonshire. She has been so kind—she got me my position here. I was happy again, until Sir Frederic Bruce came, still following that old trail."

Durand got slowly to his feet. "I hope you're satisfied," he said thickly.

"Oh, Eric!"

"You've done for me. You ought to be satisfied now." His eyes flamed red. "You've saved the spotless reputation of your Sir Galahad ——"

"You're going to confess?" cried Flannery.

Durand shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. "Why not? What else is left?" He turned his blazing eyes on Charlie Chan. "Everything this devil said was true. I admire him for it. I thought I was clever. But he's beat me." His voice rose hysterically. "I killed Sir Frederic! Why shouldn't I? It was the only way! He stood there grinning at me. What a man! He wouldn't give up. He wouldn't call quits. Sixteen years, and he was still at my heels. Sixteen years, and he wouldn't forget. Yes, I killed him."

"And the velvet slippers?" Chan inquired softly.

"On his feet. The same old velvet slippers I'd left in that office long ago. I saw them just after I fired, and then my nerve went. It was like a judgment—my trademark—on the feet of Sir Frederic—pointing to me. I snatched them off—took them with me. I—I didn't know what to do with them. My nerve was gone, but I'd killed him first. Yes, I killed him, and I'm ready to pay. But not in the way you think."

Suddenly he wheeled about and crashed through the French window into the garden of the bungalow.

"The fire escape!" Flannery shouted. "Head him off!"

The captain, Duff and Chan were close behind. Charlie ran to the fire escape at the left. But it was not that for which Eric Durand was headed tonight. He leaped to the rail that inclosed the garden; for an instant his big figure poised, a dark silhouette against the misty sky, then silently it disappeared.

They ran to the rail and looked down. Far below, in the dim light of a street lamp, they saw a black, huddled heap. A crowd was gathering around it.

XXII

THEIR pursuit so tragically ended, the three men came slowly back into the living room of the bungalow.

"Well," said Flannery, "that's the end of him."

"Escaped?" Miss Morrow cried.

"From this world," nodded the captain. Eve Durand gave a little cry. Miss Morrow put an arm about her. "There's work for me below," added Flannery, and went quickly out.

"We'd better go home, my dear," said Miss Morrow gently. She and Eve Durand went to the hall. Kirk followed and opened the door for them. There was much he wanted to say, but under the circumstances silence seemed the only possible course.

"I can get my car," he suggested.

"No, thanks," answered Miss Morrow. "We'll find a taxi."

"Good night," he said gravely. "I shall hope to see you soon."

When he returned to the living room Colonel Beetham was speaking: "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it. What a washout that life was! Poor major."

Duff was calmly filling his pipe, unperturbed as a Chinese. "By the way," he drawled, "I had a cable about him this morning. He was dishonorably discharged from the British Army ten years ago. So his right to the title may be questioned. But no doubt you knew that, Colonel Beetham?"

"I did," Beetham replied.

"You knew so much," Duff continued—"so much you weren't telling. What were you doing on the floor below that Tuesday night?"

"Precisely what I told Flannery I was doing. I ran down to inform Li Gung that he needn't wait."

"I didn't know but what you'd gone down for a chat with Eve Durand."

The colonel shook his head. "No, I'd had my chat with Eve. You see, I'd located her several days before the dinner party. After losing track of her for ten years, I came to San Francisco on a rumor she was here. My errand on the floor below was with Li Gung, as I said it was."

"And the next day you shipped him off to Honolulu?"

"I did, yes. At Eve's request. I'd arranged that two days before. She heard Sir Frederic was interested in him, and she was afraid something might happen to

(Continued on Page 169)

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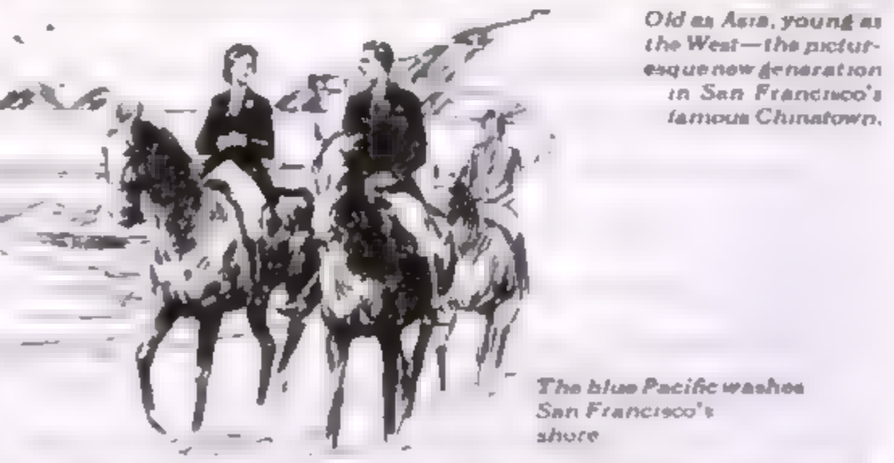

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(Continued from Page 166)

wreck my next expedition. The thing was unnecessary. Li Gung would never have told; but to set her mind at rest, I did as she asked."

Duff looked at him with open disapproval. "You knew that Durand had committed one murder. Yet you said nothing to the police. Was that playing the game, Colonel Beetham?"

Beetham shrugged. "Yes, I think it was. I'm sure of it. I did not dream that Durand had been in San Francisco the night of Sir Frederic's murder. Even if I had known he was here—well, you see ——"

"I'm afraid I don't," snapped Duff

"There is really no reason why I need explain to you," Beetham went on. "However, I will. Something happened on that long trek across Afghanistan and the Kavir Desert. Eve was so brave, so uncomplaining. I—I fell in love, for the first and last time. What she has done since for me—damn it, man, I worship her! But I have never told her so. I do not know whether she cares for me or not. While Durand lived he was my rival in a way. If I had given him up, what would my motive have been? I couldn't have been quite sure myself. I did suggest that Eve tell her story, but I didn't press the point. I couldn't, you see. I had to leave the decision to her. When she escaped that night from Flannery's men I helped her. If that was what she wanted I was forced to agree. Yes, inspector, I was playing the game according to my lights."

Duff shrugged. "A nice sense of honor," he remarked. "However, I will go so far as to wish you luck."

"Thanks," returned Beetham. He took up his coat. "I may say that, no doubt from selfish motives, I was keen to have you get him. And Sergeant Chan here saw to it that I was not disappointed. Sergeant, my hearty congratulations. But I know your people and I am not surprised."

Chan bowed. "Forever with me your words will remain, lasting and beautiful as flowers of jade."

"I will go along," said Beetham, and departed.

Duff took up Sir Frederic's brief case. "Perhaps you would like to look at these records, sergeant," he remarked.

Chan came to with a start. "Pardon my stupidity," he replied.

"I said, maybe you want to glance at Sir Frederic's records?"

Charlie shook his head. "Curiosity is all quenched, like fire in pouring rain. We have looked at last behind that curtain Sir Frederic pictured, and I am content. At the moment I was indulging in bitter thought. There is no boat to Honolulu until next Wednesday. Five terrible days."

Duff laughed. "Well, I've been through the records hastily," he went on. "Sir Frederic had talked with certain friends of that porter in London. But the man himself had died before the Yard heard about him, and the evidence of his associates was hazy—hardly the sort to stand up in the courts. It needed the corroboration of Eve Durand, and that was what Sir Frederic was determined to get at any cost."

"How did Sir Frederic know that Eve Durand was in San Francisco?" Barry Kirk inquired.

"He got that information from a letter written by Mrs. Tupper-Brock to an aunt in Shanghai. There is a copy of the letter here. In it Mrs. Tupper-Brock mentioned that Eve Durand was in this city, employed in the Kirk Building. All of which explains his eagerness to make his headquarters with you, Mr. Kirk. But he hadn't located her. He died without that satisfaction, poor chap. His choice was Miss Lila Barr. He didn't dare say anything to Mrs. Tupper-Brock for fear Eve Durand would slip through his fingers again. On the night of the dinner he was setting a trap—the desk unlocked, the safe open. He rather hoped someone would creep in for a look around. That and the chance of identifying Jennie Jerome, or Marie Lantelme on these things he placed his reliance."

"He would have won if he had lived," Chan remarked.

"No doubt of it. In Peshawar he established to his own satisfaction the manner in which Eve had left India. When he found her he would have told her what he knew, and she would have related her story, just as she did here tonight. His long search for the murderer of Hilary Galt would have ended then and there. Poor Sir Frederic!" Duff picked up his coat and Kirk helped him. "I'll take the brief case," the inspector continued. "It will be useful at the Yard." He held out his hand. "Sergeant Chan, meeting you would alone have repaid me for my long journey. Come to London some day. I'll show you how we work over there."

Chan smiled. "You are too kind. But the postman on his holiday has walked until feet are aching. Free to remark that if he ever takes another vacation, same will be forced on him at point of plenty big gun."

"I don't wonder," replied Duff. "Mr. Kirk, a pleasure to know you too. Good-by and good luck to you both."

Kirk let him out. When he returned, Charlie was standing at the window, staring down on the roofs of the city. He swung about.

"Now I go and pack," he announced.

"But you've five days for that," Kirk protested

Charlie shook his head. "The guest who lingers too long deteriorates like unused fish. You have been so good—more would make me uncomfortable. I remove my presence at once."

"Oh, no!" Kirk cried. "Good old Paradise will serve dinner in a few minutes."

"Please," Chan said, "permit me the luxury of at last beginning to mean what I say."

He went into his bedroom and in a surprisingly brief time returned. "Luggage was pretty much ready," he explained. He glanced toward the window. "Bright moon shines tonight in Honolulu. I am thinking of those home nights—long ones, with long talks, long sipping of tea, long sleep and long, peaceful dreams." He went to the hall, where he had left his coat and hat. "I am wondering how to make words of the deep thanks I feel," he said, returning. "Faced with kindness such as yours ——"

The doorbell rang, a sharp, insistent peal. Charlie stepped into the bedroom. Kirk opened the door and Bill Rankin, the reporter, rushed in.

"Where's Charlie Chan?" he demanded breathlessly.

"He's gone into his room," Kirk answered. "He'll be out in a minute."

"I want to thank him," Rankin continued loudly. "He sure treated me like a prince. I beat the town. And I've news for him—a woman has just been murdered over in Oakland under the most peculiar circumstances. There are all sorts of bully clews, and since he can't leave until next week ——"

Kirk laughed. "You tell him," he suggested.

They waited a moment, then Kirk went into the bedroom. He cried out in surprise. The room was empty. A door leading to the passageway stood open. He stepped through it and discovered that the door at the top of the stairs leading to the offices was also ajar.

"Rankin," he called, "come here, please!"

Rankin came. "Why, where is he?"

Kirk preceded the reporter downstairs. The offices were in darkness. In the middle room Kirk switched on the light. After a hurried glance around, he pointed to the window that opened on to the fire escape. It had been pushed up as far as it would go.

"The postman," Kirk remarked, "absolutely refuses to take another walk."

"Done an Eve Durand on us!" Rankin cried. "Well, I'll be dog-goned!"

Kirk laughed. "It's all right," he said. "I'll know where to find him—next Wednesday noon."

Intent on verifying this prediction, Barry Kirk appeared in Miss Morrow's dusty

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office the following Wednesday morning at eleven. He had stopped at a florist's and bought an extravagant cluster of orchids These he handed to the deputy district attorney.

"What's the idea?" she asked.

"Come on," he said. "The morning's as bright as a new gold piece, and down at the docks there's a ship about to set out for the loveliest fleet of islands in any ocean. The flowers are my bon-voyage offering to you."

"But I'm not sailing," she protested.

"We'll pretend you are. You're going as far as the pier, anyhow. Get your hat."

"Of course." She got it and they went down the dark stairs. "Have you heard anything from Charlie Chan?" she asked him.

"Not a word," Kirk told her. "Charlie isn't taking any chances. But we'll find him aboard the boat. I'd gamble all I've got on that." They entered his car and Kirk stepped on the gas. "What a morning," he remarked. "Cooped up in that dark office of yours, you've no idea of the things that are going on outside. Lady, spring is here!"

"So it seems. By the way, you know that Colonel Beetham sailed last night for China?"

"Yes. What about Eve Durand?"

"She's starting tomorrow for England. Her uncle has cabled her to come and stop with him. The colonel is to be in the Gobi Desert for a year and then he's going to England too. It will be spring in Devonshire when he arrives. A very lovely spring, they seem to think."

Barry Kirk nodded. "But a year away. Too bad—so long to wait. Enjoy the spring you've got. That would be my advice."

He steered his car onto the pier. Another sailing day—excitement and farewells, tourists and traveling salesmen, bored stewards waiting patiently in line.

Miss Morrow and Kirk ran up the gangplank onto the deck of the big white ship.

"Just stand here by the rail for a moment, please," said Kirk. "With the orchids ——"

"What in the world for?"

"I want to see how you'll look in the rôle. Back in a minute."

When he returned, Charlie Chan was walking lightly at his side. The detective's face was beaming with a satisfaction he could not conceal.

"Overwhelmed by your attentions," he said to the girl.

"Where have you been?" she cried. "We've missed you terribly."

He grinned. "Hiding from temptation," he explained.

"But Captain Flannery has taken all the credit for your wonderful success. It isn't fair."

Chan shrugged. "From the first, I knew my work on this case was like bowing in the dark. Why should I care? May I add that you present charming picture of loveliness this morning?"

"What does she look like to you, Charlie," Kirk inquired -"standing there by the rail with those flowers?"

"A bride," answered Chan promptly as one who has been coached—"a bride who sails for honeymoon in pleasant company of newly captured husband."

"Precisely," Kirk agreed. "She's rehearsing the part, you know."

"The first I've heard of it," objected Miss Morrow.

"Wise man has said, the beautiful bird gets caged," Chan told her. "You could not hope to escape."

The girl handed him a little package. "This is for—the other Barry—with my love."

"My warmest thanks. He will be proud boy. But you will not give him all your love. You will not overlook original of same name. Chinese are psychic people and I have sensed it. Am I right? My precious reputation hangs shaking on your answer."

Miss Morrow smiled. "I'm very much afraid you're always right."

"Now this is truly my happiest day," Chan told her.

"Mine too!" cried Kirk. He took an envelope from his pocket. "That being arranged, I also have something for little Barry. Give it to him with my warm regards."

Chan accepted the envelope, heavy with gold pieces. "My heart flows over," he said. "Small son will express thanks in person when you arrive in Honolulu, thrilled with the high delight of honeymoon."

"Then he'll have to learn to talk mighty soon," Kirk answered. "But with a father like you ——"

The final call of "Visitors ashore" was sounding. They shook hands with Charlie and ran. At the top of the gangplank they were engulfed in a very frenzy of farewell—mad embraces, hasty kisses, final promises and admonitions. Kirk leaned quickly over and kissed Miss Morrow.

"Oh, how could you!" she cried.

"Pardon me. I was still pretending you were going too."

"But I'm not. Neither are you."

"No one will notice in this mêlée. Come on."

They descended to the pier and ran along it until they stood opposite Charlie Chan. The detective had procured a roll of bright pink paper and, holding fast to one end, he tossed it to the girl.

Kirk smiled happily. "If anyone had told me two weeks ago I was going to kiss a lawyer—and like it ——" He was interrupted by the hoarse cry of the ship's siren.

Slowly the vessel drew away from the pier. The pink streamer broke, its ends trailing in the water. Charlie leaned far over the rail.

"Aloha," he called. "Until we meet again." His fat face shone with joy. The big ship paused, trembled, and set out for Hawaii.

(THE END)

How to Get 8 Hours of Sound Sleep *—without drugs*

—the kind that gives you
All-day Energy

Accept This 3-Day Test

MODERN SCIENCE has developed a *natural* way to instant, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Drugs always fail to refresh you in that way. For, while they may put you to sleep, they always leave you "logy" and befuddled when you awaken.

But with this unique Swiss food-drink—called Ovaltine—you go to sleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. You sleep "like a top" until six or seven in the morning. As you sleep, the special food properties of Ovaltine build up boundless vitality and energy.

Hence, you wake up full of healthy vigor. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

We offer you here a 3-day test so that you can prove all we claim. Note, especially, how good you feel when you awaken in the morning.

How Ovaltine Brings Sound Sleep —Active Days

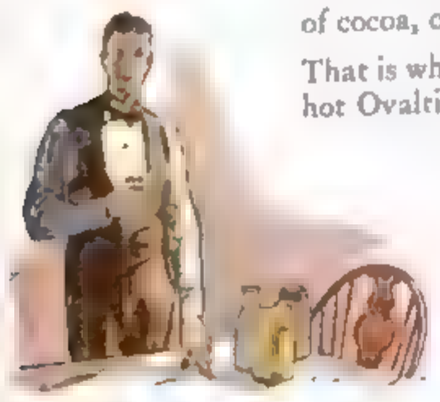
Authorities agree that *digestive unrest* is the main cause of sleeplessness. Ovaltine overcomes this condition in two ways:

First—It digests very quickly itself. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

Second—It has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence, it aids your stomach. Digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. Frayed nerves are soothed. Sound sleep follows.

And as you sleep, the special food properties of Ovaltine also help to restore your tired mind and body. (One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa, or 3 eggs.)

That is why, after drinking a cup of hot Ovaltine at night, you awaken in the morning so completely refreshed—abounding with newfound vitality and tireless energy. Note the unsolicited testimonials.



Complete rest from less sleep

Many people find that they are thoroughly refreshed with even less sleep, if they drink a cup of hot Ovaltine before retiring. Mr. O'Donnell states:

"Since taking Ovaltine I sleep much better. I can go to bed at 4 in the morning and get up at 6 feeling as fresh as if I had gone to bed at 9 o'clock at night."

A. O'Donnell,
Ft. Dupont, Del.

How to awaken refreshed

If you are "logy" and heavy-eyed when you wake up in the morning—drink a cup of hot Ovaltine before retiring and note the change. Mr. Colermann found.

"I took Ovaltine to get restful sleep and from the start I got a good night's rest—awakening in the morning refreshed and eyes bright."

Lewis A. Colermann,
Swampscott, Mass.

Hospitals and Doctors Recommend it

Ovaltine has been in use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties. They also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, underweight and delicate children, nursing mothers and the aged.

Make This 3-Day Test

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of the day.

Druggists and grocers sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or get it at the soda fountain. But to let you try it, we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.

For "hard-hitting," energetic days

Ovaltine gives you the kind of sleep that builds tireless energy. You are at your best all day. Mr. Sherman writes:

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holds the fate of your golf clubs

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Three interesting booklets about golf, and our newest catalog, will be sent you free, upon request. Grand Slam Clubs are sold by retail stores. Complete assortments of iron and wood clubs, at $6 to $15. Also Grand Slam balls, guaranteed for 72 holes, 75 cents. Hillerich & Bradsby Co., *Incorporated*, Mfrs., Dept. M-1, Louisville, Ky.

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With the sole of an iron resting flat on the ground, the shaft should form the ascending line of an angle. If the shaft is out of line the club does not balance and perfect shots cannot be expected.

Grand Slam golf clubs

THEY TAKE EVERY TRICK

THE MAN ON HORSEBACK

(Continued from Page 19)

want to turn and he'll feel the rein on his neck; that tells him what you want to do. If you want to go faster, kick him. If you want a spur ——"

Holman chuckled. "Maybe I'd better have hooks on my heels," he suggested, "so I can hang on if I have to."

Lukens smiled. "Grab the pommel," he advised. "That's what it's there for."

When they presently got under way, they began at once to climb a steep zigzag trail up the precipitous mountainside ahead of them. Buller put his head down and bent to the work, moving at a fast walk, tirelessly; and Holman, after a little, adjusted himself to the creature's movements. Once or twice, to show how much at home he was, he turned to look back. The trail ran through a growth of pines, but openings among the boughs gave a view out over the prairies beyond the ranch house, where they lay, deeper and deeper blue, to the horizon.

They climbed interminably, and the pommel of the saddle jolted Holman in the stomach as he leaned forward at the steeper pitches. He wondered whether he ought not to stop to rest his horse, but Lukens showed no sign of halting, so he pressed on, came at last to the crest of this ascent with a great relief. But immediately the way dipped as steeply downward, and Holman leaned far back and felt a vast insecurity, and was violently tempted to hold onto the saddle or to any other vantage that offered. Only shame deterred him.

But by and by the descent eased and they emerged at last from the forest into a green bowl of a valley, where white-faced cattle moved aside to let them pass. Here Holman was more comfortable, till Lukens, in the lead, raised his horse to a slow jog, and Holman, for his pride's sake, sought to follow him. The immediate result was disorganizing. Holman began to bounce. At first he bounced up and down, but after a few impacts, he began to sag to one side, farther at every jolt. Buller, at this indication of insecurity on the part of his rider, immediately and considerately came to a dead halt, and Holman, gasping with relief, reinstated himself in the saddle.

Lukens had turned to look back at him, and he called now: "That's all right. You can't fall off. It's a matter of balance. Rest your weight in the stirrups. Try it again now, a little faster. It's easier so."

Better prepared this time, Holman did maintain his position. When a jolt threw him to one side, the next, with a compensating force, threw him back into place again. And before the end of their journey that day, when a favorable opportunity offered, he tried, at Lukens' suggestion, to ride at a canter, and was astonished to find himself at this pace in a precarious but delightful security.

"Just relax in your saddle," Lukens called. "That's all there is to it. Don't keep your backbone so stiff and you won't bounce so."

When they pulled up at last before the veranda of the fishing lodge, Holman was panting and he was hot, but he looked down at the boy who came to take his horse with a complacent superiority. He had become, even in so short a time, the man on horseback. A certain condescension toward those who went afoot was his just perquisite. And when he had alighted, even though his legs were stiff and his stride uncertain, this exhilaration still persisted. He had the effrontery to pat Buller's nose and to speak condescendingly to his mount.

"Like it?" Lukens asked.

"Fine," Holman assured him.

"You'll be sore tomorrow," Lukens predicted, "but that will wear off in a day or two."

Holman did not argue the point, but the fact that he found himself next morning not in the least stiff or sore gave him a great access of confidence. During the week that followed he fished politely, to please Lukens. But also, whenever he could manage it, he rode, threading the mountain trails. Sometimes Lukens went with him, but when Lukens preferred to follow the streams, he committed Holman to the custody and care of Sam Dole.

Holman found himself equipped with a ten-gallon hat and a pair of chaps, and with spurs; and he discovered that chaps have uses, when Sam led him through aspen thickets where the slender trunks bruised his knees. They followed old trails and they prospected new ones, and Holman rode up some slopes so steep that he thought Buller must topple backward, and he descended others so precipitous that his seat on Buller was as insecure as that of a man sitting on the eaves of a house.

Once when they crossed a slide of loose rock, Buller lost his footing and began a series of desperate, plunging leaps in an effort to recover himself. It was as though he were on a treadmill, and the rocks slid away beneath his feet. Holman's heart stopped beating. But when his beast presently got stable footing and Holman found himself still secure in the saddle, his breast filled with a long inhalation.

Sam Dole made no comment, but Holman was immensely proud, and when they drew near the fishing lodge on the return, he spurred Buller to a gallop and took the last half mile at a headlong pace, Sam following watchfully behind.

Holman told Lukens that night, enthusiastically, that he meant to do a great deal of riding during his stay.

"The fishing's wonderful, of course," he agreed, "but you can fish in New England."

Lukens smiled and nodded understandingly. He had seen this madness of the horse capture other men before.

Sam Dole was a quiet young man, and an efficient one, and just now he combined business with pleasure. When Holman wished to ride with him, Sam consented readily enough; but since their destination made no difference to Holman, Sam rode where duties lay.

Thus one day they ascended to a high pasture where cowboys held a thousand cattle in open round-up while calves were branded there. Again, they crossed two mountain ranges to a region full of little parks and meadows where a score or so of wild horses still maintained themselves, and they had by good luck a glimpse of half a dozen mares with a guardian stallion urging them over the rim rock and away. Another day they visited the upper horse pasture, where great columbines bloomed in rich profusion about a spring below the cabin. And on a new occasion they crossed into that valley through which their incoming trail had led them so that Sam Dole might visit a cow camp there, where two or three of his men were engaged in marking and sorting and tending some of Lukens' registered stock.

It was on this ride that Holman had his talk with Ike Dowdy. They had come to the cow camp and found Ike at the cabin alone. He reported that the other men had gone for the day to work on the fence along the northern divide, and Sam Dole rode up to find them, while Holman stayed to have dinner with Ike and wait for Sam's return. They ate fried steak, fried potatoes, hot biscuits, jelly and coffee, and they had much talk together for an hour or two.

Ike, it seemed to Holman, was a character. He was a lean young man, with a certain hyperbole in his conversation, and when Holman asked him questions he answered them readily enough. There was, Holman felt, romance in such figures as Ike, as there was romance in this rough and rugged countryside, and Ike agreed with him.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I've seen some wild times. Make your hair stand right up on end. Guns a-popping and the lead so thick you couldn't see the sun."

Holman chuckled. "I expect," he agreed. "But that was in the old days, wasn't it?"

"Not so very old," Ike assured him stoutly. "Have some more biscuits? . . . No, sir, there's a little excitement around here every once in a while. Not nothing to mention, and of course we don't let it get into the papers. But you take it up here in the mountains, a lot can happen without anybody's hearing."

Holman nodded. "I notice there are a good many Mexicans around," he remarked. "Some of the cowboys are Mexicans, aren't they? There were two or three of them up at the round-up day before yesterday."

"Yes, sir," said Ike. "And wherever you see a Mexican, I'm going to tell you, you see trouble. They go along peaceful for a while, but if it was me, I never figure to turn my back on one of 'em. Why, say——"

And he swung into a lurid narrative to which Holman listened with no least incredulity. He had read of such things in books. He had seen them pictured. Here was the authentic figure of a man who had been of such scenes a part.

"How long ago was that?" he asked, when Ike was done.

"Oh, ten-fifteen years," Ike told him vaguely.

Holman nodded. "A lot of change in a country like this in that much time, I expect," he suggested. And he added: "I suppose fencing the ranches has made the difference."

"Shucks," said Ike, "you can cut a fence anywhere if you've got a pair of nippers, or an ax, or a knife, or you can break it down."

"But the country's civilized," Holman urged.

"Well, about one-half of one per cent," Ike qualified. "You look at this ranch. Look at the country right around it. There's two or three hundred thousand acres here with not a road across it anywhere—nothing but the trails. And you go down south and cross one road, and you can go on beyond that for a hundred and fifty miles before you come to another. It ain't so much of a trick to take a bunch of cattle and run 'em out of here, and nobody know the difference till the round-up."

"Rustlers?" Holman suggested, proud that he remembered the word.

"Yes, sir," Ike assured him. "Yes, sir." And he added reflectively: "There's one of 'em we're all looking out for now. He was in here two weeks ago. A Mexican woman see him. His name's Loup. Or that's what they call him. Means Wolf, you know; and he sure is one, too, if you ask me. One of these thin stringy babies. He's got a scar shaped like a Y on his cheek, where somebody stuck a knife right through his face once. Rides a calico horse with a great big saddle on it—big enough for an elephant. But that horse can travel, I tell you. He's been working in through here, off and on, for two or three years. You meet him on the trail and warn him to get off the ranch and he lets on he can't speak English. Just says, '*Si, señor*,' over and over, till you want to take a crack at him."

"Why don't you grab him when you meet him?" Holman protested, moved by this recital.

"No, sir," Ike assured him, "I don't grab that old boy—not unless I'm behind him and got a gun in my hand, or not unless there's three or four backing me. It's been tried. Here a year ago last spring we found Joe Brady up in the upper pasture with a hole in his head. Never could prove anything, but Loup had been seen up that way. And Joe was one of these boys that don't know enough to keep his mouth shut."

"I should think you'd get a posse out after him," Holman cried.

"Well, we're apt to," Ike agreed. "A couple of the boys come on him here two or three weeks ago, running off a bunch of calves, and he'd worked over the brand on some of 'em so that you couldn't read it.

(Continued on Page 174)

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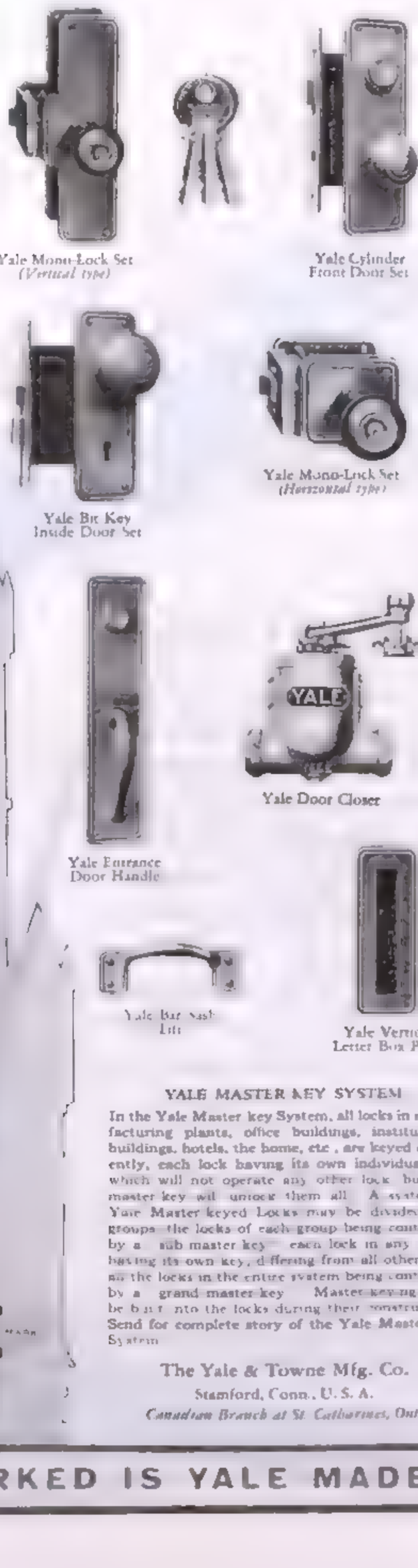

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YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

(Continued from Page 172)

They chased him, but he got away. Got into the woods, and they didn't dare go after him there for fear he'd lay for 'em. But I guess Mr. Lukens is going to have to get after him sooner or later." He added grimly: "I ain't packed a gun for a good while, but I don't know but what I'll have to start in again."

"Is that so?" Holman exclaimed. He was intensely interested, and he asked other questions and Ike had ready answers for them.

"It's funny," Holman remarked, "that Mr. Lukens hasn't mentioned him to me."

"Well," Ike said, "they don't talk about him much. I'd ought to keep my yap shut, but I always did talk too much. You see, it's kind of a reflection to have a man stealing your cattle right along and let him get away with it. You say 'Loup' to Sam Dole and it gets him mad, I tell you. It's the only thing that really bothers Sam. Mr. Lukens has give him the devil once or twice, I guess, 'cause he don't clean Loup out of here, and probably Sam's kind of sensitive about it."

"Oh, I won't mention it," Holman promised

"That's all right," Ike told him. "He probably wouldn't do anything to you, but it does bother him."

"I understand," Holman agreed. "Of course I won't say a word."

Yet later that afternoon, when he and Dole were riding back toward the fishing camp, he could not resist playing around the fringes of the subject. He remarked that there were many Mexicans in the country, and Sam Dole agreed, with, Holman thought, a grim taciturnity.

"I notice," Holman continued, "you have some Mexican cowboys working for you."

"Yes, quite a few," Sam told him.

"Make good hands, do they?" Holman asked.

"The most of 'em are all right," the other replied. "Like anybody else, I reckon. The good ones are good and the bad ones ain't so good."

He touched his horse with the spur and they went on more swiftly and Holman said no more, but he did not forget the tale Ike had told him. The figure of Loup the rustler added, it seemed to him, the necessary tang and flavor to this wilderness. He played with the thought that he might encounter Loup some day on one of his rides, and wondered what, under the circumstances, he would do.

"As little as possible," he decided. "Probably he wouldn't bother me if I kept my mouth shut. I didn't come out here to catch rustlers, anyway."

He made a tentative attempt to lead Lukens to speak of this matter, approaching it by indirection, asking whether there were any particular dangers which the cowboys in their work encountered.

Lukens said: "Oh, no. No, there are a few mountain lions around and one of the boys shot a grizzly here a year ago last winter, and wolves, but they won't bother anybody."

"Just the ordinary hazards of the trade, eh?" Holman remarked, and Lukens nodded.

"Yes, all in the game."

The man Loup, Holman thought with grim amusement, would also be, from Lukens' point of view, all in the game.

Holman had never ridden the trails alone. Always either Dole or Lukens rode with him. Once when he remarked this, Lukens nodded, said gravely:

"Yes, we keep an eye on you. Too many things might happen. Buller might set you afoot and get away from you, or you might get lost, even on Buller, and lack the wit to let him have his head. There's a lot of country around here, you know."

"Oh, I've been around the Maine woods," Holman protested. "I've a pretty good sense of direction." He thought Lukens overcautious, felt no doubt that he could take care of himself and his fortunes if the need arose. But when the need did arise, he was beset for a while by a hideous and disarming fear.

He and Sam Dole had gone up to the horse pasture again. They were to leave for the ranch house next morning, and Sam wished to give some final instructions to the men who had the horses in charge. The pasture was in a high valley shaped like a bowl, and in the spring of the year there was apt to be a shallow pond in the sink in the middle. Just now this pond was no more than a patch of marshy ground. Sam left Holman at the cabin while he rode down with the men to look at one of the horses which had gone lame, and Holman turned Buller toward the spring below the cabin to see once more the flowers that grew there. Through the trees beyond the spring he discovered another little meadow, and he put Buller that way at a walk, and rode perhaps a quarter of a mile before turning back. He came to a fork in the trail and remembered that he had come down from the right, so took that way; but when he did not arrive promptly at the spring again, he sought to retrace his steps. There were more trails than he remembered—faint paths that wandered through the wood.

An hour later he was still following these paths and he was perspiring rather freely. Sam, he thought, would be worried and impatient, and when the man found at last what looked like the right way, he put Buller to a gallop. Buller was foaming with sweat before Holman at last pulled him in.

"Get hold of yourself, old man," he muttered sternly. "You're lost! The thing for you to do is to stay where you are till they find you. Keep your head."

But the peak on the right had a familiar aspect and there was a little trickling stream tending down the valley.

He pushed on.

He came by and by to a broad, well-tended path, and he felt, at sight of it, a quick relief. It was, he judged, a main trail, and if he followed it one way or the other, it must bring him to a cow camp or to headquarters. It was by this time noon or thereabouts; the sun directly overhead gave him no advice or counsel as to direction. But he was satisfied to follow the way that opened before him, and he ascended the flank of a range and crossed the divide and dropped down the other side into a deep canyon where a stream ran brawling through great bowlders. He started up the other side of the canyon, and abruptly, on the reach of trail above him, he saw a man.

Holman's first feeling at sight of this man was a great relief. He bawled a greeting and the man stopped still and looked down at him doubtfully, while Holman pushed Buller up the trail.

The man was afoot, and that was strange, as Holman a moment later realized. No one ventured far hereabouts except on horseback. Yet Holman was so glad to see anyone that he hurried up the trail, and the man on foot stood where he was to watch Holman's approach.

Before they came close to each other, Holman saw two or three things. He saw that the man was a Mexican, and he felt, at that, faint qualms. Fair skin is always suspicious of dark skin; so, no doubt, is dark of fair. This man was very dark. He had a twisted, stringy little black mustache and heavy black hair, and his cheeks were lean and brown. He wore chaps and a short vest with metal plates affixed to it in a decorative pattern, and great spurs jangled on his high heels.

Also this man had a gun in a holster against his right leg, and Holman had not seen guns worn by the cowboys heretofore.

As he drew near the other, Holman surveyed him the more closely, but also he lifted his hand, called loudly, "Hullo, there!" The other replied with some lisping, soft phrase. "Say," said Holman, "where does this trail lead, anyway?" The Mexican surveyed him thoughtfully, and Holman's heart began to pound, for there

Continued on Page 177)

AMERICAN KAMPKOOK

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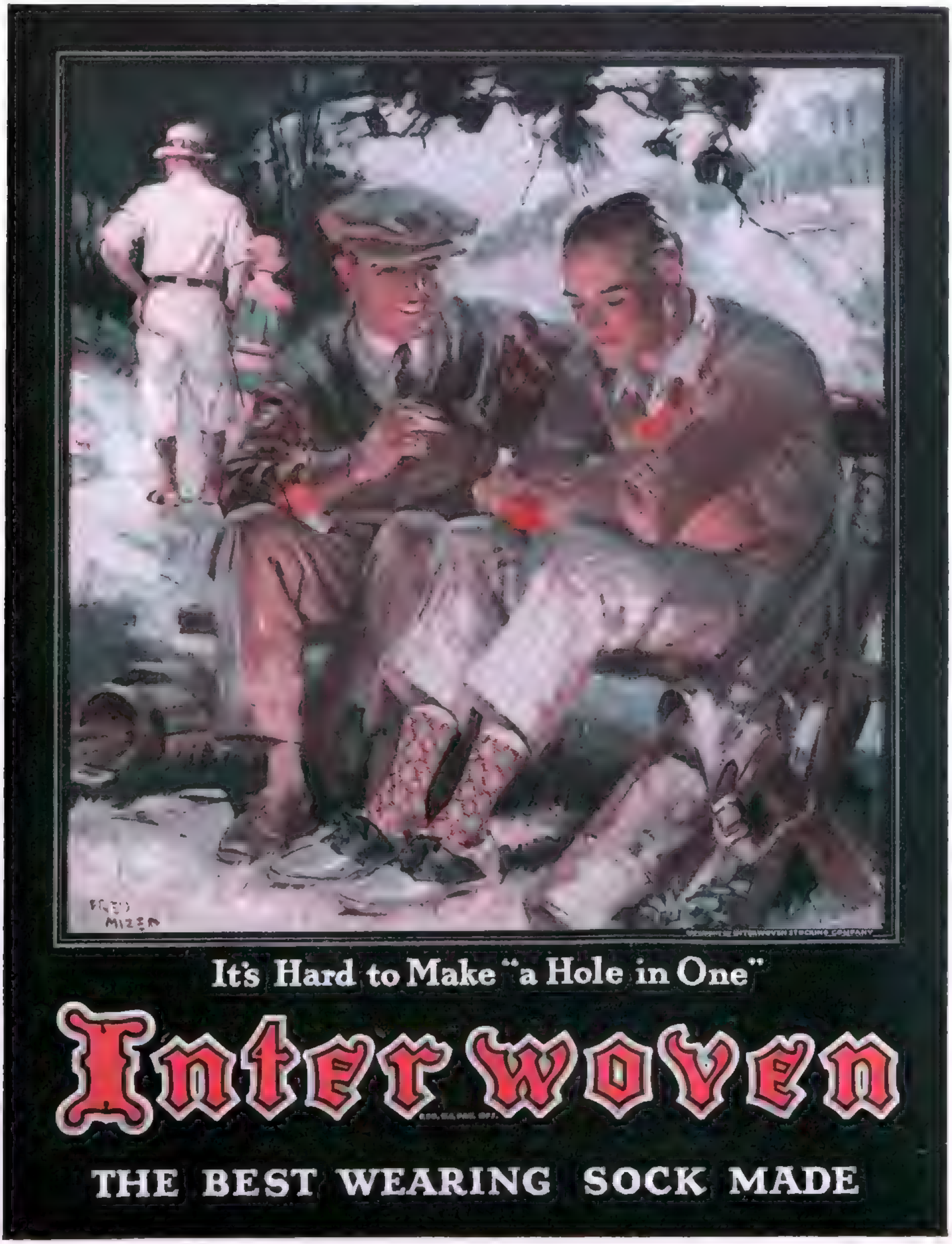
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(Continued from Page 174)

was a Y-shaped scar against the brown cheek of this man before him. He thought "Loup! It's Loup, sure!" But aloud he said, "My name's Holman. I'm in here with Mr. Lukens. I suppose you're one of his men."

The other smiled at that, in a fashion Holman found sinister, and he replied softly, "*Si, señor!*"

Loup, certainly. Thus, Ike had said, he was apt to reply to any challenge or inquiry, pretending not to understand.

Holman asked, "You understand?"

The Mexican said, "*Si, señor!*"

"How do I get back to the fishing camp?"

"*Si, señor,*" Loup said reassuringly; and Holman shouted at him, with an instinctive feeling that if he raised his voice he would be the more easily intelligible:

"Fishing camp! Fishing camp!"

The man made a little gesture with both hands, a confession of helplessness. And Holman sat his horse, groping, thinking hard.

He was not afraid of Loup. He was tremendously excited, interested, curious, but he was not afraid. Loup, for one thing, was afoot and Holman sat secure on Buller. The man on horseback has always looked down with calm superiority upon the footling. But Holman wondered why Loup thus went afoot, and it occurred to him that if Loup had lost his horse, he might want another one, might seek to preëmpt Buller.

"Not a chance!" Holman told himself stoutly. "Buller's mine."

But Loup had that gun in the holster on his thigh.

"Where's your horse?" Holman shouted. "What's become of your horse? Horse?"

Loup seemed to understand that word. He chattered something—a swift recital—his hands moving in delicate gestures. Holman peered at him, frowning with the effort to comprehend. Loup's horse, it appeared, had fallen. Loup made a movement like one who trips and topples headlong. He touched his own leg, just above the ankle; he wagged his head sorrowfully and he whipped out that gun of his and pointed it at something on the ground and pretended to take aim, thrust the gun back into the holster and spread his hands apart in a gesture of helpless regret.

That quick movement which produced the pistol had startled Holman. He swallowed hard and felt his cheek pale, and when Loup was silent again, Holman tried to guess at the meaning of the other's pantomime.

"Broke his leg?" he asked. "Had to shoot him?"

Loup explained again, while Holman, pretending to listen, thought hard. If Loup was set afoot, here in the country of his enemies, he must be desperate, and Holman remembered that cowboy who had been found in the upper pastures with a hole in his head. He looked at the pistol again. But still he was not afraid; he sat on horseback. Loup was there below him, afoot, a helpless thing crawling along the ground.

While Loup repeated his pantomimic narrative Holman's confidence grew. This Loup was not, he thought, so terrible a figure. His speech was soft and sibilant, and he was a small man and of an inoffensive mien. Ridiculous that such a man should be allowed to terrorize the cowboys, take toll where he chose from Lukens' blooded herds. Someone should have captured him long ago, put an end to his long immunity.

Loup finished his tale and looked at Holman shrewdly, and abruptly he laid his hand on Buller's bridle rein and spoke again.

"What's that?" Holman demanded. Loup made a gesture; his soft words flowed. "He wants me to dismount," Holman thought. "That's it. The son of a gun wants Buller. Why, say ——"

Loup whipped out his gun again and lifted it; its muzzle yawned in Holman's very face. Loup's grin, Holman thought, was no longer so mild and appealing. Then Loup touched the muzzle to Buller's forehead, nodded, finally thrust the weapon back into its holster again and repeated that gesture which seemed to bid Holman get down.

Holman felt his pulses pound. Loup stood on the right side of the horse, as though he were waiting. Holman tried to think. His wits were racing, and Loup touched the rein again and swung his hand, pointing down the steep canyon to the south. He spoke, and Holman decided to alight. The man on horseback who dismounts is still the man on horseback so long as he yields his superiority of his own free will, descends only to assert that superiority on the ground. Holman swung off Buller on the left side; he stepped around in front of the horse toward Loup, and Loup watched him cautiously.

The man still held, Holman saw, one of Buller's reins with his left hand, but his right hung at his side, not far from the butt of his gun.

Holman smiled. "Why, all right—all right," he said soothingly. He fumbled in his pocket and under Loup's puzzled eye drew out a handful of silver; he spilled a coin or two on the trail at his feet and bent down to pick them up with his right hand. Loup stood just above him.

When Holman straightened up again it was swiftly. His right hand came up from the ground in a sweeping arc. By the time it was waist high his fist was doubled. By the time it reached Loup's chin it was like a projectile of iron. Holman had boxed in his college days, and at the impact of that terrific blow Loup's very feet left the ground. The little man's arms flew out on either side, his eyes rolled upward in his head; he fell soddenly, as a wet blanket falls, beside the trail, and his body seemed to settle into itself resignedly.

Holman got the gun. He jammed it into the pocket of his coat. Then he cut one of the rawhide thongs off his saddle and with it bound Loup's hands behind his back, rolling the man over in the process. Loup, his face in the dust, gasped and choked back toward consciousness again, but Holman, his knee in the outlaw's back, bound Loup's wrists secure. He cut another thong, to make all certain.

Buller had been somewhat disturbed by these movements. When Holman now stood up, flushed with his victory, he saw that Buller had wandered back down the trail. Holman went after him, remembering to go slowly so as not to alarm the horse. Buller's reins were dragging and the beast moved at a walk, and Holman presently overtook him and gathered the reins and mounted. He turned Buller back up the trail.

Buller did not want to turn, and Holman noticed this and thought upon it. His triumph over the rustler had somehow dispelled his former trepidations. Sanity began now to return to him. Buller must know the way back to the camp. What was it Lukens had said? Something about having sense enough to give Buller his head. Of course. The thing to do.

He found Loup sitting up, mumbling, pale, shaken, and Holman, from his seat on Buller's back, made a commanding gesture down the trail. "Move!" he directed harshly. "Walk! Go ahead of me!"

And he drew out the pistol and pointed with it, in a fashion peremptory and not to be denied.

Loup protested, but also he obeyed, and a minute later they were descending toward the stream again. On its farther side, Buller—when Holman left the choice to the horse—chose to turn downstream along a faint footpath that ran that way. And within half a mile Holman began to recognize his surroundings—a pool here and there, a fallen tree, a dip in the narrow trail. The fishing camp was no more than a mile or two below.

He rode triumphantly, head high, smiling with a grim satisfaction. He even sang a little under his breath, in a sure and careless fashion. Loup the outlaw stumbled miserably on before.

Lukens was polite and reassuring. "It's not your fault, old man," he told Holman. "You did a pretty courageous thing according to your lights. I've told Sam to kick the pants off Ike Dowdy." He grinned. "You can't believe everything out here."

"But he acted suspiciously," Holman argued. "You sure you're right?"

Lukens nodded. "Quite," he insisted. "Loup has worked for me for eight years. He lives in a cow camp twenty miles from here, over toward the road north of the ranch. He wouldn't hurt a rabbit. He was coming over to report to Sam that we need a new bull in the herd over there. That calico horse of his broke a leg and set him afoot."

"Well, he looks like a desperado to me," Holman insisted stubbornly. "He's got the murderer's eye."

Lukens grinned. "I explained to him what happened," he said. "He doesn't resent it. I didn't tell him Ike Dowdy told you; thought he might go after Ike. I just told him one of the boys."

"Where is he now?" Holman asked. "I'd like to talk to him."

"He's gone along," Lukens explained. "Got a new horse, and we gave him back his gun. Hope you don't mind."

They were all thus polite to Holman—Sam and Charlie Crouch and the others.

On the ride back to the ranch next day, Charlie said gravely: "You know, that was just as risky as if Loup had been what you thought. If you hadn't got away with it, he'd probably have nailed you. You took a chance. Good nerve, Mr. Holman."

Holman was still a man on horseback. "That's nothing," he replied carelessly. "Just a joke on me."

They found the car waiting at the rendezvous and Holman said good-by to Buller. Afoot once more, a certain depression settled on him. He was silent during the ride back to the ranch, and when they arrived there, he went to his room and Lukens and Sam Dole departed to the ranch office to gather up the loose ends of their affairs.

Later, just before dinner, Lukens knocked on Holman's door, and when Holman admitted him, Lukens came in almost sheepishly.

Holman saw something was amiss; he asked quickly, "What's up, Lukens?"

And Lukens grinned ruefully. "Laugh, old man," he bade. "It's your turn."

"Why?" Holman challenged.

Lukens shook his head. "Sheriff just called me on the phone," he explained, "to apologize for killing one of my men. They were after him because he'd murdered two people, over north of here. He was in love with a girl and she went back on him, and he killed her and the man and then struck south across the ranch. The sheriff outguessed him, got a posse and guarded the road south of here and caught him crossing this afternoon. They chased him three-four miles and cornered him, and he winged one man and killed another before they got him."

Holman stared at him, and he swallowed hard. "What—what's that?"

"It was Loup," said Lukens. "He was making a run for it when you grabbed him—and we let him go."

And abruptly then, at what he saw, he sprang toward Holman, caught his arm. "Look out!" he cried. "Here, sit down!"

For at his word, Holman had turned white as death; he swayed where he stood and he sagged into his chair, and later he was very sick indeed.

Lukens and Sam Dole were vastly puzzled by the man's collapse.

"Just scared sick," Lukens declared. "It didn't bother him, up in the mountains. But just hearing about it down here knocked him all to pieces."

"Yes, sir; mighty curious," Sam agreed. "I don't see why."

They continued to puzzle over the matter long after Holman, sorely shaken, had started East again. It did not occur to either of them that the horse, Buller, was in any way connected with this transformation in the Boston man.

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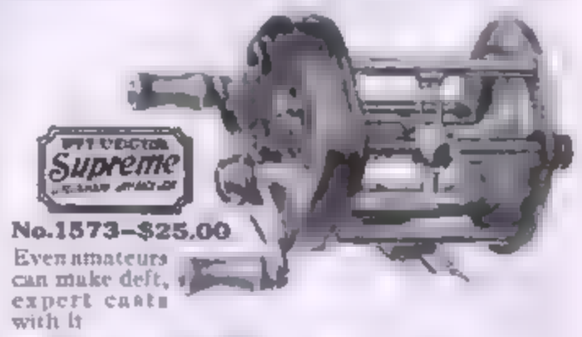

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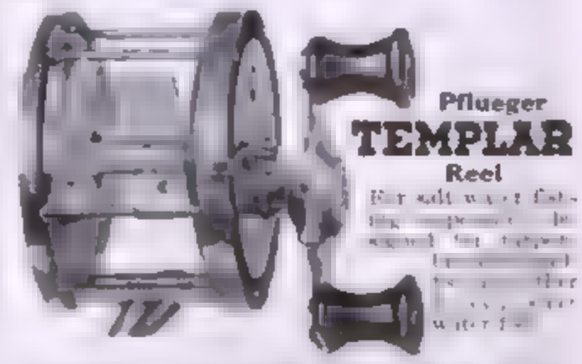

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AFTER HOLBEIN

(Continued from Page 7)

what did the man see that was wrong with him, he wondered. He had felt a little confusion that morning when he was doing his daily sprint around the park—his exercise was reduced to that—but it had been only a passing flurry, of which Filmore could of course know nothing. And as soon as it was over, his mind had seemed more lucid, his eye keener than ever, as sometimes, he reflected, the electric light in his library lamps would blaze up too brightly after a break in the current and he would say to himself, wincing a little in the sudden glare on the page he was reading: "That means that it'll go out again in a minute."

Yes, his mind, at that moment, had been quite piercingly clear and perceptive; his eye had passed with a renovating glitter over every detail of the daily scene. He stood still for a minute under the leafless trees of the Mall and, looking about him with the sudden insight of age, understood that he had reached the time of life when Alps and cathedrals became as transient as flowers.

Everything was fleeting, fleeting. Yes, that was what had given him the vertigo. The doctors, poor fools, called it the stomach or high blood pressure, but it was only the dizzy plunge of the sands in the hourglass, the everlasting plunge that emptied one of heart and bowels, like the drop of an elevator from the top floor of a skyscraper.

Certainly, after that moment of revelation, he had felt a little more tired than usual for the rest of the day; the light had flagged in his mind as it sometimes did in his lamps. At Chrissy Torrance's, where he had lunched, they had accused him of being silent; his hostess had said he looked pale; but he had retorted with a joke and thrown himself into the talk with a feverish loquacity. It was the only thing to do, for he could not tell all these people at the luncheon table that that very morning he had arrived at the turn in the path from which mountains look as transient as flowers, and that one after another they would all arrive there too.

He leaned his head back and closed his eyes, but not in sleep. He did not feel sleepy, but keyed up and alert. In the next room he heard Filmore reluctantly, protestingly, laying out his evening clothes. He had no fear about the dinner tonight—a quiet, intimate little affair at an old friend's house. Just two or three congenial men and Elfmann, the pianist, who would probably play, and that lovely Ethelred Flight. The fact that people asked him to dine, to meet Ethelred Flight seemed to prove pretty conclusively that he was still in the running. He chuckled softly at Filmore's pessimism. "Well, after all, I suppose no man seems young to his valet. . . . Time to dress very soon," he thought, and luxuriously postponed getting up out of his chair.

III

"SHE'S worse than usual tonight," said the day nurse, laying down the evening paper as her colleague joined her. "Absolutely determined to have her jewels out."

The night nurse, fresh from a long sleep and an afternoon at the movies with a gentleman friend, threw down her fancy bag, tossed off her hat and rumpled up her hair before old Mrs. Jaspar's tall toilet mirror.

"Oh, I'll settle that; don't you worry," she said brightly.

"Don't you fret her, though, Miss Cress," said the other, getting wearily out of her chair. "We're very well off here, take it as a whole, and I don't want her pressure rushed up for nothing."

Miss Cress, still looking at herself in the glass, smiled reassuringly at Miss Dunn's pale reflection behind her. She and Miss Dunn got on very well together and knew on which side their bread was buttered. But at the end of the day Miss Dunn was always fagged out and fearing the worst. The patient wasn't so hard to handle as all that. Just let her ring for her old maid, old Lavinia, and say: "My sapphire velvet tonight, with the diamond stars," and Lavinia would know exactly how to manage her.

Miss Dunn had put on her hat and coat, crammed her knitting and the newspaper into her bag, which, unlike Miss Cress', was capacious and shabby, but she still loitered, undecided, on the threshold.

"I could stay with you till ten as easy as not."

She looked almost reluctantly about the big high-studded dressing room—everything in the house was high studded—with its rich dusky carpet and curtains, and its monumental dressing table draped with lace and laden with gold-backed brushes and combs, gold-stoppered toilet bottles and all the charming paraphernalia of beauty at her glass. Old Lavinia even renewed, every morning, the roses and carnations in the slim crystal vases between the powder boxes and the nail polishers. Since the family had shut down the hothouses at the uninhabited country place on the Hudson, Miss Cress suspected that old Lavinia bought these flowers out of her own pocket.

"Cold out tonight?" queried Miss Dunn from the door.

"Fierce. Reg'lar blizzard at the corners. Say, shall I lend you my fur scarf?"

Miss Cress, pleased with the memory of her afternoon—they'd be engaged soon, she thought—and with the drowsy prospect of an evening in a deep armchair near the warm gleam of the dressing-room fire, was disposed to kindliness toward that poor thin Dunn girl, who supported her mother and her brother's idiot twins. And she wanted Miss Dunn to notice her new fur.

"My, isn't it lovely? No, not for worlds, thank you." Her hand on the door knob, Miss Dunn repeated: "Don't you cross her now"—and was gone.

Lavinia's bell rang furiously twice; then the door between the dressing room and Mrs. Jaspar's bedroom opened, and Mrs. Jaspar herself emerged.

"Lavinia!" she called in a high irritated voice; then, seeing the nurse, who had slipped into her print dress and starched cap, she added in a lower tone: "Oh, Miss Lemoine, good evening." Her first nurse, it appeared, had been called Miss Lemoine, and she gave the same name to all the others, quite unaware that there had been any changes in the staff.

"I heard talking and carriages driving up. Have people begun to arrive?" she asked nervously. "Where is Lavinia? I still have my jewels to put on."

She stood before the nurse, the same petrifying apparition which always, at this hour, struck Miss Cress to silence. Mrs. Jaspar was tall; she had been broad; and her bones remained impressive, though the flesh had withered on them. Lavinia had incased her, as usual, in her low-necked purple velvet dress, nipped in at the waist in the old-fashioned way, expanding in voluminous folds about the hips and flowing in a long train over the darker velvet of the carpet.

Mrs. Jaspar's swollen feet could no longer be pushed into the high-heeled satin slippers which went with the dress, but her skirts were so long and spreading that, by taking short steps, she managed—so Lavinia daily assured her—entirely to conceal the broad round tips of her black orthopedic shoes.

"Your jewels, Mrs. Jaspar? Why, you've got them on," said Miss Cress brightly.

Mrs. Jaspar turned her dark porphyry-tinted face to Miss Cress and looked at her with a glassy, incredulous gaze. Her eyes, Miss Cress thought, were the worst. She lifted one stony old hand, veined and knobbed as a raised map, to her elaborate purple-black wig, groped among the puffs and curls and undulations—queer, Miss Cress thought, that it never occurred to her

(Continued on Page 181)

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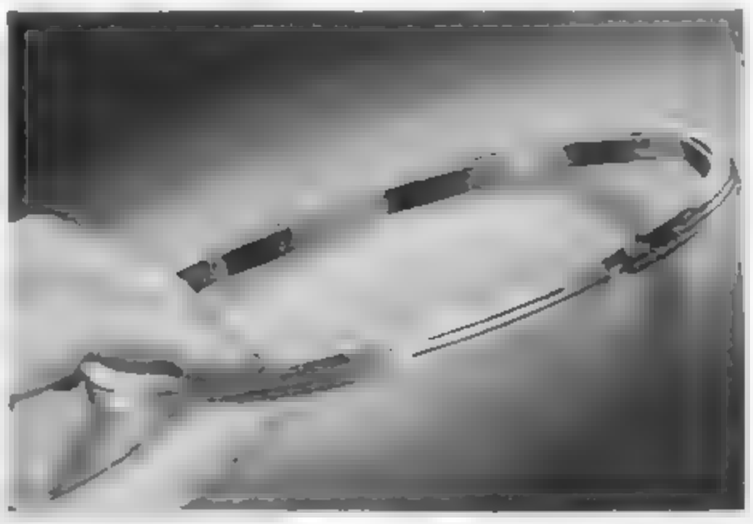

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(Continued from Page 179)

to look into the glass—and, after an interval, affirmed:

"You must be mistaken, my dear. Don't you think you ought to have your eyes examined?"

The door opened again, and a very old woman—so old as to make Mrs. Jaspar appear almost young—hobbled in with fluttering sidelong steps.

"Excuse me, madam. I was downstairs when the bell rang."

Lavinia had probably always been small and slight; now, beside her towering mistress, she looked a mere feather—a straw. Everything about her had dried, contracted, been volatilized into nothingness, except her watchful gray eyes, in which intelligence and comprehension burned like two fixed stars.

"Do excuse me, madam," she repeated.

Mrs. Jaspar looked at her despairingly. "I hear carriages driving up. And Miss Lemoine says I have my jewels on, and I know I haven't."

"With that lovely necklace!" Miss Cress ejaculated.

Mrs. Jaspar's twisted hand rose again, this time to her denuded shoulders, which were as stark and barren as the rock from which the hand might have been broken. She felt and felt, and tears rose in her lashless eyes.

"Why do you lie to me?" she burst out passionately.

Lavinia softly intervened. "Miss Lemoine meant how lovely you'll be when you get the necklace on, madam."

"Diamonds—diamonds," said Mrs. Jaspar, with an awful smile.

"Of course, madam."

Mrs. Jaspar sat down at the dressing table, and Lavinia, with eager random hands, began to adjust the *point de Venise* about her mistress' shoulders and to repair the havoc wrought in the purple-black wig by its wearer's gropings for her tiara.

"Now you do look lovely, madam," she sighed with conviction.

Mrs. Jaspar was on her feet again, stiff but incredibly active—"Like a cat, she is," Miss Cress used to relate. "I do hear carriages—or is it a motor? The Magraws, I know, have one of those newfangled motors. And now I hear the front door opening. Quick, Lavinia! My fan, my gloves, my handkerchief! How often have I got to tell you? I used to have a perfect maid ——"

Lavinia's eyes brimmed. "That was me, madam," she said, bending her tremulous knees to straighten out the folds of the long purple velvet train.

"To watch the two of 'em," Miss Cress used to tell a circle of appreciative friends, "is a lot better than any circus."

Mrs. Jaspar paid no attention. She twitched the train out of Lavinia's vacillating hold, swept to the door, and then paused there as if stopped by a jerk of her constricted muscles.

"Oh, but my diamonds! You cruel woman, you! You're letting me go down without my diamonds!" Her ruined face puckered up in a grimace like a newborn baby's, and she began to sob despairingly: "Everybody—every-body's against me." She wept in her powerless misery.

Lavinia helped herself to her feet and tottered across the floor. It was almost more than she could bear—to see her mistress in distress.

"Madam—madam, if you'll just wait till they're got out of the safe," she entreated.

The woman she saw before her, the woman she was entreating and consoling, was not the old petrified Mrs. Jaspar, with porphyry face and wig awry, whom Miss Cress stood watching with a smile, but a young, proud creature, commanding and splendid in her Paris gown of amber moire, who, years ago, had burst into just such furious sobs because, as she was sweeping down to receive her guests, the doctor had told her that little Grace, with whom she had been playing all the afternoon, had a diphtheritic throat and no one must be allowed to enter. "Everybody's against me—everybody," she had sobbed in her fury; and the young Lavinia, stricken by such Olympian anger, had stood speechless, longing to comfort her and secretly indignant with little Grace and the doctor.

"If you'll just wait, madam, while I go down and ask Munson to open the safe. There's no one come yet, I do assure you."

Munson was the old butler, the only person who knew the combination of the safe in Mrs. Jaspar's bedroom. Lavinia had once known it, too, but now she was no longer able to remember it. The worst of it was that she feared lest Munson, who had been spending the day with his family in the Bronx, might not have returned. Munson was growing old, too, and he did sometimes forget about these dinner parties of Mrs. Jaspar's, and then the stupid footman, George, had to announce the names; and you couldn't be sure that Mrs. Jaspar wouldn't notice Munson's absence and be excited and angry. These dinner-party nights were killing old Lavinia, and she did so want to keep alive; she wanted to live long enough to wait on Mrs. Jaspar to the last

She disappeared, and Miss Cress poked up the fire and persuaded Mrs. Jaspar to sit down in an armchair and tell her who was coming. It always amused Mrs. Jaspar to say over the long list of her guests' names, and generally she remembered them fairly well, for they were always the same—the last people, Lavinia and Munson said, who dined at the house the very night before her stroke. With recovered complacency, she began, counting over one after another on her ring-laden fingers:

"The Italian Ambassador, the bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Torrington Bligh, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Amesworth, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Magraw, Mr. and Mrs. Torrington Bligh ——"

"You've said them before." Miss Cress interpolated, getting out her fancy knitting—a necktie for her friend—and beginning to count the stitches.

And Mrs. Jaspar, distressed and bewildered by the interruption, had to repeat over and over: "Torrington Bligh—Torrington Bligh," till the connection was reestablished and she went on again swimmingly with: "Mr. and Mrs. Fred Amesworth, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Magraw, Miss Laura Ladew, Mr. Harold Ladew, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Bronx, Mr. and Mrs. Torrington Bl—— No, I mean, Mr. Anson Warley. Yes, Mr. Anson Warley; that's it," she ended complacently.

Miss Cress smiled and interrupted her counting. "No, that's not it."

"What do you mean, my dear—not it?"

"Mr. Anson Warley. He's not coming."

Mrs. Jaspar's jaw fell and she stared at the nurse's coldly smiling face. "Not coming?"

"No. He's not coming. He's not on the list." That old list! As if Miss Cress didn't know it by heart! Everybody in the house did, except the booby, George, who heard it reeled off every other night by Munson and who was always stumbling over the names and having to refer to the written paper.

"Not on the list?" Mrs. Jaspar gasped.

Miss Cress shook her pretty head.

Signs of uneasiness gathered on Mrs. Jaspar's face, and her lip began to tremble. It always amused Miss Cress to give her these little jolts, though she knew Miss Dunn and the doctors didn't approve of her doing so. She knew, also, that it was against her own interests, and she did try to bear in mind Miss Dunn's oft-repeated admonition about not sending up the patient's blood pressure, but when she was in high spirits, as she was tonight—they would certainly be engaged—it was irresistible to get a rise out of the old lady. And she thought it funny—this new figure unexpectedly appearing among those timeworn guests.

"I wonder what the rest of 'em 'll say to him," she giggled inwardly.

"No, he's not on the list." Mrs. Jaspar, after pondering deeply, announced the fact with an air of recovered composure.

"That's what I told you," snapped Miss Cress.

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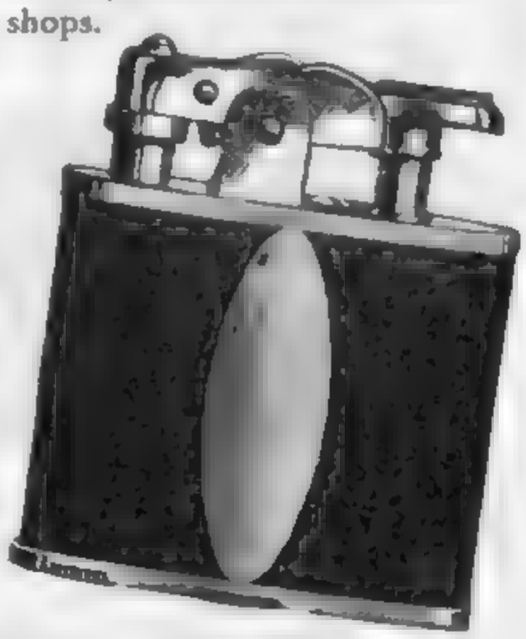

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"He's not on the list, but he promised me to come. I saw him yesterday," continued Mrs. Jaspar mysteriously.

"You saw him—where?"

She considered. "Last night, at the Fred Amesworths' dance."

"Ah," said Miss Cress with a little shiver, for she knew that Mrs. Amesworth was dead, and she was the intimate friend of the trained nurse who was keeping alive, by dint of *piqûres* and high frequency, the inarticulate and inanimate Mr. Amesworth. "It's funny," she remarked to Mrs. Jaspar, "that you'd never invited Mr. Warley before."

"No, I hadn't; not for a long time. I believe he felt I'd neglected him, for he came up to me last night and said he was so sorry he hadn't been able to call. It seems he's been ill, poor fellow. Not so young as he was! So, of course, I invited him. He was very much gratified."

Mrs. Jaspar smiled at the remembrance of her little triumph, but Miss Cress' attention had wandered, as it always did when the patient became docile and reasonable. She thought: "Where's old Lavinia? I bet she can't find Munson." And she got up and crossed the floor to look into Mrs. Jaspar's bedroom, where the safe was.

There an astonishing sight met her. Munson, as she had expected, was nowhere visible, but Lavinia, on her knees before the safe, was in the act of opening it herself, her twitching hand slowly moving about the mysterious dial.

"Why, I thought you'd forgotten the combination!" Miss Cress exclaimed.

Lavinia turned a startled face over her shoulder. "So I had, miss. But I've managed to remember it, thank God. I had to, you see, because Munson's forgot to come home."

"Oh," said the nurse incredulously. "Old fox," she thought. "I wonder why she's always pretended she'd forgotten it." For Miss Cress did not know that the age of miracles is not yet past.

Joyous, trembling, her cheeks wet with grateful tears, the little old woman was on her feet again, clutching to her breast the diamond stars, the necklace of solitaires, the tiara, the earrings. One by one she spread them out on the velvet-lined tray in which they always used to be carried from the safe to the dressing room; then, with her flighty rambling fingers, she managed to lock the safe again and put the keys in the drawer where they belonged, while Miss Cress continued to stare at her in amazement.

"I don't believe the old witch is as shaky as she makes out," was her reflection as Lavinia passed her, bearing the jewels to the dressing room, where Mrs. Jaspar, lost in pleasant memories, was still computing: "The Italian Ambassador, the bishop, the Torrington Bligha, the Mitchell Magraws, the Fred Amesworths ——"

Mrs. Jaspar was allowed to go down to the drawing-room alone on dinner-party evenings, because it would have mortified her too much to receive her guests with a maid or a nurse at her elbow, but Miss Cress and Lavinia always leaned over the stair rail to watch her descent and make sure it was accomplished in safety.

"She do look lovely yet when all her diamonds is on," Lavinia sighed, her purblind eyes bedewed with memories as the bedizened wig and purple velvet disappeared at the last bend of the stairs. Miss Cress, with a shrug, turned back to the fire and picked up her knitting, while Lavinia set about the slow ritual of tidying up her mistress' room. From below they heard the sound of George's stentorian monologue: "Mr. and Mrs. Torrington Bligh, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Magraw, Mr. Ladew, Miss Laura Ladew ——"

IV

ANSON WARLEY, who had always prided himself on his equable temper, was conscious of being on edge that evening. But it was an irritability which did not frighten him—in spite of what the doctors always said about the importance of keeping calm—because he knew it was due merely to the unusual lucidity of his mind. He was, in fact, feeling uncommonly well, his brain clear and all his perceptions so alert that he could positively hear the thoughts passing through his manservant's mind on the other side of the door as Filmore grudgingly laid out the evening clothes.

Smiling at the man's obstinacy, he thought: "I shall have to tell them tonight that Filmore thinks I'm no longer fit to go into society." It was always pleasant to hear the incredulous laugh with which his younger friends received any allusion to his supposed senility. "What—you? Well, that's a good one!" And he thought it was, himself.

And then, the moment he was in his bedroom, dressing, the sight of Filmore made him lose his temper again. "No, not those studs, confound it! The black onyx ones; haven't I told you a hundred times? Lost them, I suppose? Sent them to the wash again in a soiled shirt, that it?" He laughed nervously and, sitting down before his dressing table, began to brush back his hair with short, angry strokes.

"Above all," he shouted out suddenly, "don't stand there staring at me as if you were watching to see exactly at what minute to telephone for the undertaker!"

"The under—— Oh, sir!" gasped Filmore.

"The—the —— Damn it, are you deaf too? Who said 'undertaker'? I said 'taxi'; can't you hear what I say?"

"You want me to call a taxi, sir?"

"No, I don't. I've already told you so. I'm going to walk." Warley straightened his tie, rose and held out his arms toward his dinner jacket.

"It's bitter cold, sir. Better let me call a taxi, all the same."

Warley gave a short laugh. "Out with it now! What you'd really like to suggest is that I should telephone to say I can't dine out. You'd scramble me some eggs instead, eh?"

"I wish you would stay in, sir. There's eggs in the house."

"My overcoat!" snapped Warley.

"Or else let me call a taxi; now do, sir."

Warley slipped his arms into his overcoat, tapped his chest to see if his watch—the thin evening watch—and his note case were in their proper pockets, turned back to put a dash of cologne on his handkerchief, and walked with stiff, quick steps toward the front door of his flat.

Filmore, abashed, preceded him to ring for the lift; and then, as it quivered upward through the long shaft, said again: "It's a bitter cold night, sir, and you've had a good deal of exercise today."

Warley leveled a contemptuous glance at him.

"Dare say that's why I'm feeling so fit," he retorted as he entered the lift.

It was bitter cold; the icy air hit him in the chest when he stepped out of the overheated building, and he halted on the doorstep and took a long breath. "Filmore's missed his vocation; ought to be nurse to a paralytic," he thought. "He'd love to have to wheel me about in a chair."

After the first shock of the biting air he began to find it exhilarating, and walked along at a good pace, dragging one leg ever so little after the other. The masseur had promised him that he'd soon be rid of that stiffness. Yes, decidedly a fellow like himself ought to have a young valet—a more cheerful one, anyhow. He felt like a young 'un himself this evening. As he turned into Fifth Avenue he rather wished he could meet someone he knew, some man who'd say afterward at his club: "Warley? Why, I saw him sprinting up Fifth Avenue the other night like a two-year-old—that night it was four or five below." He needed a good counterirritant for Filmore's gloom. "Always have young people about you," he thought as he walked along, and at the words his mind turned to Ethelred Flight, next to whom he would soon be sitting in a warm, pleasantly lit dining room—where?

(Continued on Page 185)

"I didn't hit one decent mashie shot in 18 holes!"
"If my midiron was working I'd have broken ninety!"
"My long iron shots were simply terrible!"
"Honestly-near the green you'd think I was playing with a croquet mallet!"

The "One-Club" Alibi

(AND AN EXCELLENT WAY TO AVOID IT)

TODAY your mashie may be a favorite, tomorrow a demon incarnate. Tomorrow you may be hitting your long iron shots like a pro. The next day, like a duffer. One club—always one club ruining your game. But quite frequently, not the *same* club two days running. Is there a cure for this trouble so common among golfers?

Of course, there is nothing that will make certain of a golfer's playing all his shots equally well every day. We do know, however, how he can get closer to it.

Look at the clubs pictured at the right. Here is a perfect case of incompatibility. These clubs were never made to get along together. They don't lie alike. They don't feel alike. The centers of balance—indicated by the dotted line—have no relation one to the other. Each club requires a little different swing and timing. To master all of them, you would have to master *six different swings*. Is it any wonder that the mashie may be off one day? The midiron the next? Yet these are an average set of golf clubs—the kind most golfers carry.

Compare them with the set of Spalding Kro-Flite Irons shown at the right. These clubs are so accurately related, and have their weights so cleverly distributed, that with your eyes closed, you cannot tell which one of the clubs you are swinging. And because they all have exactly the same *swinging* weight, your swing and timing are exactly the same for all of them. A practice swing with one is a practice swing for every club in the set. Note, too, that the line drawn through the centers of balance parallels the *tops of the shafts*. This is an exact relationship.

And these Kro-Flite clubs have an exact relationship of lie to lie. The graduation of pitch from blade to blade is exact. Even the tortion and resilience of the shafts are matched. Doesn't it stand to reason that, with such a set of clubs, a player has a far better chance of playing a uniform game than with the ill-mated clubs shown above?

Spalding has also planned the distribution of metal in these irons so that the "sweet spot" comes in exactly the same place on every club face. This is the one spot that gives greatest distance and sweetest feel to the shot—and Spalding has marked it for you to see, *right in the steel!*

A word about that steel, too—it is a marvelous *mild* steel. You may hear it said that a hard, brittle steel is better for a club-head. The answer to that is that there isn't a prominent golf star at home or abroad who owns clubs with hard steel heads—they all know that hard steel prevents that delicacy of control which is essential to championship golf.

Spalding originated and patented this idea of matching golf clubs—both irons and woods. And because these clubs are patented, their features cannot be imitated. Spalding also originated the idea of giving you two ways to buy them.

Buy one club at a time if you wish

Take your choice—buy either the famous Spalding Registered clubs, which are sold in sets only, or build up a set, one or two clubs at a time, by getting the Kro-Flite Related Irons, which are sold individually

Kro-Flite Related Irons come in three weights, and are indexed by one (1), two (1 1), and three (1 1 1) crows. The clubs in each group, or weight, are accurately related in pitch, lie, balance and feel. You can build up a perfectly related set of clubs—from driving-iron to mashie-niblick, simply by selecting clubs of the same index—whether you buy them all at once or one club at a time. Kro-Flite Related Irons are $6 50 each.

The Spalding Registered Kro-Flite sets of woods and irons were the first matched sets ever offered to golfers. These clubs are never sold individually. The set of six perfectly matched irons is $50. The Wood Set, consisting of twin driver and brassie, is $30. Spoon to match is $15. A complete record of every Registered club is kept by Spalding, so that exact duplication is possible at any time. Should a Registered club be lost or broken, simply send your set number and club number to Spalding and an identical club can be made for you

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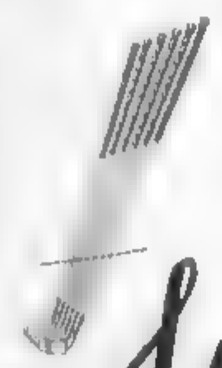

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A New Vogue in Household Buying Adopted by the Women of over 800 Cities and Towns

THE woman of yesterday probably could not have done it at all.

For the woman of today, it is both easy and pleasant. Her new, wide knowledge of real values, her new ability to decide for herself, is one of the wonders of the world we live in.

Within a few years she has made this special method of household buying a nation-wide vogue. To her it is a simple way to give her family more tempting meals at lower cost.

At last she is entirely free to *choose for herself*. Through this plan of buying foods, she can make her *own* knowledge pay dividends. There are no clerks to persuade her—in the Piggly Wiggly Store.

She decides for herself

On the open shelves, with prices plainly marked, the choice foods of the world have been assembled for her to look over—at the Piggly Wiggly Store. Here with no salesman at her elbow she can take what she pleases in her hands, compare prices—reach her *own* decision.

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(Continued from Page 182)

It came as abruptly as that—the gap in his memory. He pulled up at it as if his advance had been checked by a chasm in the pavement at his feet. Where the dickens was he going to dine? And with whom was he going to dine? God! But things didn't happen in that way—a sound, strong man didn't suddenly have to stop in the middle of the street and ask himself where he was going to dine.

"Perfect in mind, body and understanding"—the old legal phrase bobbed up inconsequently into his thoughts. Less than two minutes ago he had answered in every particular to that description; what was he now? He put his hand to his forehead, which was bursting; then he lifted his hat and let the cold air blow for a while on his overheated temples. It was queer, how hot he'd got, walking. Fact was, he'd been sprinting along at a damned good pace. In future he must try to remember not to hurry. Hang it, one more thing to remember! Well, but what was all the fuss about? Of course, as people got older, their memories were subject to these momentary lapses; he'd noticed it often enough among his contemporaries. And, brisk and alert though he still was, it wouldn't do to imagine himself totally exempt from human ills.

Where was it he was dining? Why, somewhere farther up Fifth Avenue; he was perfectly sure of that. With that lovely—that lovely —— No, better not make any further effort for the moment. Just keep calm and stroll slowly along in the right direction. When he came to the street corner, of course he'd spot it, and then everything would be perfectly clear again. He walked on more deliberately, trying to empty his mind of all thoughts.

"Above all," he said to himself, "don't worry."

He tried to think of amusing things. "Decline the boredom ——" He thought he might get off that joke tonight. "Mrs. Jaspar requests the pleasure—Mr. Warley declines the boredom." Not so bad, really; and he had an idea he'd never told it to the people—what in hell was their name?—the people he was on his way to dine with. "Mrs. Jaspar requests the pleasure." Poor old Mrs. Jaspar! Again it occurred to him that he hadn't always been very civil to her in old times. When everybody's running after a fellow it's pardonable now and then to chuck a boring dinner at the last minute; but, all the same, as one grew older, one understood better how an unintentional slight of that sort might cause offense, cause even pain. And he hated to cause people pain. He thought perhaps he'd better call on Mrs. Jaspar some afternoon. She'd be surprised! Or ring her up, poor old girl, and propose himself, just informally, for dinner. One dull evening wouldn't kill him, and how pleased she'd be! "Yes," he thought, "decidedly." When he got to be her age he could imagine how much he'd like it if somebody still in the running should ring him up unexpectedly and say ——

He stopped and looked up slowly, wonderingly, at the wide illuminated façade of the house he was approaching. Queer coincidence—it was the Jaspar house. And all lit up—for a dinner evidently. And that was queerer yet, almost uncanny; for here he was, in front of the door, as the clock struck a quarter past eight, and of course—he remembered it quite clearly now—it was just here, it was with Mrs. Jaspar that he was dining. Those little lapses of memory never lasted more than a second or two. How right he'd been not to let himself worry! He pressed his hand on the doorbell.

"It's good to get in out of the cold," he thought, as the double doors swung open at his ring.

■

IN THAT hushed, sonorous house the sound of the doorbell was as loud to the two women upstairs as if it had rung in the next room.

Miss Cress raised her head in surprise, and Lavinia dropped Mrs. Jaspar's other false set—the more comfortable one—with a clatter, on the marble washstand. She stumbled across the dressing room and hastened out to the landing. With Munson absent, there was no knowing how George might muddle things.

Miss Cress joined her. "Who is it?" she whispered excitedly. Below, they heard the sound of a hat and a walking stick being laid down on the big marble-topped table in the hall and then George's stentorian drone: "Mr. Anson Warley."

"It is—it is! I can see him," Miss Cress whispered, hanging over the stair rail.

"Good gracious—mercy me! And Munson not here! Oh, whatever—whatever shall we do?" Lavinia was trembling so violently that she had to clutch the stair rail to prevent herself from falling. Miss Cress thought, with her cold lucidity: "She's a good deal sicker than the old woman."

"What shall we do, Miss Cress? That fool of a George—he's showing him in! Who could have thought it?" Miss Cress knew the images that were whirling through Lavinia's brain—the vision of Mrs. Jaspar's having another stroke at the sight of this mysterious intruder; of Mr. Anson Warley's seeing her there, in her impotence and her abasement; of the family's being summoned and rushing in to exclaim, to question, to be horrified and furious—and all because poor old Munson's memory was going, like his mistress', like Lavinia's, and because he had forgotten that it was one of the dinner nights. Oh, misery! The tears were running down Lavinia's cheeks, and Miss Cress knew she was thinking: "If the daughters sack him—and they will—where's he going to, old and deaf as he is? Oh, if only he can hold till she dies, and get his pension."

Lavinia recovered herself, with one of her supreme efforts.

"Miss Cress, we must go down at once—at once! Something dreadful's going to happen." She began to totter toward the little velvet-lined lift in the corner of the landing.

Miss Cress took pity on her. "Come along," she said, sustaining her. "But nothing dreadful's going to happen. You'll see."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Cress. But the shock—the awful shock to her—of seeing that strange gentleman walk in."

"Not a bit of it." Miss Cress laughed as she stepped into the lift. "He's not a stranger. She's expecting him."

"Expecting him? Expecting Mr. Warley?"

"Sure she is. She told me so just now. She says she invited him yesterday."

"But, Miss Cress, what are you thinking of? Invite him—how? When you know she can't write nor telephone?"

"Well, she says she saw him; she saw him last night at a dance."

"Oh, God," murmured Lavinia, covering her eyes with her hands.

"At a dance at the Fred Amesworths'—that's what she said," Miss Cress pursued, feeling the same little shiver run down her back as when Mrs. Jaspar had made the statement to her.

"The Amesworths—not the Amesworths?" Lavinia echoed, shivering too. She dropped her hands from her stricken face and followed Miss Cress out of the lift. Her expression had become less anguished, and the nurse wondered why. In reality, she was thinking, in a sort of dreary beatitude: "But if she's suddenly got as much worse as this, she'll go before me, after all, my poor lady, and I'll see to it she's properly laid out and dressed, and nobody but Lavinia's hands 'll touch her."

"You'll see—if she was expecting him, as she says, it won't give her a shock, anyhow. Only, how did he know?" Miss Cress whispered, with an acuter renewal of her shiver.

She followed Lavinia, with muffled steps, down the passage to the pantry, and from there the two women stole into the dining room and placed themselves noiselessly behind the tall Coromandel screen, through

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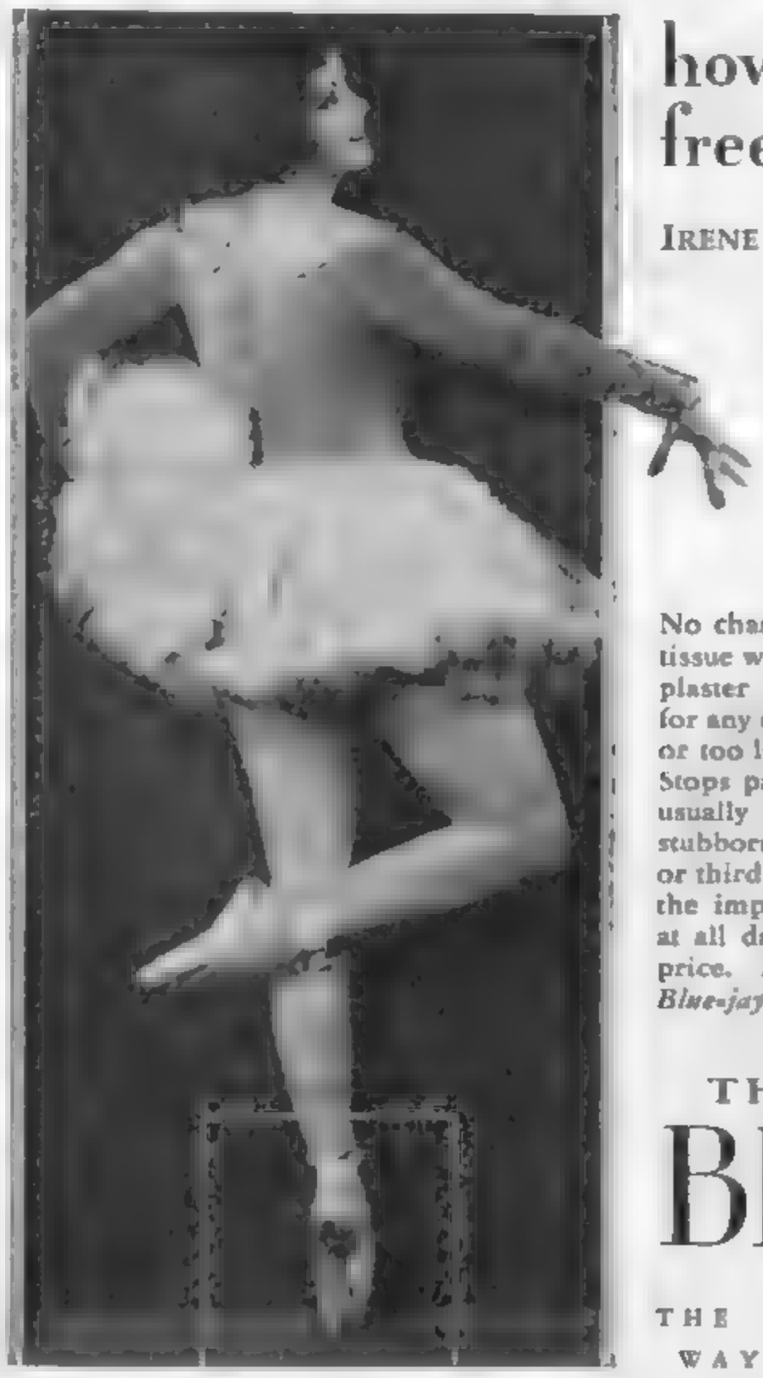

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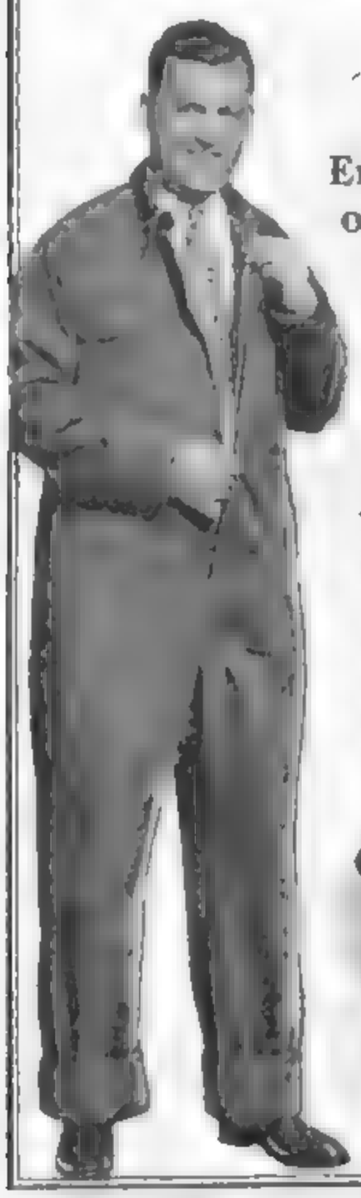

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Its advantages are numerous—one-piece, quick opening and securely fastening—dust-tight and buttonless.

All sizes and various materials, khaki, blue denim, stripes, etc.—durable and easy to wash.

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SEE a city that in five years has sprung from the floor of an unpopulated valley to assume its position as one of the industrial centers of the Pacific Northwest. See a garden spot of beauty—with flowered parks, smooth boulevards, charming architecture—beautiful modern schools, all nestling near mountains and beside the beautiful Columbia River. See ocean vessels weighing anchor with cargo outgoing from the largest lumber manufacturing plants in the world. Stay awhile in beautiful Hotel Monticello. Enjoy the golf links, bathing and boating in a crystal-clear lake which rises to the very edges of smiling terraced lawns. See a city unique in all America—captivating as a vacation place, boundless in its opportunities for industrial advancement.

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THE LONGVIEW COMPANY
Longview, Washington

Write for beautifully illustrated literature that will help you plan a wonderful trip to the Pacific Northwest.

the cracks of which they could peep into the empty room.

The long table was set, as Mrs. Jaspar always insisted that it should be on these occasions, but, old Munson not having returned, the gold plate, which his mistress also insisted on, had not been got out, and all down the table, as Lavinia saw with horror, George had laid the coarse blue-and-white plates from the servants' hall. The electric wall lights were on and the candles lit in the branching Sèvres candelabra—so much at least had been done. But the flowers in the great central dish of rose Du Barry porcelain and in the smaller dishes which accompanied it—the flowers—oh, shame—had been forgotten! They were no longer real flowers; the family had long since suppressed that expense—and no wonder, for Mrs. Jaspar always insisted on orchids. But Grace, the youngest daughter, who was the kindest, had hit on the clever device of arranging three beautiful clusters of artificial orchids and maidenhair, which had only to be lifted from their shelf in the pantry and set in the dishes—only, of course, that imbecile footman had forgotten or had not known where to find them. And—oh, horror—realizing his oversight too late, no doubt, to appeal to Lavinia, he had taken some old newspapers and bunched them up into something that he probably thought resembled a bouquet, and crammed one into each of the priceless rose Du Barry dishes!

Lavinia clutched at Miss Cress' arm. "Oh, look—look what he's done. I shall die of the shame of it. Oh, miss, hadn't we better slip round to the drawing-room and try to coax my poor lady upstairs again, afore ever she notices?"

Miss Cress, peering through the crack of the screen, could hardly suppress a giggle; for at that moment the double doors of the dining room were thrown open and George, shuffling about in a baggy livery inherited from a long-departed predecessor, of more commanding build, bawled out in his loud singsong:

"Dinner is served, madam."

"Oh, it's too late," moaned Lavinia. Miss Cress signed to her to keep silent, and the two watchers glued their eyes to their respective cracks of the screen.

What they saw, far off down the vista of empty drawing-rooms, and after an interval during which, as Lavinia knew, the imaginary guests were supposed to file in and take their seats, was the entrance, at the end of the ghostly cortège, of a very old woman, still tall and towering, on the arm of a man somewhat smaller than herself, with a fixed smile on a darkly pink face and a slim, erect figure clad in perfect evening clothes, who advanced with short measured steps, profiting, Miss Cress noticed, by the support of the arm he was supposed to sustain.

"Well, I never!" was the nurse's inward comment.

The couple continued to advance, with rigid smiles and eyes staring straight ahead. Neither turned to the other, neither spoke. All their attention was concentrated on the immense, the almost unachievable effort of reaching that point, halfway down the long dinner table, opposite the big Du Barry dish, where George was drawing back an armchair for Mrs. Jaspar. At last they reached it, and Mrs. Jaspar seated herself and waved a stony hand to Mr. Warley.

"On my right."

He gave a little bow, like the bend of a jointed doll, and, with infinite precaution, let himself down into his chair. Beads of perspiration were standing on his forehead, and Miss Cress saw him draw out his cambric handkerchief and wipe them stealthily away. He then turned his head somewhat stiffly toward his hostess.

"What beautiful flowers!" he said, with great precision and perfect gravity, waving his hand toward the bunched-up newspaper in the bowl of Sèvres.

Mrs. Jaspar received the tribute with complacency. "So glad. From High Lawn every morning," she simpered.

"Mar-vellows," Mr. Warley completed.

"I always say to the bishop ——" Mrs. Jaspar continued.

"Ha, of course!" Mr. Warley warmly assented.

"Not that I don't think ——"

"Ha, rather!"

George had reappeared from the pantry, with a blue crockery dish of mashed potatoes. This he handed in turn to one after another of the imaginary guests and finally presented to Mrs. Jaspar and her right-hand neighbor.

They both helped themselves cautiously, and Mrs. Jaspar addressed an arch smile to Mr. Warley. "'Nother month, no more oysters."

"Ha, no more'"

George, with a bottle of Apollinaris wrapped in a napkin, was saying to each guest in turn: "Perrier-Jouet, 'ninety-five." He had picked that up, thought Miss Cress, from hearing old Munson repeat it so often.

"Hang it—well, then, just a sip," murmured Mr. Warley.

"Old times," bantered Mrs. Jaspar; and the two turned to each other and bowed their heads and touched glasses.

"I often tell Mrs. Amesworth ——" Mrs. Jaspar continued, bending to an imaginary presence across the table.

"Ha, ha!" Mr. Warley approved.

George reappeared and slowly encircled the table, with a dish of spinach. After the spinach the Apollinaris also went the rounds again, announced successively as "Château Lafite, 'seventy-four," and "the old Newbold Madeira." Each time that George approached his glass, Mr. Warley made the feint of lifting a defensive hand, and then smiled and yielded. "Might as well—hanged for a sheep," he remarked gayly; and Mrs. Jaspar giggled.

Finally a dish of Malaga grapes and apples was handed. Mrs. Jaspar, now growing perceptibly languid and nodding with more and more effort at Mr. Warley's pleasantries, transferred a bunch of grapes to her plate, but nibbled only two or three.

"Tired," she said suddenly, in a whimper like a child's; and she rose, lifting herself up by the arms of her chair and leaning over to catch the eye of an invisible lady, presumably Mrs. Amesworth, seated opposite to her.

Mr. Warley was on his feet, too, supporting himself by resting one hand on the table in a jaunty attitude. Mrs. Jaspar waved to him to be reseated.

"Join us, after cigars," she smilingly ordained; and with a great and concentrated effort, he bowed to her as she passed toward the double doors which George was throwing open.

Slowly, majestically, the purple velvet train disappeared down the long enfilade of illuminated rooms, and the last door closed behind her.

"Well, I do believe she's enjoyed it!" chuckled Miss Cress, taking Lavinia by the arm to help her back to the hall. Lavinia, for weeping, could not answer.

VI

ANSON WARLEY found himself in the hall again, getting into his fur-lined overcoat. He remembered suddenly thinking that the rooms had been intensely overheated and that all the other guests had talked very loud and laughed inordinately.

"Very good talk, though, I must say," he had to acknowledge.

In the hall, as he got his arms into his coat—rather a job, too, after that Perrier-Jouet—he remembered saying to somebody—perhaps it was the old butler—"Slipping off early. Going on; 'nother engagement," and thinking to himself the while that when he got out into the fresh air again he would certainly remember where the other engagement was. He smiled a little, while the servant, who seemed a clumsy fellow, fumbled with the fastening of the door. "And Filmore, who thought I wasn't even well enough to dine out—ass!—what would he say if he knew I was going on?"

(Continued on Page 189)

Man O' War

THE HOLDER OF THREE WORLD'S RECORDS

The wonder horse of all time

-favored by Nature above all others

MAN O' WAR was bred under conditions no different from those which produced horses who never won a single race Yet Man o' War became the unchallenged champion of all time—the horse the whole world bows to!

What made Man o' War a super-horse—a horse whose marvelous swiftness and endurance have no parallel in racing history? You'll have to ask Nature for the answer. Nature gave to this one horse amazing qualities of speed and stamina—qualities she has never granted so generously to any other horse. Nature has the trick of playing favorites.

Nature favored Pure Pennsylvania Oil, too, with qualities no other oil can boast

NATURE made this one oil of different materials—gave it qualities found in no other oil. Qualities that make Pure Pennsylvania Oil the finest motor lubricant money can buy.

That's why, under normal conditions, every filling of Pure Pennsylvania Oil gives you at least 1000 miles of super-lubrication—and even more miles with an oil filter. That's why experts call Pennsylvania "the highest grade oil in the world". That's why 2,100,000 motorists use this oil exclusively.

What are these superior qualities of Pure Pennsylvania Oil? Here are three:

Characteristically greater resistance to heat—consequently a low consumption under extreme heat.

Free-flowing tendency at normal starting temperature, thus assuring a ready supply of oil at every point.

Least "break-down" or thinning out when heated—therefore the safest body or oiliness at efficient operating temperatures.

These qualities, taken together, mean a more efficient piston seal, greater power, minimum dilution, smaller gasoline consumption.

With such an oil at your command, how foolish it is to take chances with unknown oils! Oils that may slow up your motor—oils that may hurry it to the junk-yard.

Beware of such oils! Let the emblem shown below be your protection from them! You will find this emblem on many different brands of oil—that is your proof that all of them are made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Crude Oil. No other kind or grade of oil can use it.

Right now make a personal test of Pure Pennsylvania Oil! Go to the nearest dealer who displays this emblem. Order by name any Pennsylvania brand you wish, but be sure to specify "Pennsylvania", too! Have your crank-case drained and filled with this oil. Then drive your car—drive it hard. Maintain the oil level, of course. But you can add at least 1000 miles to the speedometer before you need to drain again!

2,100,000 motorists get at least 1000 miles to a filling-they use Pure Pennsylvania Oil exclusively

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

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free a booklet on motor oil and lubrication every motorist should have

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PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION,
114 Center Street, Oil City, Pa

Please send me the booklet, "The Inside Story of Motor Oil."

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Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

★ *The letters used in Kelvinator advertising are genuine. For obvious reasons we do not publish the names of the writers, but they are on file in our Detroit offices.*

"I have used my Kelvinator for eight years"

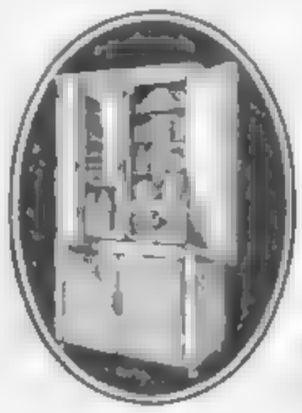
". . . and it is still giving excellent satisfaction!" Eight years ago very few people knew of the manifold blessings of proper refrigeration . . . the convenience and protection of constant low temperatures in the preservation of food.

At that time people were doubtful about anything for the household that was *automatic* and mechanical.

But the first Kelvinator ever made and sold is still giving excellent satisfaction. It has run on, smoothly, quietly and economically, through 12 years of efficient refrigeration. That Kelvinator . . . and every Kelvinator ever made since . . . has been designed to render the continuous, automatic service that *you* want in *your* electrical refrigerator.

You may have the crisp, dry cold of Kelvination in your present refrigerator. Or, if you prefer, you may select any refrigerator from the famous Kelvinator line . . . for there is a size and style of Kelvinator to meet every home need. They are reasonably priced, depending upon the capacity and design of the cabinet you may select. Let us tell you more about Kelvination. Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit.

Kelvinator
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR



Kelvinator Electric Refrigerator

(Continued from Page 186)

The door opened, and with an immense sense of exhilaration Mr. Warley issued forth from the house and drew in a first deep breath of night air. He heard the door closed and bolted behind him, and continued to stand motionless on the step, expanding his chest and drinking in the icy draught.

"'Spose it's about the last house where they give you 'ninety-five Perrier-Jouet," he thought; and then: "Never heard better talk either."

He smiled again, with satisfaction, at the memory of the wine and the wit. Then he took a step forward, to where a moment before the pavement had been—and where now there was nothing.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34

SARDINE

Precocious. Juvenile. Flapper! Predestined to be confined not in the finer way, but in tins. The Rotary Club of fish A joiner. Gregarious. In fact, chummy to the point of intimacy.

SMELT

An illegitimate sardine. Cast from the can, spurned by the grill. Just missing, all through life. Of no use to himself or any other smelt. Unhappy, always. Usually a suicide.

TROUT

The Jazz Singer of fish. Fast of fin and desire. A night fish. A fish about town. Colorful. Drinking deep of life. Born to range far and die fighting. A country fish, with city instincts. A daring life with a climax, usually, of *sauté meunière*.

COD

A home-life fish. Parental. A fireside fish. Father of all the little scrod who later become cod, who give birth to scrod, who and on and on and on. Resigned to his lot. Secretly fond of sports, including catfish, but still —— —*Eleanor Meade.*

At Dancing Class

"MY DEAR, isn't it wonderful to have this nice little gallery to sit in and watch the dancing class?

"You know, you can always tell the mothers of girls and the mothers of boys here. Why, the mothers of girls lean way over the rail, anxiously looking to see if their daughters are being danced with, but the mothers of boys sit back calm and unconcerned in their chairs, with the most serene and self-satisfied expression on their faces. Yes, it's really so. Just take a look down this row of mothers and you'll see at once what I mean.

"My dear, who is that ugly girl dancing with my handsome Tommy? Did you ever see such an awful haircut! Why, I do believe she is trying to dance cheek to cheek with him. The way these girls do vamp our boys is so outrageous. Now, I ask you, how in the world are we ever going to bring our nice boys up decently when these terrible girls act this way? Don't you think the girls nowadays seem much older and more sophisticated than the boys? My dear, the way all of them do pursue my Tommy—and he is so dear and unspoiled by their admiration. Won't it be awful, though, when he does realize how good-looking he really is? Look quick, dear, at that terrible gown. Honestly, if I did own an ugly girl I'd at least get her a lovely frock. My Tommy's Tuxedo is the best in the store. Tommy's father thought I was foolish, but I said, 'No, good looks show off good feathers.'

"My dear, look quick. That girl in the tacky green dress has grabbed—actually grabbed—my Tommy in the Paul Jones, and she's looking up at him and tapping him on the shoulder. I suppose she's admiring his hair—it took him just an hour to get it brushed tonight. If I do say it myself, as shouldn't, my Tommy is the best-looking boy out there, and the sweetest. Which one is your boy, dear? Oh, yes, I see him now—the one with the big feet and that queer hop when he dances. Now, my Tommy does dance so beautifully ——"

—*Rena Shore Duncan.*

Mistress: "Daisy, Didn't I See the Milkman Kiss You This Morning?"
Daisy: "Yes'm, an' th' Iceman Saw, Too"

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE
with PLI-PED PROCESS

A new method of laying the insole perfectly smooth to stay smooth . . . no curling edges to irritate the foot a pliable, easy-treading surface that adds to the comfort and life of the shoe . . . a patented process to be had only in FLORSHEIM Shoes.

Twelve Dollars

THE CLASSIC — Style M 294

1. An always smooth treading surface. 2. Innersole of extra quality and flexibility. 3. No filling between soles to become lumpy. 4. No curling at the edges of the inner sole.

Manufactured by THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • *Chicago*

Chew DENTYNE
..and smile!

You can't help liking the man who has a winning smile. And somehow he gets things done! Teeth count a lot in a real smile—keep them sparkling white with delicious Dentyne. It's a quality gum. Chew Dentyne . . . and smile!

KEEPS TEETH WHITE

Forget Her *Day?* . . . . *Hardly!*

A Mother's Day Card will fill with joy the heart that loves you always

In shops displaying this seal you will find cards made by members of the Greeting Card Association—exquisite cards distinguished by the work of foremost writers and artists.

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

. . . lugging along the old ice-box? . . .

Keeping an old ice-box, or lugging it around when you move, is not modern economy. Today's standard of living demands refrigerating . . . . not "ice-boxing". And the modern refrigerator must fulfill two requirements . . . . preserve food in flavor as well as body structure . . . . and present a smart appearance. Take the Automatic . . . . it "feeds your food freshened air", actually circulating and freshening the air inside. And its comfortable roominess is smartly encased. Built foodsafe with tight doors. Roomy doors, too—even the smallest one is big enough to admit a bottle of milk without bending it! Built-in water cooler; easy-to-clean trap. Lots of shelf room, and the inside . . . . just as sweet as one of Grandmother's polished saucers. All porcelain inside and out; wood and steel cases, porcelain or enamel lined . . . . all models adaptable to electric unit. We'll send a booklet describing other Automatic features, including our famous ice saving insulation. Just write . . . .

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saves food chills water

To: THE ILLINOIS REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
Dept. E-5, Morrison, Illinois
Please send me your booklet

TRAVEL-WISE

(Continued from Page 9)

time. In most cases he was affluent. More often he was as ignorant of European ways as he was rich. As a result he scattered cash about. Consequently, the European hotel keeper and servant got the idea that every American who went abroad was a Crœsus and had money to burn.

Then the character of the American tourist changed and he was caught up in a mass movement in which conducted parties have an ever-increasing part. On the organized tour the tip became standardized on a rigid percentage, and therefore unemotional, basis. The European did not cotton to the change, because discretion succeeded lavishness on the handout end. I do not mean to imply that Europe has any prejudice against the tour scheme. Far from it. The American school-teacher, college student and earnest, small-town seeker after travel truth, arriving in groups, have turned loss into profit in many a caravansary.

The point I do make is that absurd American lack of discrimination about tips in the old day set a false standard and contributed in a large measure to the unpopularity of many of the Yankees who now see Europe on a fixed allowance and use reason in bestowing fees. Unfortunately, they are still measured by the fools with money, who have not been eliminated from the scene by a long shot. Because they are sensible they are set down as tightwads.

Since we have reached the matter of tips, it may be well to dispose of this vexing problem here. No matter how experienced you may be in traveling, there are always times when you are at a loss as to what to do in determining gratuities. You are damned if you do and cursed if you do not. Excess breeds contempt on the servant's part, yet he never hesitates to accept what is offered him.

Expensive Visits

What most Americans fail to appreciate is that the gratuity is a definite phase of European life and commerce. They do not know, for example, that in many English country houses practically the only income that servants have is derived from the fees bestowed by week-end and other guests. It is sometimes more expensive to visit a pretentious estate than to spend the corresponding time in one of the finest hotels of London. Everybody on the staff, from butler to chauffeur, must be remembered. The English servant expects a tip just as you look forward to receiving three meals a day. It was a tradition in London before the war that Lord Rothschild's butler received the equivalent of $10,000 a year in gratuities.

The Continental tyranny of tips is much worse because it has ramifications that seem ridiculous to the alien. In Germany, Austria and Hungary, the guest who is invited to lunch or to dine at a house is expected to fee the cook. Where you happen to know people with some degree of intimacy you hand it to the servant personally. In other cases you tender it to the butler when he gives you your hat and coat. Incidentally, that retainer expects to be remembered. If we introduced the same custom in the United States the average housewife, especially in New York, would probably have less trouble in keeping her domestic staff happy and complete.

Held for Ransom

This state of affairs extends to every functionary from railway guards and conductors to hotel clerks and subordinate officials in government offices. These last-mentioned individuals have a code of their own, as this experience of mine in Petrograd shows.

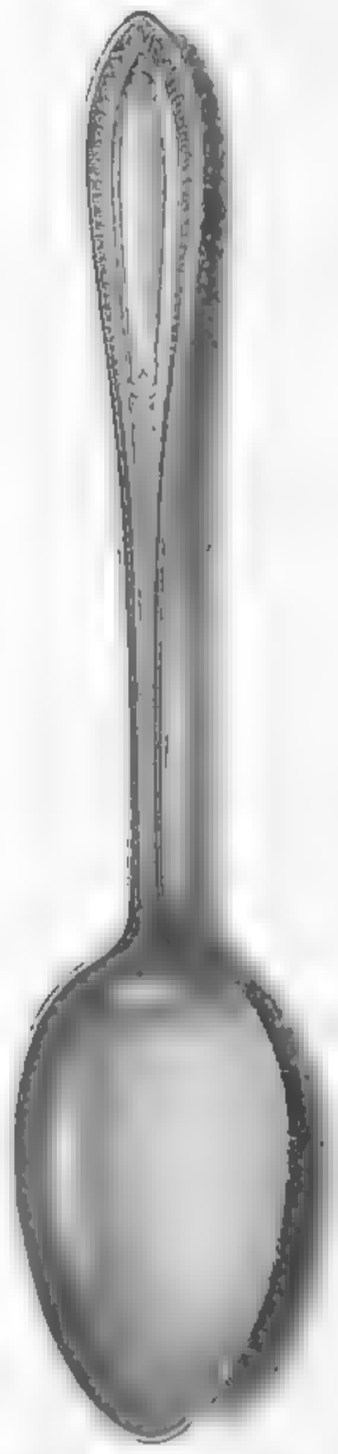
Just after the first revolution I went to see Milyukov, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the old Foreign Office building opposite the Winter Palace. I gave my hat, coat and stick to a whiskered old man in charge of the outer office. After my business with the minister was completed, I found the commissionaire again. Since I spoke no Russian and he knew no language in which I functioned, I made gestures indicating that I wanted my apparel. Finally, after a violent conversation in the sign language, he brought my hat and stick, but did not produce the overcoat. It then dawned on me that he was expecting something, so I handed over a ruble. Instantly the wrinkled face broke into a smile, and with many "*da das*"—which is Russian for "yes, yes"—he brought my overcoat. I afterward discovered that it was a rule, in effect, for such employes to hold your belongings for ransom. I have had similar experiences in Berlin, Vienna, Prague and Budapest.

(Continued on Page 192)

Tourists on the Desert

SIR GALAHAD
IN SILVER PLATE

Sir Galahad Candlestick $16.00 each



SIR GALAHAD SERVICE PIECES SHOWN IN TABLE SETTING

Service Plates	*$240.00 per dozen*	*Bread and Butter Plates*	*$72.00 per dozen*
Goblets	*108.00 per dozen*	*Candelabrum*	*25.00*
Pepper and Salt	*7.50 each*	*Compotier, 8-inch*	*18.00*

Tea Spoons	*$ 7.50 doz.*
Dessert Forks	*14.50 doz.*
Dinner Forks	*15.00 doz.*
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**Dinner Knives, H. H.*	*24.00 doz.*
**Dessert Knives, H. H.*	*24.00 doz.*
Soup Spoons	*15.00 doz.*
Oyster Forks	*10.50 doz.*

Supplied in grey, satin tarnish patented flannel rolls and gift boxes

**All cutlery with Stainless Steel Blades, new French shape*

SILVER W-E-A-R

ASK the average woman who has gone through a goodly part of her life with Reed & Barton Silver Plate WHY it wears and she'll be apt to say, "Well—because it is Reed & Barton, I suppose."

Ask the average dealer and he will tell you that the WEAR in Reed & Barton Silver Plate is due first of all to the fact that Reed & Barton make their own base metal, second that the plating process is unhurried, third that craftsmanship rather than mere workmanship goes into every piece.

"And," he is apt to add, as he holds a piece aloft for your inspection, "the finish of Reed & Barton Silver Plate is *exclusively* Reed & Barton. No other silver plate has yet been made that matches it."

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Ask your jeweler to show you the Sir Galahad Pattern in Reed & Barton Silver Plate illustrated above.

TAUNTON, MASS. REED & BARTON NEW YORK, N.Y.

Sir Galahad Ideal Chest of forty-eight pieces, $76.25

REED & BARTON
TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS
STERLING ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS SILVER PLATE

(Continued from Page 190)

These functionaries are really not to blame for what seems to be avarice to the foreigner. The reason is that they are so wretchedly underpaid that they must grasp at every extra means of increasing their income. Here you have a procedure in direct contrast with what obtains in the United States. To offer a tip to an official is unthinkable. The bribing of a hotel clerk in order to get desirable quarters is simply not done, as the British say.

It is in the European hotel—again with emphasis on the Continent—where the deadliest work is done. The American in Europe for the first time is appalled at the number of servants that turn up at the moment of his departure. In the smaller hotels of Germany, Austria, France and Switzerland a bell is sometimes rung and there is what in naval circles would be termed a call to quarters. The escaping guest—and he is glad to get away with his life—actually runs the gantlet of every servant in the establishment from scullion to head waiter. All expect a fee. If he does not come across he is execrated. In the big-city hotels there is no official mobilization, but every employe with whom you have merely passed the time of day, and some with whom you have not, is on the job when the largess moment arrives.

Pay as You Leave

Many Americans think that by giving one or two servants big tips they have fulfilled their mission. What they fail to comprehend is that the European system is inclined to be coöperative in the sense that not only do the floor waiters in many of the hotels pool all the tips and then strike an average for each one, but every other servant, even those in the background, expects something. This is why the best practice, if you have many meals in your room, is to wait until you leave and then give a mass fee for the floor service. Valets and maids must be looked after even if they have done nothing for you. The same is true of the concierge, or head porter. His position entitles him to consideration even if he has not lifted a hand to help you. Another fact well worth keeping in mind is that the wine waiter in every European restaurant, however small, expects a tip. It is an almost immemorial custom.

In one respect many unseasoned travelers make a mistake which subsequently recoils on their heads. If they depart late at night, when few employes are on duty, they see a wonderful opportunity to escape feeing the horde on the job during full working hours. So they leave with the consoling reflection that they have saved some money on tips. They assume that they will never return to that place. But they do return and are marked men. This is because of two distinctive features of European hotel life. One is the informal intelligence system among servants that fixes every guest and his paying capacity. The other is the fact that apparently the staffs never change. You find the same servants year after year. For the traveler to evade his tip responsibility ultimately becomes a case of penny-wise and pound-foolish. He pays double when he goes back, if he expects any kind of service.

The American is so accustomed to paying for what is done for him at the time the service is rendered that he is inclined to stick to the practice abroad. He loses prestige when he does this. No matter how generous he may be during his stay, custom dictates that he come across when he leaves. Therefore you save money if you withhold your tips until the time of departure. Moreover, servants then realize that you know the ropes, and really have more respect for you.

Since the war the European tip business has taken on new kinks, which add to the confusion and make the question of what to do more complex than ever before. In Italy you are mulcted from 10 to 20 per cent of your hotel bill for servants' fees. The idea is to standardize gratuities and give every employe an opportunity to share in the loot. Conceived with the idea of sparing the traveler the difficulties of appraising the service rendered, it has, in the main, done the reverse.

In the first place, the money goes to people with whom the guest has had no contact and are therefore not entitled to any compensation from him. The worst feature, however, is that although the assessment in some instances is a greater amount than the visitor would normally pay on his own, Americans are impelled to give tips in addition.

This means that give an American abroad the opportunity to deal with tips on a business basis, he runs true to form and spoils it. If the first Yankee tourist had paid his bill under the prescribed system and firmly refused to hand out extras, he would have established a useful precedent. The trouble is that our travelers are expected to give more than any others, and they keep on doing it regardless of circumstance. I have invariably observed that when a German, a Frenchman, a Swiss or an Italian gets a bill with the servants' assessment included, he pays the amount called for and no more.

This system, which was first introduced by the Berlin hotel-employe unions immediately after the war, is not only uneconomic but frequently fails of its principal purpose. I have cross-examined many Italian waiters on the efficacy of the plan and, with few exceptions, have never heard it indorsed. The European servant prefers a man-to-man arrangement. Besides, the bill-percentage proposition lends itself to abuse. There is no audit of receipts. More than one Italian hotel has found some of its operating expenses in the servants' fund.

As the book of etiquette would query, What is the proper tip to give? The travel-wise American long ago discovered that the European hotel employe, whatever his rank, is generally satisfied with the 10 per cent arrangement, which is the universal standard. If you get exceptional service or encounter a person who has served you before, it naturally follows that you give more generously. What the American does not always appreciate is that service, and service alone, should be the animating measure.

One difficulty is that the untraveled tourist who goes on his own seems to have the idea that the European menial has never heard of the 10 per cent scale. In his vanity—that is, the desire to make a display, or the fear that he will be set down as a member of the proletariat—he makes it much higher. This fear complex, based on the belief that everybody is watching and that through him the whole United States is on trial, has spoiled many a good servant. It sets an expensive precedent for the next fellow who comes along.

The Time to Present Bills

Sum up this business of tips and general spending and you find that many Americans lose all sense of money proportion the moment they go abroad. They engage in things that they would never think of doing at home. When they return, the sole compensation is that they have something to talk about.

Full mate to casualties in tips are the vagaries—I use the most charitable word—of European hotel bills. They have succeeded the Chinese puzzle as an enigma for the untraveled, and constitute perhaps the last word in legalized extortion. Alongside some of the methods employed to do in the public in rendering accounts, the short-change artist of the old American circus was a philanthropist.

In what I am now about to write I must except the British hotel, whose ethics are more comparable to the American than any other in the world. From manager down to boots—the lad who cleans your shoes—the standard of character is high. It is on the Continent where the bill business reaches the last word in an alleged carelessness which is often merely a camouflage for deliberate deception.

The first count in the indictment lies in the fact that frequently a bill is presented just at the moment the guest is leaving. Even an expert accountant, with ample time at his disposal, would find some difficulty in extracting order out of the chaos of items and figures. The word "extras" covers a multitude of sins ranging from a broken water glass to a spot of ink on a carpet, probably dropped by the preceding tenant. The spot, therefore, becomes an elastic asset and is capitalized throughout a whole season.

Now there is a definite reason why hotel bills are presented literally at the eleventh hour. The guest is usually in such a hurry to get his boat or train—haste is the middle name of the American tourist abroad—that he has no time to argue about overcharges, even if he is lucky enough to detect them at a glance. In nine cases out of ten he pays up and goes his way. It is only after he is on his journey and examines the account that he realizes he has paid for various things, including meals for his next-door neighbor, which he never enjoyed.

Bookkeeping Errors

Now it is equally true that American hotel bills are often rendered late, but they are usually accurate. When an error is made, the guest hears about it in the shape of a refund, sometimes before he has discovered the discrepancy himself.

I could cite numerous instances of overcharges in the biggest hotels, but it would be dull reiteration. Always there is an "error in bookkeeping." The bulk of the mistakes are made in the luxury establishments, rather than in the smaller ones. In some of the unpretentious German, French, Swiss and Austrian provincial hotels they not only make you feel at home but express a solicitude that sometimes is very kindling. Moreover, every member of the staff is scrupulously honest.

I do not imply that there is willful desire on the part of European hotels to take unfair advantage of their guests. Managers are the victims of underpaid and inefficient help. American laxity in watching bills in the past is no incentive to accuracy or integrity. Once European hotel people know you, their whole attitude changes. It is the uninitiated who get the hot end, especially in the matter of last-moment and inaccurate accounts.

There is only one certain way to beat the European overcharge. It is a procedure that I have followed for years, and I pass it on for what it is worth. If you are leaving early in the morning—and this is the heaven-born time for the inaccurate hotel bill to get in its work—always insist upon getting a statement the night before. It is easy to have your final night's lodging and breakfast written in beforehand. If you are to depart at night, demand your bill early in the afternoon. Then you can check over every item carefully and have ample time for the inevitable argument.

Frequently, when Americans ask for their bills in advance of leaving, they are told that they are not ready. They seem to think that this is an iron-clad rule and acquiesce. This brings us to another mistake that our unseasoned globe-trotters make. They appear to stand in such appalling awe of everything foreign, whether customs officials, hotel clerks or head waiters, that they are afraid to assert themselves. In restaurants they permit the employes to take away their food before they have satisfied their appetites, and never utter a word of protest. Because of this ridiculous and unwarranted state of mind, they subject themselves to every conceivable kind of imposition. The European servant is quick to capitalize fear and failing. He is inclined to grovel himself, but despises it in others. When an employe realizes that you know what you want and will insist upon getting it, he changes his tune.

There is also the American abroad—especially the professional expatriate—who can see no wrong in anything European. Figuratively he seems to like the taste of shoe polish and counts it a privilege to be regarded as a doormat. This is the type that quotes French when talking to his countrymen. On the whole he is a much poorer specimen than the untraveled one who is afraid to stand up for himself, or who criticizes everything.

In connection with hotels is the vital question of accommodations. In selecting rooms, the average American who is not a member of a touring party is very apt to prefer display to comfort. It is part of an astonishing vanity which seems to characterize so many traveling Americans. They like to boast about their expensive outside rooms or suites, in the same way that they are addicted to bragging about upper-deck cabins on steamers. As a matter of fact, many outside rooms, especially where there is a promenade deck, are noisy. In summer the spooning couples or the loud talkers and walkers are busy half the night. When they finally subside the deck scouring begins. Unless you can literally turn a deaf ear while you sleep, there is no repose. The wise traveler, therefore, sacrifices view to seclusion and quiet. It always pays in the end.

The matter of noise deserves a little section all its own. I have probably suffered from noises in as many different languages as any other human being alive and therefore write feelingly on the subject. With some people noise becomes an obsession little short of tyrannical. The late Joseph Pulitzer was a conspicuous illustration. When he traveled to Europe he engaged a series of cabins and then had heavy carpet laid on the deck outside. All traffic in his zone was forbidden at night. The reason he spent his last years on a yacht was that he found it the only place where he could get absolute quiet.

It may be interesting to remark, in passing, that the three noisiest cities in the world are Peking, Constantinople and Moscow. Each has a distinct and individual brand of rest destruction. I might add that Rome, with her incessant clangor of church bells, is a good candidate for fourth place.

A Muffler Backfires

In Peking, everything, from a shave to clothes, is sold on the streets, and the cries of the hawkers continue throughout the night. Sleep is almost impossible. Upon one occasion I was awakened by a din in Constantinople and spent the rest of the night on a balcony outside my room counting the different kinds of tumult that arose from the street. There were exactly forty-five varieties. Moscow's turmoil is twofold. One contribution is from the Russian himself, who is the champion nonstop talker of the world and apparently never goes to bed. The other is the cobbled street upon which the metal-rimmed horse-cab wheels rattle incessantly. Flat wheels on all the street cars complete the misery.

In order to escape noise, I had one of the worst scares of all my European peacetime experiences. It happened at Prague. To procure quiet I occupied a room that faced on a court. This court, instead of being free from disturbing sounds, turned out to be bedlam. The usual Slavic gabfest took place every night, to say nothing of fist fights between waiters and others, and other diverting incidentals.

One night, after a busy day, I went to a late dinner and came back tired. It seemed that I had scarcely fallen asleep when I heard a noise below. Full of rage, I leaned out of the window, to discover a woman beating a rug in the early gray light of dawn. I yelled at her to stop, but she paid no attention. In desperation I flung a bottle of highly charged mineral water down, hoping to frighten her away. The bottle exploded with a bang and the woman fled screaming. At once I thought I had injured her, which meant no more sleep for me. Every second I expected to hear a gendarme pound on the door. Arrest loomed. Fifteen minutes later the woman reappeared with three rugs. Soon she and two companions were hard at work again.

All these troubles, whether born of tips, bills, noise or rooms, are what might be

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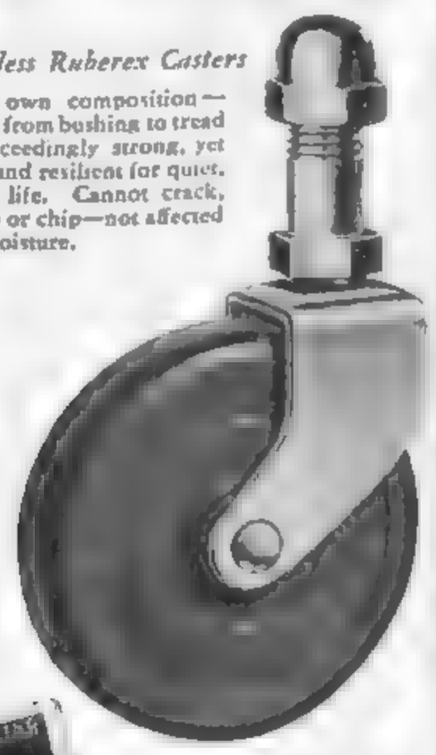

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termed physical handicaps on pleasure travel. There is a larger difficulty which grows out of ignorance of European custom and tradition. Here you have the root of most of the anxieties and complications which are the lot of so many tourists on their first trip. Instead of adapting themselves to foreign ways, they frequently try to bend them to their own, with disastrous consequences to temper, service and popularity.

Just as Mussolini is the greatest realist in European politics, so is the untutored traveler from the United States the superrealist when he goes after sights and scenes. He wants to do everything in a hurry and usually in the way he thinks it ought to be done. He does not pause to consider that life abroad, in many respects, moves today in the same fundamental way that it has gone on for many decades. He is seized with a desire to reform whatever process he regards as antiquated.

Because so many Americans do not conform to European practices and habits, they get more mental agony than pleasure out of their trips. The same lack of discrimination often interferes with our selling campaigns abroad. If you want to dispose of typewriters, cash registers or adding machines to a Briton, a German or a Frenchman, you do not go at him hammer and tongs, according to the 100 per cent U. S. A. high-powered-salesmanship code. Instead, you study the prospect's habits and state of mind. In a word, you adapt yourself to his temperament and to the way he has been accustomed to doing business. Patience and understanding are therefore essential to putting over a commercial transaction abroad.

The same rule applies to proper travel and sight-seeing. Each European people has its peculiarities, which must be appreciated and sometimes humored. With a concrete story I can show how the British are unalterably bound to custom.

Some years ago a New York banker was conducting negotiations with a high-placed British business man. Cable conversation proving unsatisfactory, the Yankee did a characteristic thing by taking a fast boat to end the matter at first hand. He was pressed for time, and thought that he could consummate the deal in two days in London and return home immediately. But he did not reckon with British tradition.

All the Time in the World

The American arrived in London late on an August afternoon and promptly telephoned his man to make an appointment for the following day. Much to his surprise, he was told that it was impossible to see him under two weeks. The American had cabled that he was coming and pressed for the reason for the delay.

The Englishman then said, "Tomorrow is the twelfth."

"So I know," replied the Yankee, "but why should that interfere?"

There was a gasp of horror at the other end of the line. The visitor then discovered that he had betrayed lamentable ignorance. The twelfth of August is the day when the grouse season opens in Scotland, and friend Britisher was going up to shoot. Everybody who is anybody in England beats it to the moors to participate in the great event. War, famine, flood, pestilence and general disaster may intervene, but the sacred twelfth maintains the integrity of its lure. It is almost as deep-rooted as the inviolate week-end holiday. In consequence, the American had to wait a fortnight before he could talk business. Ultimately he put over the deal.

Practically every country in Europe has its formalities, to which the incomer must get wise if he is to be happy. Take the case of the French. Custom and tradition still hold commercial France by the throat. Every transaction in a store, down to a solitary centime, is meticulously recorded by hand. In many instances two identical sets of books are kept for purposes of comparison. This is why you see women—one of them is usually the wife of the shopkeeper—writing furiously no matter where you go. Other customs are ingrained. In the largest department stores you must accompany the salesman to the cashier and personally hand him the money for your purchases. This long-winded procedure infuriates many Americans, who cannot appreciate that it is part of French business.

But this is only one of the phases that irk. There is, for example, the practice of closing shops—even some of the most exclusive—between noon and two o'clock. Even traveled Americans continue to chafe at what they call a silly and stupid violation of all business rules. They do not realize that luncheon in France, from the palace of the old aristocrat down to the humble home of the bourgeoisie, is an event to be approached with reverence and observed as a rite. It is the one rock upon which the materialism of the thriftiest of all peoples founders. Hence the truce to trade during *dejeuner*. I have heard Americans mercilessly berate Paris shopkeepers for closing up during the midday period. Then they wonder why the French do not like them.

The cessation of business hostilities for lunch is also customary in Germany, where the midday meal is elaborate. Usually the head of the house takes a nap afterward. This probably explains Teutonic corpulency. Hence many shops are closed until three o'clock. The lost time is made up, however, because the retail establishments are usually open until eight or nine o'clock at night. The American, however, likes to do his buying during the day. He therefore regards both the French and the German methods as a barbarous procedure.

First Ask the Price

Speaking of shops brings to mind an American indiscretion abroad. In periods of currency depreciation, as well as in normal times, the alien shopper, after asking the price of an article, immediately begins to calculate it aloud in terms of American money. Then he or she exclaims: "How cheap this is!" The break works two ways. It sets the American down as a sucker and almost invariably causes the price to be raised for the next tourist who comes along.

We have much to learn in the matter of shopping technic overseas. For one thing, we usually become enthusiastic before we ask the price. I have known innumerable instances where this bubbling emotion has added from 50 to 100 per cent to the original price. You never see an Englishman, a Frenchman or a German going into ecstasies over a piece of merchandise before he knows what it costs.

Open condemnation of French business methods is not always justified by the facts. Although they may seem crude and clumsy in some operations, the French have been pioneers in many forms of merchandising. It was Marguery, the restaurateur—he began as a waiter and became famous because of the way of preparing sole that bears his name—who introduced the slogan: The Customer is Always Right. Cognacq, founder of the great department store Samaritaine—all the big shops in Paris have some fanciful title—was a pioneer in employe profit sharing. Citroën, the automobile manufacturer, can give some American industrial establishments lessons in welfare and live-wire sales methods. Hence the itinerant critic may well restrain his ardor until he knows what he is talking about.

In the pursuit of food abroad some Americans commit what in the eyes of a foreigner is little short of sacrilege. If you know anything about eating in France, you know that the peach occupies a place apart. Like some of those peerless chickens which only the French know how to cook, they are conceived in love and brought forth in tenderness. In shop windows and on the buffet counters in restaurants they repose on cotton. In midwinter they cost not less than $1.25 apiece. The French epicure likes

LOOKING BEYOND

WHEN a loved one passes it should not be a time for retrospection, for considering only the happy days that are ended. Rather, let us look forward, to a new and happier life for that dear one.

There is no better way to show this faith and hope than to provide positive and permanent protection for those precious remains. Let our last act be one of definite service, of assurance, of comfort.

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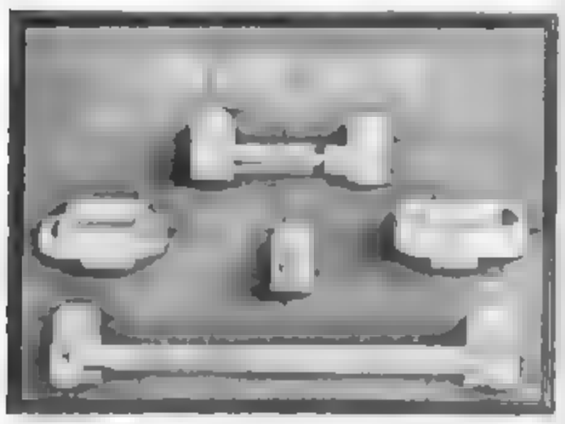

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nothing better than to top off his exquisite dinner with one of these beautiful peaches. Each mouthful becomes a caress.

One morning in December a young American entered the restaurant of a leading French hotel and demanded peaches. A beautiful specimen was brought to him on cotton. At once he exclaimed: "I did not say a peach. I said peaches." Whereupon the waiter brought him another. Again the young man insisted upon more until he had five. Then, to the horror of every employe, he cut them up and put sugar and cream on them. He was doing what he was accustomed to do at home with peaches that cost ten cents apiece, or much less. When he got a bill, on which the peach item alone represented the equivalent of eight dollars, he raised a row and stormed all over the place.

I do not relate this incident to advertise the young man's taste for peaches, but to emphasize a fact that every American ought to keep in mind when he is in Europe. If this peach consumer had inquired the price of his favorite fruit beforehand, it is doubtful if he would have ordered even one. It frequently happens that with expensive foods no price is printed on the bill of fare. This is especially true of lobsters, which head waiters are constantly trying to force on patrons. In their pride, many Americans seem to be afraid to inquire about the cost in advance, and then have to pay for their vanity.

Then, too, there is the speed with which many of our travelers work, and work is the only word that can be applied. Instead of seeing a few things and getting a full appreciation of them, they seem to be out to establish a world's record at sight-seeing. I once heard an American say in Paris, with great pride: "I did the Louvre in fifteen minutes." He regarded it as a considerable achievement.

As a result of this mania for establishing speed records, many Americans leave Europe with a retrospect that is a jumble of museums, statues, cathedrals and shops. They are convinced that they have got neither their money's nor time's worth in the mad race to see everything. As a matter of fact they miss the real benefit of travel—and there is no greater agency for education—which lies in leisurely observation of foreign peoples and the way they live. You can absorb more by being calm and casual than by getting into a frenzy.

For European Food

Not only do many of our tourists abroad compare everything they see to kindred sights at home but persist in the violent search for everything American. Some of them will spend days trying to find a place where they can get hot cakes and sirup. Shrewd transplanted Americans now cater to this national need, as well as the thirst for ice-cream sodas. In the same way many of our people insist upon bringing over cartons of their favorite brands of cigarettes, paying the high custom charges that the French invoke, only to find that they can purchase them in France and elsewhere at only a slightly higher price.

Here is a story which shows how the traveling American is sometimes not acquainted with the wares of his own country. A Western woman, on her first trip to England, discovered a variety of aluminum utensils in a London shop. She liked their lightness and apparent durability, and bought some. She carried them all over Europe at considerable expense and much more customs trouble. On her return home she discovered that all the articles had been made in the United States.

More typical European food is to be found in the United States than vice versa. On my first visit to Rome I asked Marconi to take me to a restaurant where I could get some real Italian dishes.

His reply was: "You will have to go to New York to do that."

Many Americans fail to see anything in Europe because they spend all their available time writing souvenir postal cards. Their first objective is a shop where these cards are sold. Except for the trains and the boats they use, their travel knowledge is largely confined to the walls of hotel writing rooms. When they are not writing postal cards they are busy accumulating labels for their luggage. They seem to think that a well-plastered bag proclaims the seasoned traveler, especially when they get back. Selling labels to unsophisticated tourists has become quite a business in certain parts of Europe.

The troubles of the uninitiated tourist are not confined to hotel and kindred sources. Once he gets under way he encounters many other brands of complication. Usually they are born of ignorance. Frequently the traveler asks for what he gets in the shape of anxiety because, let me repeat, he persists in running afoul of custom—sometimes it is the customs as well—and keeps on measuring European standards by his own. Many seem to think that once they give up their tickets and passports they are abandoned to a terrible fate, as this incident will reveal:

At Rome, last year, I was about to board the Blue Train to Paris. The best Continental trains are painted blue, and correspond to our all-Pullman limited service. Everything possible is done to save the tourist annoyance, especially with passports, which are still the curse of travel. The conductor takes charge of them and the owner is usually spared the once-over. Customs inspection for hand luggage is on the train.

Hold to Your Own Tongue

I found an American, obviously on his first trip, in hectic verbal combat with the conductor who spoke no English. Naturally, neither understood the other. When I appeared he rushed up and, after asking if I were an American, said:

"This bird insists upon taking my passport and ticket, and will not give me a receipt for them. How do I know what he will do with them?"

I told him that not only was a receipt unnecessary but that the conductor would show the passport to the frontier officials and he could therefore travel in peace. The man, however, was insistent upon receiving some kind of evidence that he had surrendered his belongings. Finally I persuaded the chief of the train, as he is called, to give him a scrawl on a piece of paper, which satisfied him.

This seems like a very simple happening, but it is multiplied many times and in many ways for tourists who are not members of a personally conducted party. It comprises one kind of trouble that the traveler creates for himself. The point to be emphasized is that your ticket, your passport and your luggage are as competently handled in Europe as in any other place in the world, but you must let the European do it his way.

The language difficulty is not so perplexing as in former years, because English is spoken wherever you go. Besides, you can always make your money talk for you. One of the worst traveler pests in Europe, by the way, is the American who insists upon trying to speak a foreign language he does not know. Instead of starting out with English, he usually tries French or German, only to get, in many instances, a fluent response in his own tongue.

As long as we are in the domain of helpful hints, we might as well go the whole way. Nearly every American traveling abroad appears to be terrified by the customs. The entrance of a frontier official seems to strike some degree of terror. In consequence, the tourist becomes agitated even if he has no dutiable goods. This agitation, in turn, spreads to the official himself, and he becomes suspicious. The result is a minute examination which would easily have been avoided by a casual attitude.

Europe is full of a multitude of things, and one of them is the professional guide. Like every other human manifestation,

(Continued on Page 197)

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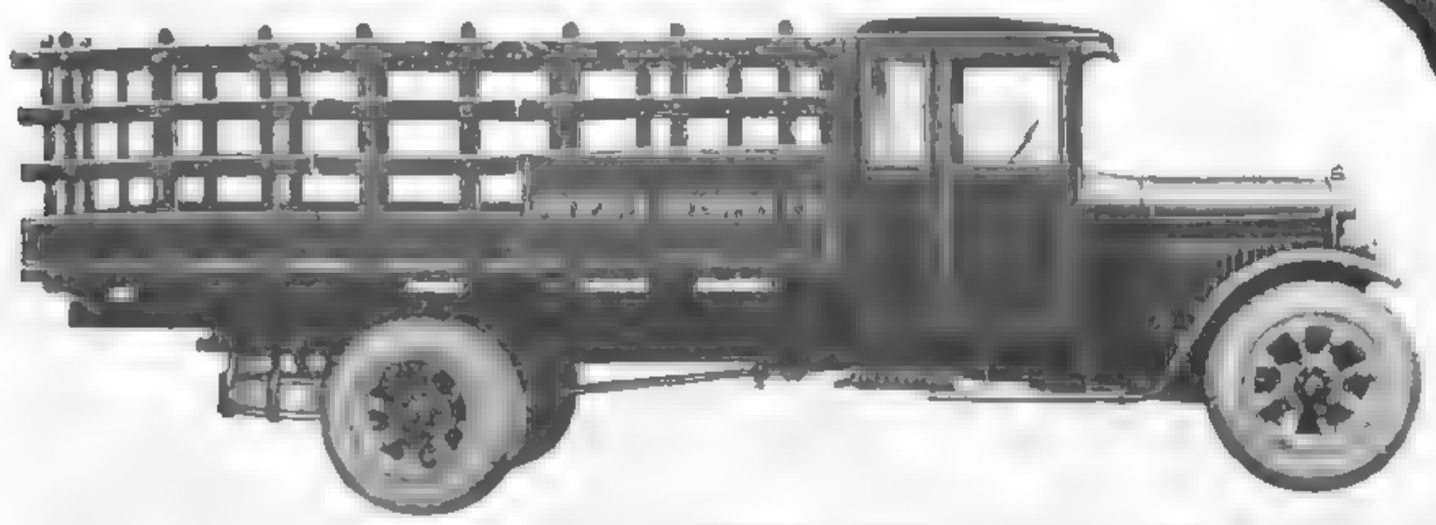

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Nature alloyed one-third copper and two-thirds nickel and made the material that in 1[illegible] was named Monel Metal. The International Nickel Company is constantly testing—analyzing—controlling—to make sure that the mixture continues uniform

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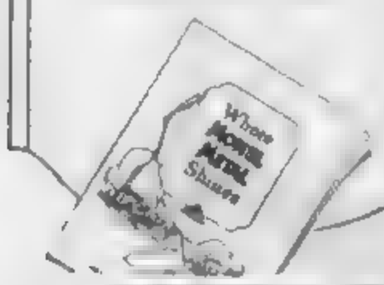


The International Nickel Company (Inc.)
67 Wall Street New York, N. Y.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your booklet, "Where Monel Metal Shines"—together with Monel Metal pocket mirror.

Name

Address

Occupation

MONEL METAL

A PRODUCT OF THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL CO. (INC.)

(Continued from Page 194)

there are good ones and bad ones. The worst possible mistake to make is to pick up a guide in the street—particularly in Paris. The Italian Black Hander is an altruist alongside the birds of prey who show the sights of Parisian night life. They are in league with all conceivable forms of graft and extortion. Yet some Americans fall for them. The only guides to engage are those attached to reputable hotels or accredited tourist agencies.

For one major grievance the tourist has justification. I refer to the telephone in general, and the Parisian one in particular. It is almost a life's task to get a number. If you are lucky enough to make a connection, it soon becomes a perishable product. I venture to say that more rage has been aroused by the unspeakably bad telephone service in France than by any other agency.

That the French themselves have no illusions on this subject, but a sense of humor, was shown by a remark made by André Maurois, the French novelist and biographer of Disraeli. When he returned to Paris after his first visit to America, and was asked to give his impressions, he said:

"My only quarrel with America is that the telephones work."

A word of caution will serve to round out this section. Many Americans abroad appear to have the same disregard of health as of money. Take the vital matter of drinking water. They are so accustomed to the pure article everywhere at home that they drink freely what is offered in Europe. This is a hazardous procedure. Except in the best hotels in the capitals, you take a chance when you put water from the tap inside yourself. The one safe bet—it is much more applicable to the Near East and the Orient—is to use the bottled product.

These travel eccentricities have not been projected to ridicule the ignorance of the raw tourist. In travel, as in other undertakings, you must learn the ropes, and it is only through experience that you find the right way. The unseasoned American has no monopoly on crudity or crassness once he leaves his native heath. He has a full counterpart in the wandering Briton and German, especially of the middle class. In their lexicon of travel, the home land is the only place where normal beings live or have comforts. Unfortunately, the American so completely outnumbers other travelers that he has been made the target of most of the prevailing prejudice.

The Steerage in a White Collar

It is only fair to say that American criticism of things European, loud as it sometimes is, has not been without effect on some institutions. This is notably true of hotels. They have more bathrooms than ever before and make every effort to give the Yankee some of the conveniences to which he has been accustomed. A demand for ice water no longer invites comment. Moreover, American insistence has caused some Paris shops to be kept open during the luncheon hour.

Now a final word about the mechanics of travel. The biggest fact in any survey of the situation is that the European trip has ceased to be a luxury indulged in only by the well-to-do. Thanks to a drastic evolution, it is now within the reach of practically everybody. It costs no more to go abroad on holiday than to enjoy a vacation at home.

The restrictions on immigration from Europe were largely responsible for the change. Until Uncle Sam started his quota system the steerage westbound was dedicated largely to aliens seeking homes and fortunes in the United States. Eastbound it was mainly used by those who had made their stake, and the deported. When the immigrant business slumped, the steamship companies had to make up the deficit. The only way was to make travel cheaper and more desirable.

The first step was the introduction of the so-called cabin liner, on which the first and second class accommodations are merged. Some rooms are more expensive than others, but the plan put the one-time crack vessel into the average tourist ken. Many famous ships of yesterday have become the cabin boats of today. Not only are old ships being converted to this use, but new ones are built especially for this particular service.

The most radical and recent innovation relates to the tourist third-cabin service, bringing about a complete rebirth of the old steerage. Once this section of ship was a sort of cheap lodging house, with human beings, mainly immigrants, packed in like sardines. Now, as someone well remarked, the steerage puts on a white collar.

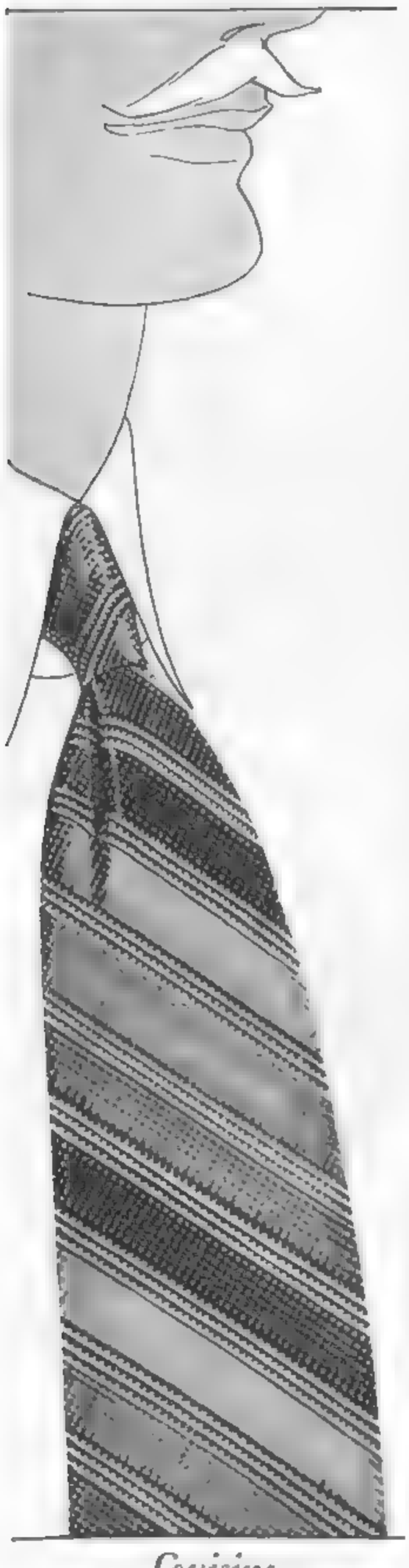
A New Democracy

The tourist cabin—round-trip rates are as low as $155—is the particular objective of college students and school-teachers, although it is available for everybody. Many persons of limited means prefer it to the second class, where explanations of economy are apparently always in order. Congeniality rules, and this is essential to a satisfactory sea voyage. The tourist cabin has developed a real democracy of travel. Nearly everybody is usually on the same financial level and the absence of luxury is more than made up by the kinship of a common purpose.

This service is immune from one nuisance—the voyager always talking about his many trips and his freedom from seasickness.

Is it best to travel on your own or with a party? This is largely a matter of inclination as well as pocketbook. For the person going abroad the first time—especially a lone woman—the personally conducted tour has many advantages, although a certain type of traveler looks upon it with amusement and sometimes contempt. He seems to regard Europe as the exclusive playground of his kind. The tour traveler is spared endless trouble in the matter of getting visas, hotel bookings, and rail and steamship accommodations, and is equipped with a liberal education for his next journey. The organization of travel service is now so complete that you can get any kind of trip from a ten-dollar-a-day cruise, which includes all shore visits, to luxury jaunts for two or three persons that cost many times more.

In the end you find that inoculation of the American system by the travel bug has done more than afford varied and colorful diversion. It is making cosmopolites out of our once-provincial citizens. First-hand knowledge of Europe and regions more remote is enabling them to understand international economic and political problems. Their outlook is widened and their usefulness increased. Thus, they become world wise as well as travel wise.



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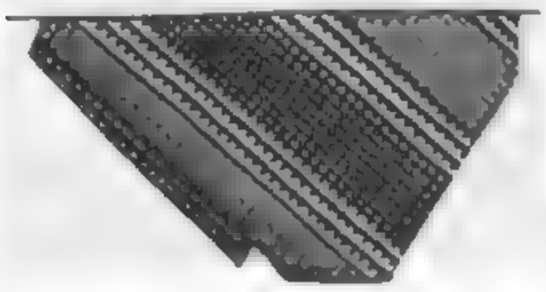
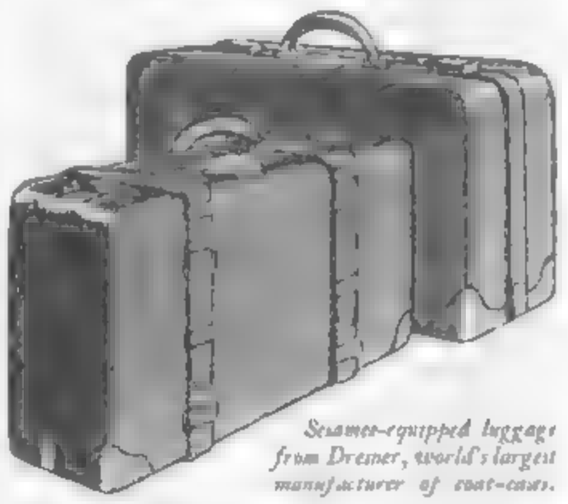


No keys to remember or forget



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SESAMEE locks on your luggage banish key worries, increase security, and make travel generally more pleasant.

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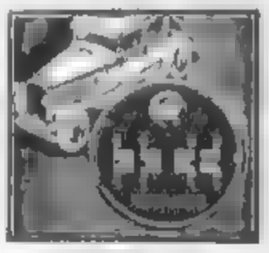

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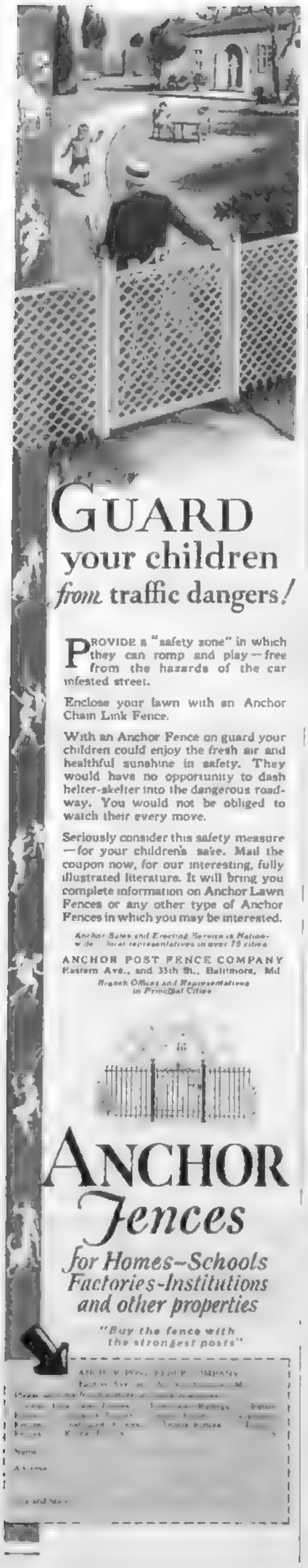
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"Buy the fence with the strongest posts"
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THE INTERNATIONAL INFANT

(Continued from Page 43)

strictly chaperoned and kept as much as possible in seclusion. In other words, she must be the traditional *jeune fille* who exists only in Latin countries.

"But this tradition depends for its success upon the girl being raised from infancy in the world of which she is a part. She knows no other type of conduct and she therefore takes this for granted and it seems to her entirely natural.

"Imagine the contrast, however, which it presents to an American girl who is plunged into it for the first time when she is sixteen or seventeen! She has grown up in an atmosphere of which this is the exact antithesis. In the United States, youth is the all-important thing. She has done pretty much what she wants to do ever since she was born. She has chosen her own clothes, her own friends, her own course of study at school, and by the time she's in her late teens she has an income of her own, probably her own roadster, and a latchkey.

"Now I'm not saying all this is to be deplored. Undoubtedly it fosters independence and self-reliance, and it may all be all right in a country where it's the regular line of conduct. But you can't take a girl out of that kind of life and put her into conventlike seclusion — not without causing a lot of trouble, at least."

In this case, when the trouble came, it was like the explosion of steam in a boiler. The new students duly arrived the end of September, were instructed as to the rules and regulations they must obey, and for a few weeks they were interested enough in the novelty of their surroundings to suppress their desire for a more exciting existence. During that time, however, they had somehow managed to make the acquaintance of two or three dashing young army officers. No one ever found out just how this had happened, for theoretically they had never been unchaperoned a moment except when they had gone to tea with some friends in the American colony. They asked permission to go to a Saturday teadance at one of the popular hotels and were told that this would offend all the conventions. Their request was treated as a shocking thing.

Now these were girls who when at home were accustomed to going to football games and dances and college proms. Boys were no novelty to them. But when they discovered that they were to be shut off from all association with them, they plotted a rebellion.

A Breach of Law and Etiquette

The rebellion consisted of appearing to acquiesce even in the rules they thought absurd. They went to bed at the early hour prescribed, they turned out their lights. Then when everything was quiet and the rest of the household was sleeping, the three conspirators put on their most gala costumes and crept out. The night watchman had been bribed in advance, and they went out into the streets of the city at about midnight. The officers were to meet them a few blocks away with a motor car belonging to one of the girls and they were then to go on to some dancing place.

As they walked along, bareheaded, they became conscious that they were being followed. They were courageous enough, but the streets were almost deserted, and they realized for the first time that, after all, they were in a strange country where they did not even speak the language; and moreover that they were engaged in an enterprise which demanded absolute secrecy. They heard the footsteps of their pursuers coming nearer and they finally began to run. The men behind them shouted some command which they thought might mean to stop, but they were approaching the place where their escorts were waiting for them, so they only ran faster. Just as the boys came forward the two policemen who had been trailing them caught up with the group.

A law had been passed recently which forbade unaccompanied women to walk alone on the streets late at night, and the girls were threatened with arrest. The officers explained over and over again that they were American girls of the utmost respectability; that they were very rich, very important, and it would be an international offense if they were subjected to the slightest discomfort.

The policemen were not easily convinced. They were ignorant men who would not imagine girls of the kind these were said to be, strolling around a city alone at midnight. Finally they compromised and said this was too big a question to be settled by them, so they would take the entire party to their superior officer at the police station and let him decide.

The girls were paralyzed with fear, and the young men were almost as much frightened. There had been some irregularity about their disappearance for the evening, so they were equally afraid of being found out. However, they told the guardians of the law that they would escort the girls in the automobile which was waiting for them around the corner. Once inside, they turned on all the power and shot off into the safety of the country roads.

Cramping Mother's Style

The policemen had taken the number of the license and found that its owner lived in the neighborhood in which they had first observed the girls. They waited for the return. About three o'clock the party came back quietly on foot, having left the car a block away. But the policemen prevented their making a noiseless entrance. The entire household was awakened. The head mistress came down, also the teachers and some of the girls, none of them fully clothed, all certain the commotion meant fire or burglary. They found the three girls and two angry gesticulating policemen. Never were culprits caught more red-handed.

Eventually the men were sent away and the household quieted down. But not before the girls were publicly expelled and three cables dispatched to their families in America stating that the girls must leave as soon as someone could come to fetch them.

"It is impossible for anyone not of boarding-school age to realize the depths of this disgrace," the teacher commented. "But no matter how callous — how hard-boiled, as they say — a girl may be, she cannot stand expulsion. This is the only hold a schoolmistress has over some of them and she uses it as a threat when everything else fails. In this case she meant it. But she had reckoned without the girls' families.

"One of the mothers took it splendidly. She sailed at once, investigated the situation, realized that it was not in itself serious and put her daughter, as I have said, into a private family, where she probably learned more than she would have if she had stayed at school. In the meantime the other parents, who did not bother to come over, brought all the pressure of their wealth and position to bear on the principal. In the end the poor woman capitulated. But the one mother who had acted sensibly refused to let her girl go back.

"It's an abnormal life for anyone who's already been accustomed to so much freedom at home," she insisted.

During the investigation which followed the fiasco, the head of the school discovered

(Continued on Page 201)

LIFE
for any party!
The real fun starts when you play the Allen Portable. Pulses quicken and eyes brighten at the snappy music. Joy flames for all—happiness holds sway! Nothing quite like it to put life in any party or outing.
It's the smartest and most modern of musical instruments for the home. Has all the new features, and plays all records. Your choice of three fine models in striking colors. Priced right!
You've read about the Allen Portable many times in these columns—now ask your dealer for a free demonstration, or write for catalog.
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SUCCESS IN 5 SHORT YEARS
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Now.... Try this Amazing Shaving Invention for 5 Days ABSOLUTELY FREE!

CELEBRATING
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Just five years ago this month I started this business under difficulties as great as any man ever faced. No money—just an idea about making shaving more comfortable for millions of men. I have seen my idea take root and flourish until now over a million men have adopted it—and KRISS KROSS Strop pers are being sold in every civilized country on the globe.

In celebration of our fifth year of successful operation—during which time we have climbed from last place to first in our field—I make this unusual trial offer to every man who has not yet learned the pleasure of shaving the KRISS KROSS way.

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AGENTS!

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A Mechanical Marvel!

Probably you have heard of the KRISS-KROSS Stropper before. The way it takes an ordinary razor blade and multiplies its sharpness 50% to 100% in exactly 11 seconds is little short of astonishing!

But that's not all. KRISS-KROSS not only strops blades to unbelievable keenness—but makes them last, and *last*, and LAST! Day after day—and week after week—you can keep right on using the same old blade—getting smoother, better shaves than usual from a blade right out of a fresh package!

Fits ALL Blades!

KRISS-KROSS is so remarkable that it deserves to be called much more than a stropper. Rather it is a blade-*rejuvenator* or *super*-stropper! . . . It embodies 7 mechanical features that have long baffled inventors. Works on all brands of blades except Durham. Reproduces the magic diagonal stropping-stroke of the master barber. Reverses automatically. Starts with *strong* pressure and finishes *light!* Nickel jig flies up to notify you when your blade is ready with the *keenest cutting-edge that steel can take!*

Once you've tested KRISS-KROSS, it won't take you long to see that it solves your blade problem for all time . . . Just think what it means! No more bother about continually remembering to buy new blades! No more raking and scraping with dull ones! Slick, velvet-smooth shaves forever—and think of the economy!

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This unique free-test offer, celebrating our 5th Anniversary, is strictly limited, and expires promptly at midnight, May 31st! Naturally we cannot afford to continue such an open-handed opportunity more than a few weeks. So take advantage of it now. I'll include a novel 3-way razor for your approval, too. See for yourself how remarkable *both* these KRISS-KROSS inventions really are. This is the *only time and place this announcement will ever appear!* . . . Mail the coupon at once!

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Please deliver to me—as per the announcement of your Fifth Anniversary offer—one KRISS-KROSS Stropper entirely *without charge*. It is understood that I may test it for 5 days in my own home *absolutely free*, without paying any deposit, C.O.D. or any other charges whatsoever.

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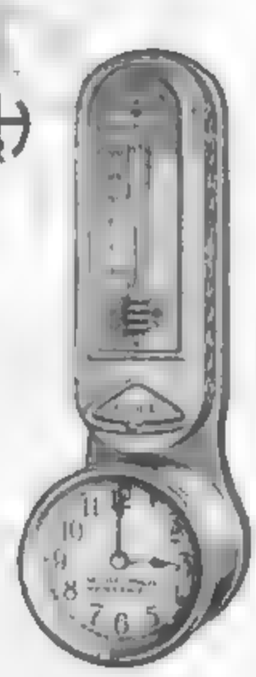
Little Jimmy Grew Up a "Hot-House Plant"

An overheated home made him an easy victim of colds



POOR LITTLE JIMMY! What is more pathetic than the sniffling, snuffling, cold-choked little chap who is always a step behind his more sturdy fellows?

It is an established fact that colds are often due to overheated homes and the number could be materially reduced by automatically maintaining a uniform temperature at the most desirable level. Tests in New York City schools revealed that when the room temperature was only one degree too high, 18 per cent more pupils stayed at home because of "respiratory illnesses." And government statistics show that diseases of our breathing apparatus, often starting from colds, account for about one death in every five.

Why does overheating produce this effect? Scientists believe that it brings a rich blood supply to the membranes which line the nose and throat. When cooler air strikes this congested area, the blood suddenly is driven away. Weakened tissues then invite the attack of germs.

Automatic Heat Control Prevents Overheating

This condition, resulting in the home from wasteful overheating of rooms, cannot be avoided with old-fashioned hand regulation of the heating plant. In spite of all your efforts, the temperature is bound to vary between unwholesome extremes. Neither is it possible to enjoy real heating comfort without automatic control to keep the temperature uniform and avoid constantly tending the fire. The clock control feature provides another luxury — warm rooms to dress in, in addition to saving fuel.

The Minneapolis Honeywell is easily installed on any make of heating plant, burning any fuel. Every family can afford it on our Budget Plan. Get complete facts at once.

Ask us to send you our free booklet on home heating.

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Aquastat - A limiting device for hot water systems. Shuts down the fire should the heater reach an excessive temperature. Installations not including this new unit can be brought up to date at moderate cost.

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High overhead often leads to shut-downs— and shut-downs are the most extravagant form of overhead.

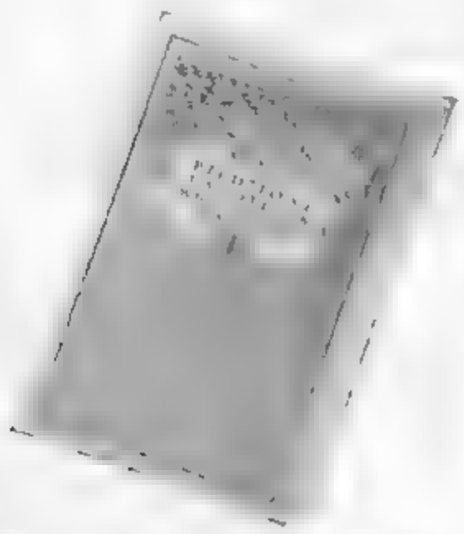
Is OVERHEAD too large a part of your PRODUCTION COST?

If your overhead is *overload*, made up of costly land and buildings and high maintenance and operation items—

If overhead is hindering your sales—

If it threatens periods of idleness for your factory—

You need to know how some manufacturers have escaped by coming to Piedmont Carolinas—how they rid themselves of the burden, and assured themselves of profits. This booklet tells you.



Brief. Condensed. Readable. Room 514, Mercantile Bldg., Charlotte, N. C. Send for a copy today.

DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

(Continued from Page 198)

that several of her pupils had already been dismissed from fashionable schools in America.

"Not expelled!" each one insisted. "They just suggested I'd do better somewhere else."

Naturally, this information had not been given when the girls' qualifications had been forwarded. It explained, however, their parents' reluctance to have them come home before the end of the year. They felt that it would be impossible to enter them in any first-class school at this late date, especially in view of their records.

When the story was finished, the official's wife said, "But why couldn't they have stayed at home with their families and been tutored?"

"I suggested that," their former teacher said. "But the girls assured me solemnly that this was out of the question. First of all, if they suddenly returned everyone would wonder about it and there would be a scandal before they had even come out! Moreover, it wouldn't fit into their families' plans to have them. They were all residents of cities where social life is routinized and the precipitate appearance on the scene of a subdeb would spoil everything, according to the girls.

"The astonishing thing was the shrewdness with which these youngsters sized up their fathers and mothers—particularly their mothers.

"'Dad wouldn't mind having me,' one of them said. 'But I'd cramp mother's style awfully!'"

Europe is dotted with schools which, according to their catalogues, offer the highest cultural advantages for American youth amidst the most pleasant environment. Every year the attendance at these schools increases. Since the war, Germany and Austria have lost their quota, but the institutions of France and Belgium and Switzerland and Italy, and even England, have gained.

A small minority of parents send their offspring to foreign countries so that they themselves will not be burdened with their care during an age which is usually described as difficult or trying.

Outside this limited group there are a great number of people who choose European institutions for their children because of entirely different reasons. Economy is often a deciding factor.

These American Husbands

A widow with a family of five recently put three daughters in a boarding school in Switzerland and her older son in another.

"And the tuition for all four is just equal to the tuition for one in a good school in New York," she wrote to a friend at home. She added that her own living expenses, in a quiet historic town near Paris, were absurdly low. "The baby and his French nurse—whose wages are almost nothing—and I can live for about a fifth of what it would cost at home."

Another enterprising woman, whose husband had left her a scant heritage except a town house in a New England city, found that by renting this property there she could afford to take her two children to Europe and send them to good day schools. There are innumerable instances of this kind.

"The first thing most widows do with their life-insurance money is to buy a steamship passage," stated an official of one of the transatlantic lines.

It is not only husbandless women, however, who go abroad to educate their young. Sometimes the father of an importunate family will agree to their absence for a year or so while he stays at home. This is a phenomenon which the average foreigner regards with amazement.

"Those American husbands!" has become a standardized phrase among Europeans. It conjures up in their minds a patient, hard-working man who furnishes an inexhaustible supply of money for his wife and children to spend. It is difficult to convince them that Americans are ever seriously animated by a desire to save money.

Those of our compatriots who live abroad because of their business affiliations, or because they are part of our diplomatic or consular service, send their children to school there as a matter of course. Usually, in the case of a boy, they endeavor to have him return to his own country when he is ready for college, and sometimes to a preparatory school a year or two earlier. On the other hand, there are an increasing number of parents who want their sons to have a year at Oxford or Cambridge after graduation from a university at home.

In addition to Americans who attend European schools of the conventional order, there are any number of them who take specialized courses in music or painting or sculpture or architecture. To be sure, the arts are so widely practiced now that they are not regarded with the awe or even the respect which an earlier generation gave them, but by way of compensation it has become more a matter of course for even the daughters of the well-to-do to develop their talents up to professional standards.

A Living From Art

Paris is usually the goal today. In this most beautiful and glamorous of cities, the potential grand-opera star will have no difficulty in finding any number of teachers. Only here she will call the one on whom she has finally decided maestro, and instead of being "a former member of the Metropolitan" he will probably be "a former member of La Scala"

If it is the violin or the piano for which the young musician has shown such remarkable talent at home, the benefits of foreign training will seem equally indispensable. Some of those who have studied long and have enough finally to achieve a debut at home may return with a completely foreign manner and even a foreign name.

The Beaux Arts is still a magic name to aspiring architects, and the ateliers of Paris open up alluring vistas of a modern *vie de Bohème* to young painters. This picture does not detract in the least from their seriousness of purpose; on the contrary, it fortifies it, for they wish to pursue their art in surroundings where art is fostered and encouraged.

On the left bank of the Seine there are a number of cafés, large and small, which contemporary fiction has made celebrated to its readers. Not long ago an American tourist was taken to one of the most noted of these by a friend of his who resided in Paris. Before they had found an unoccupied table, the visitor recognized an acquaintance from his home town.

"Why, there's Bill Brown!" he exclaimed. He stopped and touched the youth on the shoulder.

Brown stood up and greeted him cordially. He did not offer to introduce him to his half dozen companions, however; so, after they had exchanged addresses, the older man joined his host. Over coffee and liqueurs he speculated as to the sort of life the boy was leading over there.

"His father's a business associate of mine," he explained. "He wanted Bill to go to college and then come home and go in with him. But Bill couldn't see it that way. He had drawn pictures ever since he was knee high and he insisted that he wanted to be an artist. His mother was on his side, of course; so finally his father gave in. He's been over here three or four years now. I wonder how he's getting on."

"He seems to have a wide acquaintance at any rate," the other man commented.

Five or six other people had drifted in and joined Brown's table. Most of them were young, the girls were pretty, and although not expensively dressed, had a chic of their own. With the exception of two men who looked like Russians, they might have been any group in any small town in the United States who had assembled at the corner drug store for ice-cream sodas.

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Although the contents of their glasses undoubtedly contained a more alcoholic substance, their method of consuming it showed none of the surreptitiousness or bravado of the hip-flask manner.

The next morning Brown turned up at the tourist's hotel.

"It's great to see someone from home!" he began.

His father's friend was afraid that this cordiality might prove only the preamble to a request for a loan or an acknowledgment of failure in his career—perhaps both. In this he was mistaken. They spent some time together, lunched at an excellent inexpensive restaurant which the boy chose, but their conversation centered entirely on their mutual friends and relatives at home. At last the older man insisted upon asking about the younger's work.

"It's going pretty well," he answered. "The trouble is that since I've been over here I've realized that I don't know anything about it. They say that's a sign of progress—I hope so."

This was too nebulous for the business man's comfort.

"But how do you manage to live? Forgive my curiosity, but I know your father agreed to finance you for only two years, and yet you've stayed on."

Brown grinned. "If you'll keep my shameful secret, I'll tell you. But don't give me away at home. You know, when I came over I expected to be a portrait painter. I was sure that after a couple of years in Paris I could begin to earn money that way. But what a dream of innocence that turned out to be! All I had was facility—and facility, they promptly told me, is a curse and not a help in art. When I began to study I found that out. Now I know it will take years before I can do anything worth doing. But in the meantime—well, I turn that dreadful facility into bread and butter and studio rent. I do advertisements—swell ones, if I do say so—very French and modernistic—and I sign a French name. I sell them to an American firm."

The other blinked. "But then you're—well, you're just as commercial as if you were working for your father at home."

"Sure! But the great difference is that in this way I can keep on studying. And even if the portrait painting shouldn't ever materialize, I'd rather live here than any place in the world."

Something in his smile suggested that there might be a romantic reason for this choice.

"There were some mighty pretty girls at your table last night."

The Girl From Home

The young artist snapped at this bait. "Did you notice that girl with blond hair in the gray coat and hat who sat next me?" Without waiting for an answer, he went on: "We're engaged. We're going to be married as soon as I get a regular contract for my posters."

"She's not French, is she?"

"Heavens, no! She's as American as I am. Came from a little town in Georgia. Sang in the church choir and everyone told her she ought to come over here and have her voice trained. She's good, too—the clearest soprano you ever heard. They don't think she's got quite the physique for grand opera, though she might do things like Butterfly and Bohême."

"I suppose she'll give that up when you're married."

"Well, I should hope not! That's one of the reasons I want to stay on in Paris. The family would think we were crazy if we tried to do that at home, but over here it's just the opposite."

When interrogated about the rest of his companions at the café the night before, he admitted that although some of them were serious in the pursuit of the arts, others merely used it as an excuse for a different type of existence.

"One of the journalists who's lived here a long time calls that lot the beach combers of Paris. Some of them—girls, too—let their people support them in the belief that they're studying hard, when all they're doing is to have a good time. For every studio they've been in they've gone to ten night clubs. But they write back about the wonderful promise some supposed teacher says they show, and usually the money is forthcoming. If it isn't, they borrow where they can, and believe me, you're popular when you're in funds!"

"What happens when they can't borrow any more and their families won't send them money?"

"Oh, then they usually get some job—of course you can live for almost nothing here if you know the ropes. As a last resort, they go home. That's terribly hard on them though. I've seen girls almost starving, living in rooms that you wouldn't give a cook at home, with no heat and no conveniences, who could turn around and go back to a comfortable house in America by merely cabling for money for a passage, yet they wouldn't do it—partly because the life here has got into their blood and partly because they've talked and written so much about their careers and so on that they can't bear to confess they were bluffing. Usually the newspaper in their home town has printed excerpts from their letters telling what Prof. Quelque Chose said about their voice or their violin playing or their pictures, and they've built up an illusion of success they can't bear to destroy. It would be hard on their families, too, if they were forced to admit that the brilliant child they had boasted so much about was a failure."

Starting Her Career

He told the romantic story of a girl of his acquaintance whose parents, at a good deal of personal sacrifice, had sent her abroad to study æsthetic dancing. She had taken the leading part in lots of amateur plays at home and everyone declared that she was exceptionally talented. Her financial resources were so limited that she had to supplement them by working, so she tried to get into one of the choruses. But she found that in Europe the competition was too strong, for even trained dancers were willing to accept low wages in exchange for professional experience. She ended by taking a poorly paid job as assistant in a night club, where she danced with men—usually Americans—who came without partners.

A group of boys who had recently graduated from college took possession of the place one night and to her horror one of them recognized her. He lived in a town near hers at home and they had a great many friends in common. Just before he had sailed one of them had given him her address and told him to look her up.

"But I was afraid to," he declared. "They told me you were a great artist over here. I didn't think you'd want to be bothered seeing anyone like me."

This proved to be so far from the truth that before his summer's vacation was ended they were engaged to be married, and sailed together. They agreed that they would say nothing about the collapse of her ambitions or the surroundings in which he had found her.

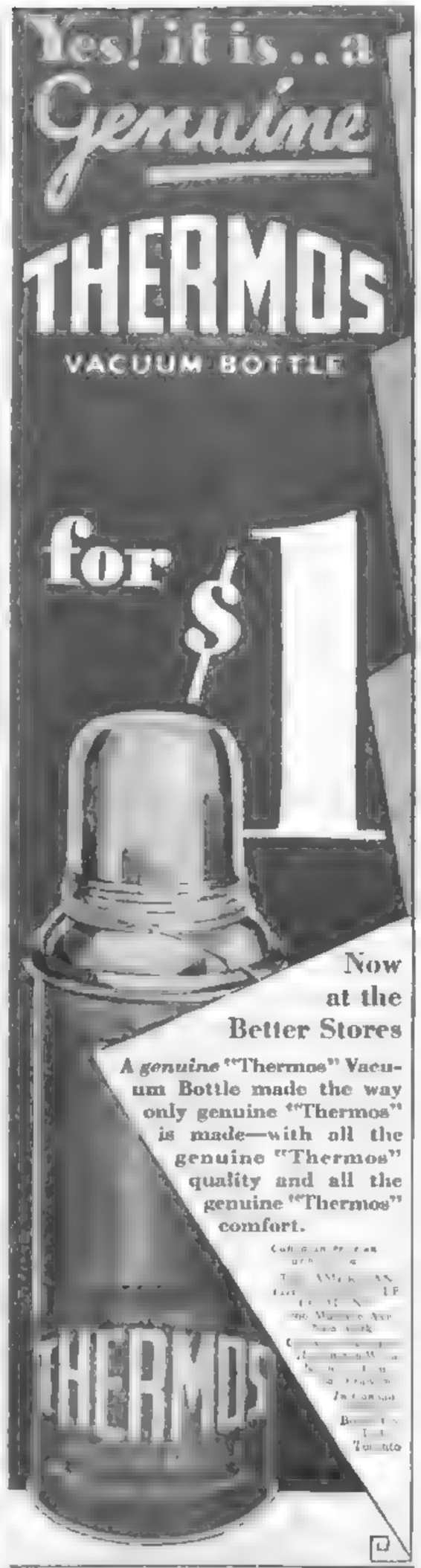
The headlines in the local paper describing their wedding gave them endless amusement. They read: Gives up Art for Matrimony. Famous Dancer Renounces Triumphal European Career for Domestic Bliss.

She cut out the article and sent it back to Bill Brown, who had befriended her in Paris. Across the top she wrote:

Keep this. It is my first and last press notice!

Not long ago a young singer who has spent several years studying in France and Italy was in New York making arrangements for her debut on the concert stage. At dinner with a group of friends, the conversation turned to the question of European training versus American. An amateur of

(Continued on Page 204)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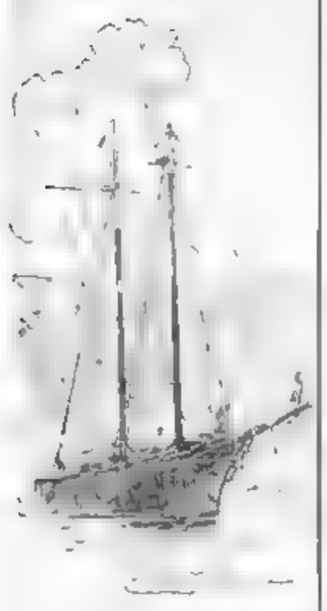

DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM

author of the famous books about his travels: "David Goes Voyaging", "David Goes to Greenland" and "David Goes to Baffin Land." Just now, with his father, David is sponsoring a nation-wide competition among the Boy Scouts to select two boys to join Martin Johnson in Africa next July.

"Sleep helps to build muscle," *says* DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM, 14 *year old boy-adventurer and author*

An Interview by Fitzhugh Green

THE most envied boy in America today is David Binney Putnam.

David is fourteen now, and just like any other awkward, happy, healthy, growing boy in his 'teens. But already he has cruised the South Seas in the *Arcturus* with William Beebe; sailed among North Greenland icebergs with Captain Bob Bartlett on the *Morrissey;* hunted polar bear with the Eskimos; and seen a big volcano break into eruption. He has visited the haunts of pirates, fought a herd of bellowing walrus and been shipwrecked twice in Baffin Bay.

Not the least of all, he has written books about his adventures which are now known to hundreds of thousands of American boys and girls.

How is it possible for a lad so young to accomplish so much, and yet play football, box, roughhouse, eat and live just about like any other fourteen-year-old?

You would understand if you could see the boy. He weighs 158 pounds and stands six-feet-one in his stocking feet.

Where does he get this marvelous physique? David himself told me.

"I eat a lot," he laughed when I asked him. "Guess I sleep a lot, too. You know I have two regular bunks in my room at home instead of beds."

"What's the big idea?"

"Well, bunks are what a boy likes and they are pretty comfortable, too."

"How many hours a night do you sleep?"

"Oh, about ten, sometimes more. Lots of boys like to stay up till all hours of the night. But I like to go to bed early."

A good message—coming from a boy like David.

As I gazed admiringly at this citizen in the making—all six-feet-one of him—I realized that Nature does most of her building of a man's body during the precious hours of sleep.

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A corner of David's "bunk room" in his home at Rye, N. Y. Heavy, weather-beaten timbers form the framework of the bunks. Built-in book shelves are in easy reach. Curios and quaint relics of his voyages cover the walls. Both bunks are equipped with Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses and Simmons Ace Springs

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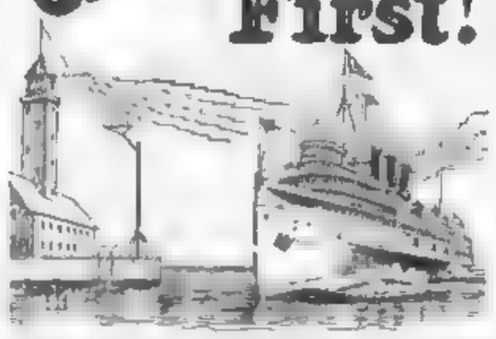

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"Old Town Canoes"

(Continued from Page 202)

music declared that more and more professional artists were staying at home even when preparing themselves for grand opera.

"But you are an example of the benefits of foreign teaching," said one of the men, turning to the singer.

She laughed. "I shall now have to tell you why my concert has had to be postponed so long. My teacher here is trying to undo a great deal that's been done to my voice in Europe."

She said that from the standpoint of technic, the best American training today was infinitely better than any other.

"And that applies even to the best training one gets abroad. Of course lots of people who go over to study fall into the hands of charlatans. It's so much harder to tell them when you're in a strange country. These poor youngsters, who've probably never been away from home before, believe everything they're told by some professor with an outlandish name and a lot of mannerisms. I've known girls who had nothing more than what used to be called a parlor voice firmly convinced that it was only a matter of a short time before they'd be singing leading rôles at La Scala in Milan or in the Paris Opera Company and would then have the Metropolitan clamoring for them. This seems to me almost wicked. One of the tests of a sincere teacher is that he will not hold out false hopes of grandeur, but will try to perfect whatever talent his pupil has. I don't mean to say that there aren't fakers in the United States who are willing to give lessons year after year when they really know there's no hope of the voice amounting to anything. But it's easier to check them up when you're at home. And if your voice is good, you can get the best training in technic, as I have said, right here."

"You think then it's better to stay at home? If you had it to do over again, is that what you would do?"

"No, I'd go right back to Europe," she answered seriously. "That may sound inconsistent, but, after all, technic is only one part of the ability to sing. Over there you get something you can't get here. You live in an environment where music is in the very air. People don't go to opera or to concerts because it's fashionable. Men aren't dragged there by their wives against their will. To the people I knew, music was a part of their everyday life—and a necessary part."

In all discussions of the relative merits of European and American education, whether in the arts or along academic lines, one hears of this intangible element in Europe's favor.

"They get something over there—I can't describe it, but it's something you can't get at home," is almost as lucid a statement as is ever made.

Two Little Schoolgirls

By way of illustration, the wife of one of our diplomats told of an encounter between her fourteen-year-old daughter and a former school friend from Washington. The diplomat is now stationed in a European capital and the child attends day school there. She wears the simply made dark uniform of her classmates, black cotton stockings and low-heeled sensible shoes. From her mother's standpoint, the most important part of this costume is that it keeps her from a premature interest in clothes and causes her to regard herself as a child, not as a precocious young lady. A short time ago the mother and daughter happened to go into a shop to look for a winter coat for the girl. While they were trying to select a suitable garment, the child scrutinized the other customers.

"Why, mother, there's someone who looks like Sally Brown!" she exclaimed.

Her mother glanced at the girl in question and then said, "Oh, it couldn't be, dear. Why, Sally Brown is your age! That girl must be eighteen at least."

Then the object of their interest discovered them and came running over.

"How wonderful to see you! We just got here yesterday and I was going to telephone you this very afternoon!"

As they embraced each other the woman regarded them with amazement. Three years ago, when they had left the States, the two girls had seemed very much of a kind. Now Sally Brown looked at least five years older. It was not only that she was smartly dressed, in very much the type of clothes that her older sister—or mother—would have worn, but that her face and manner expressed so much sophistication.

The next day was Sunday, so Sally insisted that her friend lunch with her at the hotel where she and her mother were staying. When the child came home late in the afternoon she was in a state of bewilderment.

"We just don't seem to have anything to talk about!" she declared. "And we used to be such good friends. I don't know what's the matter. She says I've changed and she teased me about my clothes—said they were babyish. I told her we weren't allowed to wear silk stockings and that none of the girls here went out with boys until they were ready to come out. She said she'd rather be dead than live here. And, mother—she uses lipstick! I saw her put it on before we went down to the restaurant. Her family had some other people to lunch, and it was her governess' day out, so we sat at a table by ourselves and ordered exactly what we wanted."

He May Outlive It

She described with wonder the transformation of the hotel rooms which had been effected by Mrs. Brown.

"They have one whole trunk with nothing in it except lace bedspreads and little pillows and photographs and brocade covers to put on the tables, and silver vases and—and—well, just everything! It looks exactly the way their rooms looked at home. Sally said that was the only civilized way to live. I told her that the people who had lived in the hotel, when it was a private palace and not a hotel, were more civilized than anybody in the world. She said that was silly, because they didn't even have bathrooms!"

In repeating these comments, the diplomat's wife said:

"Now that shows what I mean. I didn't even know that the child knew the history of the hotel and of the great family who had built it originally, but she had absorbed it—and the belief that they stood for something more important than lace bedspreads and modern plumbing. It's not the actual education she gets here. In fact, I don't suppose that's up to the curriculum at home, but it's something that goes deeper than that. Perhaps you could call it a background of culture."

American boys who go to day schools in Europe are not usually so adaptable or so contented in their surroundings. If they live on the Continent they get little athletic training, and their academic courses, conducted in a foreign language, are uncomfortably strenuous. They complain that the classrooms are badly ventilated and lighted, and their hours of instruction are long.

Most of all, they miss the companionship of their own kind. In England, the custom of sending boys to boarding school at an early age is usually followed by parents who reside there. Many of our compatriots who live in other countries do the same, for with the exception of certain schools in Switzerland, the British environment usually proves the most congenial.

An American youth who is attending Eton sent his photograph back to friends of his at home not long ago. In it he is shown wearing the long trousers, short coat and high silk hat of Etonian tradition. A fifteen-year-old contemporary of his stared at the picture with incredulity.

Upon being convinced by his parents that it was not a masquerade costume, but the garb of regulation, he exclaimed, "Well,

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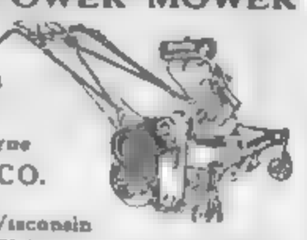

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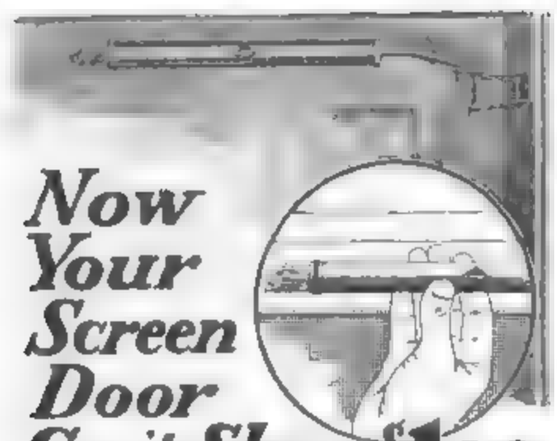

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heaven help him when he comes back here to college!"

His older brother pointed out that a boy in the freshman class at his university had only managed to live down a pronounced English accent because he had also acquired in the British Isles the ability to row.

"After he made the crew the men decided to let him live, though it took a lot of restraint when they heard him say something was 'bally rot' or 'simply topping!'"

"That was provincial of them," the mother of the two boys declared. "It's very insular to assume that everyone must talk the way Americans do, or be wrong."

"Then what about the insularity of the British, mom? One of our old grads who was a Rhodes scholar had an awful time in England because they couldn't understand his slang. He overheard someone say about him, 'Of course it's frightfully hard to tell about Yankees, but he seems to be a gentleman, even if he hasn't the accent of one.'"

"Well, that just proves that what all countries need is to know one another better. Then the superficial differences in customs and manners and clothes won't keep them from understanding one another. That's why I think it's a very good thing for children to go abroad when they're young and impressionable. They oughtn't to stay too long, or they'll find it hard to adjust themselves to their own environment when they come home; but a year or two is a very good thing."

Some of the people whose parents have put her theory into practice will tell you with enthusiasm of the ineffaceable memories of that period.

"When we were children we lived for a while in Germany," someone will say—or it may have been France or Austria or Italy. "And as I look back on it now, it seems to me to have been the happiest time of my life. We learned the language easily and everything seemed strange and romantic to us. At the time we used to rebel about going to so many concerts and picture galleries and so on, though we loved the ruined castles and royal palaces; but it gave us an appreciation of music and art that I wouldn't take anything for."

Aliens in Their Own Land

In these cases, residence abroad has usually been only an episode of limited duration wedged in between much longer periods of study in American schools. People who have been kept in Europe during their entire youth are apt to speak bitterly of their parents' unfairness in depriving them of a normal childhood. They feel this lack most keenly if they attempt to come home to live after they are grown. Often girls who have been brought up abroad marry foreign husbands, because they find it less difficult to adapt themselves to their environment than to the American scene. It is even harder for a boy whose entire training has been European to overcome his feeling of being an alien when he returns home.

Most American children, if they were consulted in the matter, would prefer to go to school in their own country, among their own friends and in surroundings which are created for their particular needs. But although in most matters we give youth a freedom of choice unequaled in the world, every ship that puts out from New York carries reluctant offspring whose parents want them to study in Europe.

It is difficult to determine how often this is due to the belief of their elders that the child will in the long run reap unique cultural benefits impossible to receive at home, and how often it merely cloaks some unconscious reason relating to the well-being of the parents themselves.

A Life on the Ocean Waves

Early last summer a young Frenchman who was journeying to the United States to lecture and write about social conditions fell into conversation with a middle-aged American. As they walked around the deck of the steamer they passed two women dressed much alike, with short skirts, small felt hats pulled down over their clipped hair and brightly tinted lips. The American stopped and spoke to them, then introduced his companion.

"I want you to meet Mrs. Blank and her daughter, Miss Blank."

As it was teatime, the party of four adjourned to the lounge. Mrs. Blank launched into a vivacious chatter about Biarritz and Cap d'Antibes and the Lido in Venice, and seemed astonished when the Frenchman confessed that he had never visited any of these resorts. Nor could he claim familiarity with the hotels and restaurants in Paris to which she referred. Even the titled men and women of whom she spoke produced no reaction from him. At last she and her rather silent daughter disappeared to dress for dinner.

When they had gone the American said: "She's been taking the girl over for some time, to educate her abroad. They usually come home in the summer so that her father can see something of her, but her mother always takes her over in the fall and stays long enough to get her own clothes, and so on; then by the time she gets back it's time to turn around and go over and get her. She 's really an international infant."

"International infant?" repeated the Frenchman. Then his lips parted in a quick smile. "Ah, yes! How witty that is! At first I did not understand. I thought you were speaking of the daughter."

OUR MISS SHERIDAN

(Continued from Page 55)

that women are able to do this work so well because they are intelligent human beings?

"Another question often put to me is this: What is the effect on industry of the women in it? The answer is: As women, the effect is inconsequential. Business was a going concern long before women entered it in any field. Its standards are impersonal. It is something men have made, which men carry on, and woman entering it brings her acquiescence to the ideas established by men and puts into it the same qualities that are required of men to succeed.

"And now about that much-quoted statement that a woman decides on impulse or sentiment, while a man is logical! I am inclined to question this, especially in business. After all, is a man always logical? Many of my men acquaintances play hunches in business. I do not recognize the difference between a woman's intuition and a man's hunch. To me they seem to be about the same in their empirical substance and varied effect. A friend of mine, who is a wise man and a keen observer, says that no man can be as utterly illogical as many women can be, but that he will back any committee or board of five men to be less reasonable and more illogical than any one woman could possibly hope to be!

"We must agree with poets, priests and philosophers, as well as with the common people of whom God made so many, that the business of wifing, mothering and home making is the biggest and most vital work that is given women to do. But what of the number of women who, because of circumstance or by choice, or a combination of both, find themselves temporarily or permanently in business? What does industry or business do for these women?

"The young woman entering upon a business career may or may not have had a theoretical training. In either case she has much to learn that cannot be conveyed to her by set rules or by the telling of another's experience. These things are the intangibles of the commercial world.

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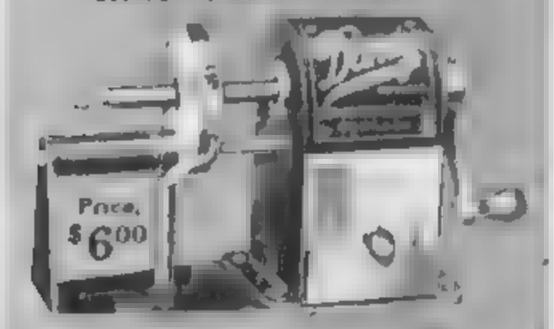

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"Her adjustment to the new environment is dependent on temperament and does not always come so readily as the learning of the actual work, which the facile intelligence of the average American girl quickly achieves. This woman, new to the business world, meets people who have an entirely different set of contacts. They are real people, with ideas kindred to or perhaps even in advance of her own. They have aspirations and are achieving them. Her personal affairs are unknown and irrelevant to them. She makes comparisons and learns new values. Her business environment may be a larger or a smaller one than that to which she has been accustomed, but in either case new facets of life's prism are disclosed to her. Her social sense expands. That is the first lesson.

"Time was when business and trade did not hold so worthy a place in the affairs of men as today. These things were considered as a means to an end, and the means conceivably might be sordid. We think differently now. With the general expansion in all fields of human endeavor, business has more than kept pace. It now bears an ampler aspect and has no reason to be humble or apologetic. Nowadays industry and commerce and the professions and sciences are cheek to jowl in their daily affairs. Even a modest business may require dealings with or knowledge of engineering, the law, medicine and surgery, chemistry and science, so that a woman in business may, if she choose, add to her general knowledge in the daily routine of her work. Her mental horizon widens. That is the second lesson.

"One of the first things that a woman meets in business is tolerance. No business requiring many workers can succeed without an elastic exchange of give and take among its workers, and the new woman worker, unacquainted and oftentimes untrained, is not only given a chance to find herself but is helped to it, usually without being made conscious of her greenness. Her lack of skill or experience is not censured, perhaps not commented upon. She is shown the right way and told the reason why that way is the accepted one. This spirit is not to be accredited necessarily to kindness—although kindness is by no means a rare commodity in business—but business once started must be continued, and the new elements, human or otherwise, must be absorbed with the least possible friction. Once a woman has been given, and realizes that she has been given, this impersonal tolerance, she has gained a broader appreciation of mankind. That is the third lesson."

The Gift of Self-Expression

"Beyond these less apparent influences that may develop the woman in business are the several direct consequences that come from the disciplining of competitive work. A woman in business must make a fair showing or she cannot continue. She must bring to her task reasonable intelligence. She must do her work in season, and with at least acceptable effect. She must be fairly orderly, prompt, attentive. She must have regard for the rights of others, not only in working with them but also in the human contacts that grow out of daily relationships. These things, in reasonable measure, she must bring to her work if she is to be acceptable to any employer. Most women in business bring these qualities in good measure. The woman in business is, with a little training, prompt, orderly, accurate, attentive and interested to the degree needful to do her task intelligently. She gives cheerfully and loyally.

"The woman in business, as the man in business, is in it primarily for the monetary recompense, but the usual woman in business is not going to stay there by her own choice. Most women have an instinct for the expression of qualities not called for in business life. That life does not exact expressions of tenderness and sympathy or much giving of oneself. There is not the personal element in business which calls these qualities forth, and the natural woman, whether she knows it or not, wants to express such qualities through marriage and its sequences. For this reason women make a signal success of business less often than do men. Women have the faculty of vision, but it is an intensely personal vision that intrigues them. They rarely dream of a growing business that may reach tremendous power. Their interest is not engaged by the fascinating ramifications of modern industry, because the emotional side of their nature finds no expression therein. This is the reason why the woman in business does not bring her very best to her business life."

The Feminine Touch

"As a group, women do not put the same interest in their work as would a group of men doing the same work. Please observe that this comparison is made in groups. You cannot compare individual men and women. We all know that there are women with highly diversified minds and men with narrow and stupid minds, and vice versa. Women as a rule do not so much hold their personal honor to be at stake in their work as do men. A man will do his best at an uncongenial task more often than a woman because it is his work and he owes it to himself to do no less than his best. The stimulus to do her best comes to woman in another sphere than in business. Again, please remember that there are individual exceptions to all such observations. Women are longer in discovering a sense of values than are men. They usually determine values by the personal equation. They judge relation of work to results through their personal impressions of the people who do the work, rather than by the direct method of weighing results. In lesser matters—that is, in the accomplishment of routine work—the results obtained by women are about the same as those obtained by men.

"Business does not require that woman shall be other than she is—that is, if she is a useful person. There is no need that she become less feminine in manner or appearance, or sacrifice her personality if she is womanly. The overdressed, silly, irresponsible and unfair woman is a trial in business, just as she is in any other sphere of life; but this type of woman does not stay in business long. If she must work she drifts, and no one place is troubled long. Sometimes she improves under the wholesome discipline of work and becomes acceptable. But all desirable feminine qualities, charm of appearance, of manner, the natural gentleness and winsomeness of woman, need not be denied or suffer from contact with the working world, and these qualities find appreciation and recognition in the business environment, and in their full measure tend to better it.

"What then does a business career mean for a woman? Usually it means some years—few or many—perhaps averaging five, during which the woman leaves the home environment for one that is less personal—almost impersonal—and gives her labor, eight or nine hours a day, for a payment that may be all the way from a sustenance to a competence, according to her ability and opportunity. She has the

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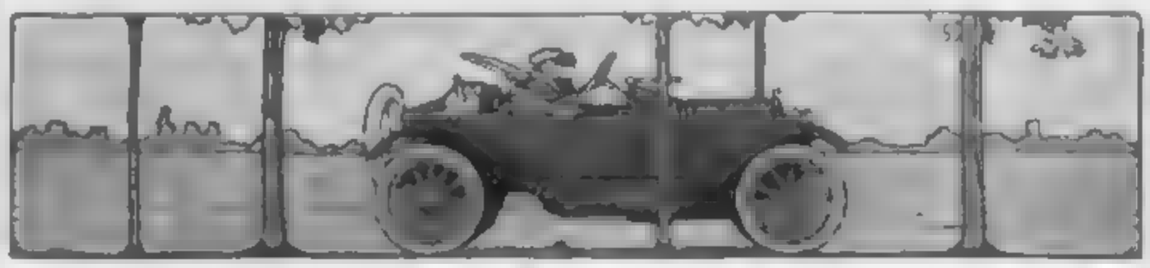

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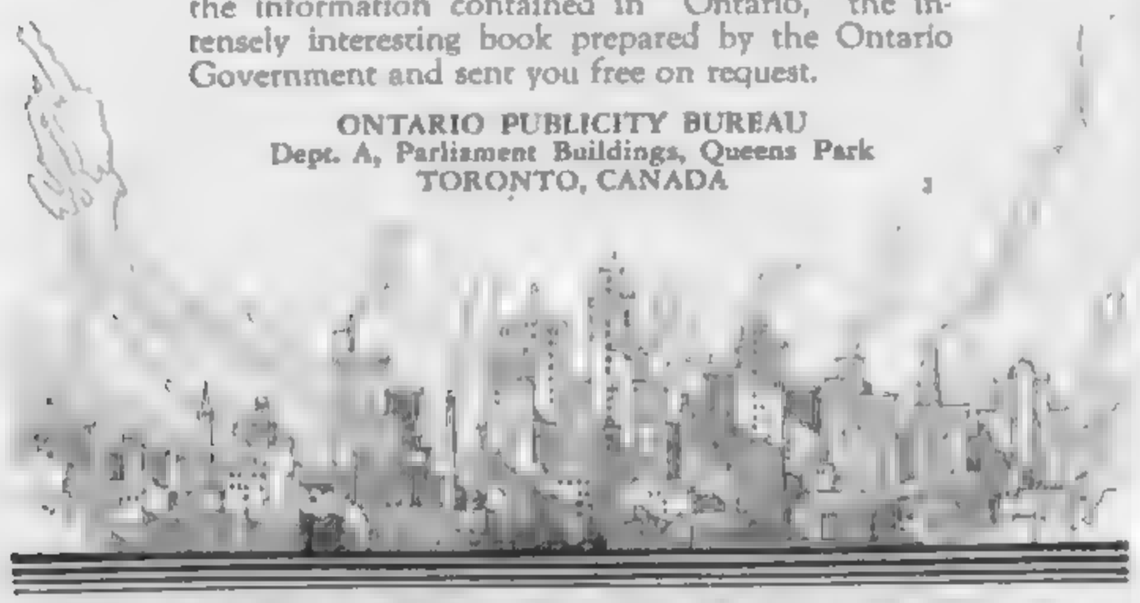

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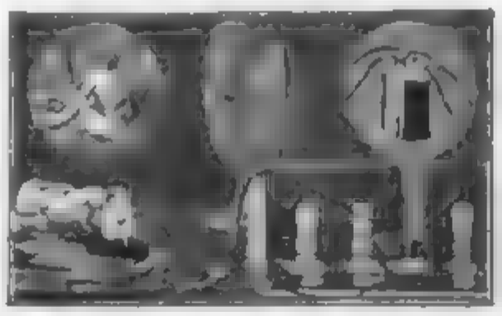

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If you use metals that rust, you have a temporary installation, for rust inevitably destroys. Repair bills result and eventually complete replacement is necessary.

Putting it bluntly, and based on an average seven or eight room house costing about $15,000, you can save $24.00 every year in unnecessary expense if you use Anaconda Copper in place of rustable metals. If yours be a mansion or cottage, the saving would be proportionate.

The labor cost of installing copper and metal that rusts is substantially the same. Anaconda Copper costs somewhat more —not a great deal—and the extra cost is soon offset by the yearly saving.

Sheer logic should warn you against the folly of installing rustable metals. Make sure Anaconda Copper is used on the house you buy or build. Look for the name Anaconda in the metal. It will pay you to insist.

May we tell you more about Anaconda Copper? Mail the coupon for a free copy of "Rust-proofed."

GUTTERS: Rusted gutters are a costly makeshift. Gutters of Anaconda Copper will not leak, because they cannot rust.

VALLEYS: Anaconda Copper protects these weak spots in every roof and lasts indefinitely without painting or repair.

CHIMNEY FLASHINGS: Flashings of Anaconda Copper are a protection from leaks. No damaged walls—no rotted wood —no upkeep.

RAIN-PIPES: Rain-pipes of Anaconda Copper last as long as the house and soon save the little more they cost.

ROOFING: Dormers, bay windows, porticos, roofs—wherever elusive leaks can damage—use Anaconda Copper. End expense.

Sheet Metal Work of
ANACONDA COPPER

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY, S-65A
General Offices, Waterbury, Connecticut
Please send me booklet, "Rust-proofed"—telling how to rust-proof the home.
Name.....
Address...
City..... *State*...

(Continued from Page 206)

advantage of putting her energies to use under discipline and competition that will develop the qualities of order, promptness, accuracy and helpfulness to others. Under ordinary conditions the experience should broaden her mentally and humanly and should be helpful to her in any later career.

"If the later career is marriage she will have the advantage of a conception of her husband's business life that will contribute to their mutual understanding. If her home life at times seems narrow and her responsibility is only in small patterns, she will know that her husband's business life also is largely made up of small matters—that it is not given even to man to conquer a world daily.

"We come now to the woman executive. Such a woman has worked through the stages that develop judgment and the faculty of decision. Usually the growing is so gradual that the woman is not conscious of transition, yet the line of demarcation is clear. To work under orders and within prescribed limits, although the limitations be broad, is quite different from having freedom to carry out or to initiate policies, to establish standards for other workers and to take responsibility for final results. The woman in such a position has wide range for her mental activities. The larger the business the greater is the call for the exercise of initiative, reasoning power, judgment and an understanding of human affairs. To succeed she must give honest thought, honest work and honest sympathy to every part of her task.

"This is not more than success asks of a man. But the woman may have to work harder to achieve notable success in business, because custom does not find her reaching out for this kind of success as often as it finds man. Therefore she is taken more cautiously, and sometimes she is even overlooked. But when a woman is recognized as doing well what is held to be man's work, she is generously accorded full credit by the men whose activities are on the same or a higher plane. And do not forget that into business one may put intellectual qualities, imagination, insight, acumen, specialized skill, and also moral qualities, honor, justice, truth—so that a big business man may be some person! The business woman finds that these big men meet her on their own ground and give her work the full credit due to it.

"When a woman begins to realize that business may be her life work she simultaneously begins to find many compensations. Almost every business gives scope to the imagination. Every line of work, honestly done, even though it be routine, repays honest effort with a sense of achievement. The longer a woman is in business the more she comes to find that she is measured and appreciated by the quality of the work she does, and that it is within her power to make her own place. A real business woman always has the respect of her fellow workers, men and women. She has her place. She is self-sustaining – it may be, independent. There is opportunity to help others. These are good things for a woman to live by and with."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

"Teeth sound, a feeling of freshness and cleanliness"

writes Mrs. F. C. Lord of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I have been using Pebeco Tooth Paste for the past seventeen years. I have experimented with various other tooth pastes, but in every instance I have returned to Pebeco and now I feel I could not be induced to change.

My reasons for admiring Pebeco are, first, it has kept my teeth beautifully white and sound and my gums in perfect condition; and, secondly, it imparts a feeling of freshness and cleanliness to the mouth which also assures me that my breath is sweet.

I am one who annually visits my dentist for an examination and advice and have many times been complimented by him upon the splendid condition of my teeth, the absence of tartar or any discoloration and the sound, healthy condition of my gums, all of which I attribute to Pebeco Tooth Paste.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Mrs. F. C. Lord

Enthusiastic letters tell how Pebeco *has safeguarded people's teeth. Try it yourself. See how healthy and young it keeps your mouth.*

© 1928, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

Your teeth feel so clean, your mouth so fresh, you want to smile

Your mouth sweet · · your teeth protected

TO BE CONFIDENT all day long of a clean, healthy mouth. How few of us after our early youth know this experience! How few can be proud of unimpaired teeth!

A great medical authority, fighting unhealthy conditions of the mouth, found a slowing up of the mouth fluids to be the great cause of modern tooth trouble. And so he devised the famous formula of Pebeco.

Taste Pebeco. Instantly its salty tang wakens the mouth fluids. Effectually they wash away food particles, sweeten the breath, neutralize the acids that cause decay.

For hours your mouth stays dewy and sweet, protected through the day by the morning brushing with Pebeco, made safe for the night by the bedtime brushing.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

Free Offer:

Send coupon today for generous tube.

Keeps the mouth young · ·

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. L-89, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.
PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

(THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER MARCH, 1929)

FOR MOTHER

On Her Day
Sunday May 13th

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

© 1928

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

DES HERBES AROMATIQUES ET SAVOUREUSES
DES PÂTURAGES ALPINS DONNENT AU "SWITZERLAND CHEESE"
UN GOÛT PARTICULIER ET INSURPASSABLE

Spicy herbs . . . sweet grasses of Alpine pastures give Switzerland Cheese the flavor of flavors

NATIONS may point with pride to their famous dairy lands and tell of the abundance of rich forage. But no other nation has pastures and meadows just like those found in Switzerland. Perched on the side of snow-capped mountains or tucked in tiny valleys, they abound in sweet, juicy grasses and herbs which impart their flavor first to the milk and then to Switzerland Cheese.

This flavor of flavors belongs to Switzerland Cheese alone. You will taste it in all its fullness if you eat a generous portion from a pound or half-pound cut, instead of a wafer-thin slice. Sweet as a nut . . . zestful . . . and marvelously tender! No other so-called "Swiss Cheese" or "Imported Swiss Cheese" has such rare goodness. The Swiss cheese-makers are proud of this flavor that can't be copied. To assist you in getting the genuine always, they have marked their cheese with many imprints of the word "Switzerland" on the rind.

Hotels and restaurants whose names are known all over the world serve Switzerland Cheese. Their chefs not only serve it by itself, but use it in making dishes where the flavor note must be subtle yet unmistakable. Successful hostesses insist that Switzerland Cheese be served at their dinners, luncheons and informal suppers. It is amazing how many different ways it may be offered. Diced in soups. In hors-d'œuvres. With cold cuts. In salads. With fruit. With the demi-tasse. In dainty or generous sandwiches.

Isn't this a beautiful dish? . . . golden-topped deviled eggs on a bed of tender lettuce surrounded by triangular cuts of Switzerland Cheese. Until you taste this savory assembly you have no idea how delicious it is.

Switzerland Cheese is sold everywhere. Look for the words "Switzerland" on the rind and be sure to ask for pound and half-pound cuts instead of sliced thin. Occasionally the natural color of Switzerland Cheese varies from a cream to a butter yellow. The size of the eyes also varies from large to medium large. The wonderful flavor of Switzerland Cheese, however, never varies. The more you buy Switzerland Cheese the more you will realize this. Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland. New York Office, 105 Hudson Street.

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland

AT A GLANCE YOU CAN IDENTIFY SWITZERLAND CHEESE.
THE RIND IS STAMPED WITH MANY IMPRINTS OF THE WORD "SWITZERLAND."
NO OTHER CHEESE CAN BE THUS MARKED.

On a mountain top the Swiss cow munches sweet grass

Carrying a load of scented hay to the barn

The beauty of bathroom fixtures, floors and walls depends upon keeping them clean and free from scratches. Old Dutch is perfect for porcelain and enamel and all glazed surfaces—it doesn't scratch. Crane Co., makers of fine sanitary fixtures, use and recommend Old Dutch.

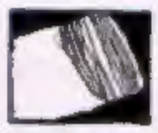
Old Dutch safeguards your family with

Healthful Cleanliness

and protects porcelain and enamel

For your family's protection, the bathroom should always be healthfully clean. After each using, clean the tub and washbowl with Old Dutch; this assures *Healthful Cleanliness.* Because, Old Dutch not only removes the visible dirt, but the often-dangerous invisible impurities as well.

The remarkable efficiency of Old Dutch is due to its distinctive ingredient "Seismotite," a natural cleanser. It is safest for all cleaning because it doesn't scratch. There's nothing else like it for keeping porcelain and enamel clean and sparkling with its original lustre.



Old Dutch contains no scratchy grit. This drawing of a highly magnified particle of Old Dutch illustrates how the particles erase the dirt by a clean sweep without scratching. Old Dutch Cleanser removes the dirt—not the surface.

Avoid harsh, scratchy grit. This drawing of a highly magnified gritty particle shows how grit scratches. Scratches not only mar the beauty of surfaces, but are lodging places for dirt and impurities. There is no scratchy grit in Old Dutch.

Use Old Dutch—the safe, sure way to keep things clean and sparkling

The Symbol of Healthful Cleanliness

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